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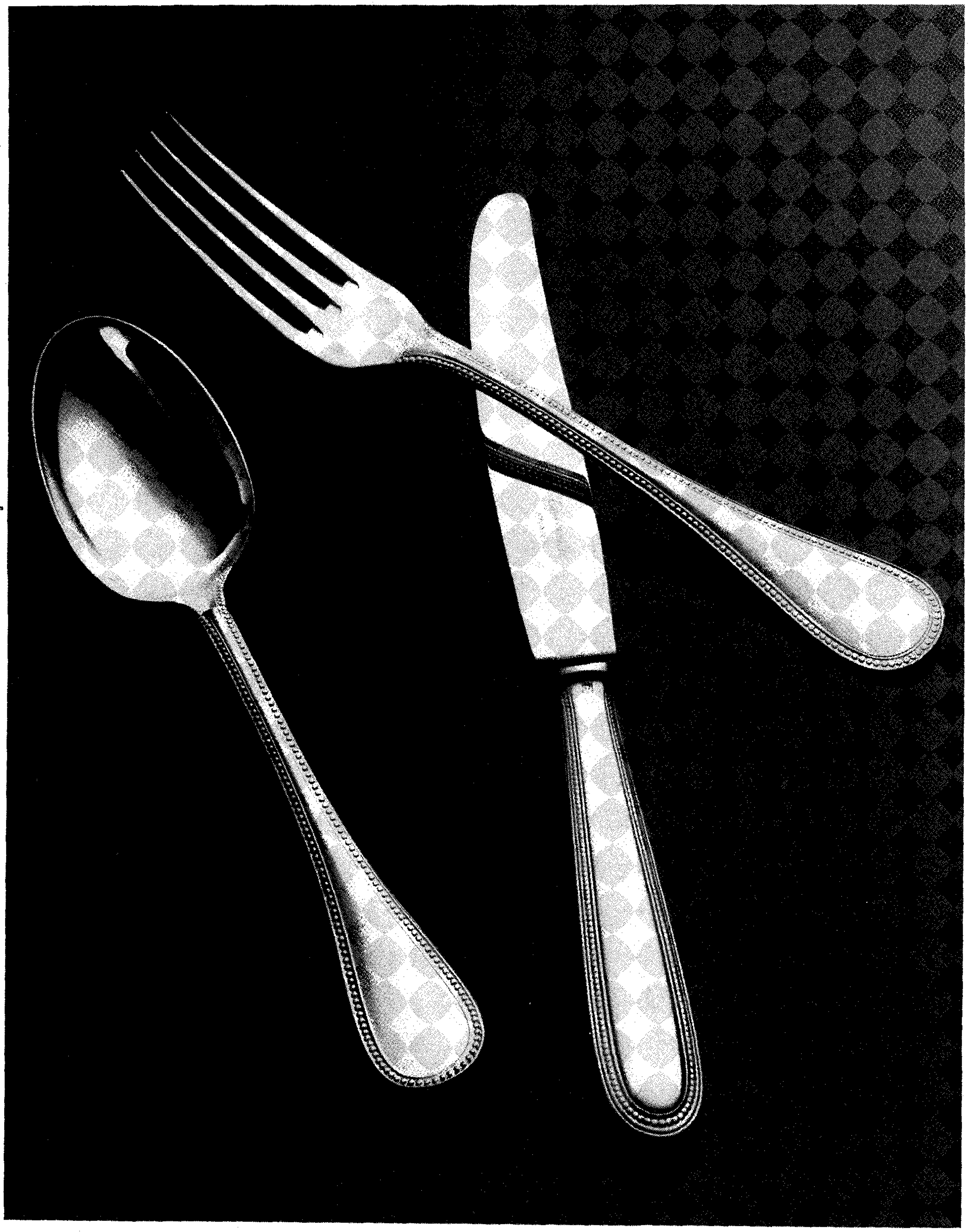

Christofle sur la table

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21

BAM Theatre Company—The final two plays of the season, presented through Sunday, June 15. In the Helen Owen Carey Playhouse, a revival of Rachel Crothers' 1911 play HE & SHE, with Gerry Bamman and Laurie Kennedy at the head of the cast. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/9/80.) Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. . . . In the Lepercq Space, THE MARRIAGE DANCE: AN EVENING OF FARCE BY BRECHT & FEYDEAU, an entertainment that takes the form of two one-act plays. The schedule is the same as above, with an extra performance Sunday at 7. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Barnum—A little musical in which Jim Dale gamely risks almost every circus feat except being shot out of the mouth of a cannon. Not much Barnum, though. (5/12/80) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bent—Michael York and Jeffrey De Munn in an exceptionally well-written play by Martin Sherman. The time is the nineteen-thirties, the setting is the concentration camp at Dachau, and the subject matter is homosexual love. (12/17/79) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Billy Bishop Goes to War—Eric Peterson playing seventeen roles in a fantastic comedy about the First World War. The author, John Gray, is also onstage, to play the piano, sing, and make curious grumbling sounds. (6/9/80) (After nine nights on Broadway, the production moves downtown, reopening on Tuesday, June 17, at the Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

Blackstone!—In which flags, elephants, eagles, flowers, and the bodies of young women appear and disappear and reappear in a way that cannot be and is. Mr. Blackstone has a certain archness of delivery that he would do well to make vanish into thin air. (6/2/80) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Blood Wedding—The Lorca play in an English adaptation (with incidental music) by Maria Irene Fornés. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 695-6134. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, June 22.)

Le Centre International de Créations Théâtrales—The fertile theatrical imagination of the English director Peter Brook is here on display as his Paris-based, international company presents four plays in repertory through Sunday, June 15. Two one-acters (in English and French), L'OS and Alfred Jarry's UBU: Wednesday, June 11, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 14-15, at 3. . . . THE IK (in English, based on Colin Turnbull's book "The Mountain People"): Thursday and Friday, June 12-13, at 8; and Saturday and Sunday, June 14-15, at 5. . . . THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS (in English): Saturday and Sunday, June 14-15, at 8. (5/19/80) (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

Chase a Rainbow—Ted Pugh heads the cast of a musical by Harry Stone (who did the book, music, and lyrics). Directed by Sue Lawless. Preview Wednesday, June 11. Opens officially on Thursday, June 12, at 6:45. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Children of a Lesser God—An extraordinarily effective play about a young deaf woman and one of her teachers, who falls in love with her. The author, Mark Medoff, has found humor and pathos in a most difficult subject, and John Rubinstein and Phyllis Frelich play the leading roles to perfection. (4/14/80) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by William Mastrosimone, THE WOOLGATHERER, is the final presentation of the season. Peter Weller and Patricia Wettig make up the cast. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 6 and 9; and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 29.)

The Cocktail Party—A revival of the T. S. Eliot play, starring Alexander Scourby. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

A Coupla White Chicks Sitting Around Talking—Eileen Brennan and Susan Sarandon in a play by John Ford Noonan. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Day in Hollywood / A Night in the Ukraine The wise things is to drop in after the inte mission and catch a parody of the Ma Brothers playing a parody of Chekhov. Wh a gorgeous scramble it makes! (5/12/8 (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Mov on Tuesday, June 17, to the Royale, 242 45th St., 245-5760. Tuesdays through Satu days at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Satu days at 2.)

Evita—A sung version of the life of Eva Peró Three first-rate performances, by Patti L Pone, Mandy Patinkin, and Bob Gunt Terri Klausner substitutes for Miss LuPo at the Wednesday and Saturday matinée p formances. (10/8/79) (Broadway Theat Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, e cept Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesda and Saturdays at 2.)

Fearless Frank—A musical based on Frank H ris's autobiography "My Life and Love Dave Brown composed the music, Andr Davies wrote the book and lyrics, and Ni Toibin is the star. Robert Gillespie is director. Previews through Saturday, Ju 14. Opens officially on Sunday, June 15, 6:30. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 5 3903. Tuesdays through Saturdays, exc Thursday, June 12, at 8. Matinées Wedn days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.

FOB—David Henry Hwang's original, liv

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

comedy, with tragic undertones, about Chinese immigrants in California, past and present. The title is an acronym for "fresh off the boat." Fine performances by Ginny Yang, Calvin Jung, and John Lone, under Mako's direction. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 15.)

Fourtune—A musical with a book and lyrics by Bill Russell, and music by Ronald Melrose. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein Gertrude Stein—Pat Carroll's one-woman show. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 777-2571. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Home—A play by Samm-Art Williams that says it is a very good thing indeed to be alive. A joyful, Whitmanesque song, well acted by Charles Brown, L. Scott Caldwell, and Michele Shay. (5/19/80) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I Ought to Be in Pictures—A sentimental comedy by Neil Simon, about a Hollywood writer down on his literary luck and a daughter who visits him and brightens his prospects. With Ron Leibman, Dinah Manoff, and Joyce Van Patten. (4/14/80) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, June 15.)

Killings on the Last Line—Lavonne Mueller's play about one working day in a factory where all the employees are women, engaged in doing something with nuclear reactors, lacks dramatic impact, as a whole, but has a number of telling scenes and well-drawn characters. The performances by, among others, Kathleen Chalfant, Alice Drummond, Verona Barnes, and Rosanna Carter, are good. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday at 8, and Thursday at 6:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 15.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, June 15: **IOLANTHE**. . . . ¶ Wednesday through Sunday, June 18-22: **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Mass Appeal—Bill C. Davis's play about a middle-aged priest and an earnest young seminarian who comes to him for instruction has a good first act but tends to fall apart in the second. Milo O'Shea is, as usual, splendid as the priest, and Eric Roberts does well as his pupil. Geraldine Fitzgerald directed. (5/19/80) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Morning's at Seven—A charming new production of a forty-year-old play by Paul Osborn. Family life in the Middle West has its merry ups and downs, and a marvellous cast makes the most of its opportunities. (4/21/80) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Mother Courage and Her Children—In this adaptation by Ntozake Shange, Brecht's Mother C. pulls her cart around Oklahoma and Texas during the skirmishes among blacks, Indians, and whites in the decade after the Civil War. For many reasons, the show doesn't work, in spite of strong lines by Miss Shange and very strong performances by Gloria Foster, Robert Christian, Morgan Freeman, and Hattie Winston, among other black actors in the good company assembled. (5/26/80) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, June 15.)

The Music Man—A sorry new production of the tuneful old Meredith Willson warhorse about the attempted corruption of River City, Iowa. With Dick Van Dyke and Meg Bussert. (Reviewed in this issue.) (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Nuts—A courtroom melodrama distinguished by Anne Twomey's affecting performance as a woman accused of manslaughter and being tested for sanity. The author is Tom Topor. (5/12/80) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Oklahoma!—Song after song after song, with a cast of young people whose high spirits seem unforced and who hurl themselves happily into this initial collaboration of Rodgers and Hammerstein. (12/24/79) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Mo' Time—A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity, and he has a leading role. Good old Jabbo Smith plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (11/19/79) (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Romantic Comedy—A lifeless exercise in sitcom, starring Mia Farrow and Anthony Perkins. The author is Bernard Slade. (11/19/79) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sugar Babies—This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, some buxom chorus girls, and a dolorous springer spaniel, and they all perform splendidly. (10/22/79) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Table Settings—A young playwright named James Lapine has written a compassionate, hilarious account of family life in New York—a sort of Jewish and urban "Ah, Wilderness!" The cast is superb. (1/21/80) (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Talley's Folly—A charming short play by Lanford Wilson about the coming together of two troubled people, one of whom is far braver than the other. Marvellously enacted by Judd Hirsch and Trish Hawkins. (3/3/80) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tintypes—An enchanting small revue about the turn of the century in this city, with songs by around fifty songwriters of the period, and with a cast of five young singers/dancers/actors, who are as gifted as any in town. They are Jerry Zaks, Lynne Thigpen, Mary Catherine Wright, Carolyn Mignini, and Trey Wilson. The show was conceived by Mary Kyte, Mel Marvin, and Gary Pearle. Musical staging by Miss Kyte, direction by Mr. Pearle, musical direction and arrangement by Mr. Marvin. (5/5/80) (Theatre of St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 751-4140. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

West Side Story—Directed and choreographed by Jerome Robbins, the Bernstein-Sondheim-Laurents classic is in tip-top shape after twenty-three years. (3/3/80) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Your Arms Too Short to Box with God—A revival of Vinnette Carroll's hymn sing of a few seasons back, derived from the Gospel according to St. Matthew. It's hard to improve on the Bible, and Miss Carroll hasn't. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN'**: A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **ANNIE**: Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **DANCIN'**: An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **DEATHTRAP**: A stunning cast, headed by John Cullum, in a thriller whose clever *anfractuosities* of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE ELEPHANT MAN:** This absorbing play by Bernard Pomerance is based on an actual episode. A freak too repulsive even for display at street fairs finds refuge in a London hospital in Whitechapel from 1886 until his death in 1890. Bruce Davison is the Elephant Man, Donal Donnelly is his attending surgeon, and Patricia Elliott is the actress Mrs. Kendal. Jack Hofsiss directed. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,368 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PETER PAN:** A cheerful revival of a twenty-five-year-old musical version of a play that is as sturdy and (at bottom) as gloomy as "Hamlet." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesday, June 11, at 2 and 7; Thursday, June 12, at 7; Friday, June 13, at 8; Saturday, June 14, at 2 and 8; Sunday, June 15, at 2 and 6:30; Tuesday, June 17, at 8; Wednesday, June 18, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, June 19-20, at 8; and Saturday, June 21, at 2 and 8.)... **SCRAMBLED FEET:** The cheerfulness and occasional ingenuity of this little revue about life in the theatre sporadically compensate for its lack of wit, but not often. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SWEENEY TODD:** A musical with a book by Hugh Wheeler and twenty-odd songs by Stephen Sondheim. Dorothy Loudon and George Hearn are the stars. Directed by Harold Prince. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 29.)... **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Tony Roberts and Rhonda Farer. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Chelsea Theatre Center, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—Carol Lawrence presenting a cabaret-format show, with the Rockettes. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Weekdays, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8, and Sundays at 2:30 and 6:30. Through Sunday, June 22.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, June 11, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Dances at a Gathering."... ¶ Thursday, June 12, at 8: "Square Dance," an unnamed Balanchine ballet (preview), and "The Four Seasons." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-0708.)... ¶ Friday, June 13, at 8: "Sonate di Scarlatti," "Orpheus," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 2: "Sonate di Scarlatti" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Sunday, June 15, at 1: "Serenade," "Allegro Brillante," "Meditation," and "Diamonds."... ¶ Sunday, June 15, at 7: "Swan Lake," "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Tchaikovsky Pas de Deux," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 8: "The Four Temperaments" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Wednesday, June 18, at 8: "Dances at a Gathering," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "The Four Temperaments."... ¶ Thursday, June 19, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 2," the new ballet (première), and "Agon."... ¶ Friday, June 20, at 8: "Agon," "Le Baiser de la Fée," and "Union Jack."... ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Kammermusik No. 2," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."... ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "Walpurgisnacht," "Pas de Deux," and "The Four Temperaments." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, June 29.)

MERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday matinée and evening, June 11, and Thursday evening, June 12: "Giselle."... ¶ Friday evening, June 13: "Petrouchka," "Le Spectre de la Rose," "Les Sylphides," and the finale from "Firebird."... ¶ Saturday matinée, June 14: "Petrouchka," "Pas de Deux," "Jardin aux Lilas," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Saturday evening, June 14: "Petrouchka," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Fantaisie Sérieuse," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Monday evening, June 16: "Concert Waltzes," "Contredances," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Tuesday evening, June 17: "The Leaves Are Fading," "Contredances," "Rendezvous" (New York première), and "Rodeo."... ¶ Wednesday evening, June 18: "Concert Waltzes," "Fall River Legend," and "Etudes."... ¶ Thursday evening, June 19: "Les Sylphides," "Fall River Legend," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "Theme and Variations."... ¶ Friday evening, June 20, and Saturday matinée and evening, June 21: "La Bayadère." (Metropolitan Opera House, 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, July 12.)

Trisha Brown Dance Company—A program of avant-garde dance, comprising "Locus," "Decoy," and "Opal Loop/Cloud Installation #72503 City." (55 Crosby St., between Spring and Broome Sts. Wednesday through Saturday, June 11-14, at 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

Puerto Rican Dance Theatre—A program including three new works: "Tanguisimos," "El Tambor de Granaderos," and "Nuebayor." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, June 12, and Saturday, June 14, at 8, and Sunday, June 15, at 2. For information about tickets, call 724-1195.)

Mary Anthony Dance Theatre—Six programs of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday and Friday, June 12-13, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, June 14-15, at 2 and 8.)

Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion—Two programs of contemporary dance with jazz accompaniment. Friday, June 13, at 8: "100% Cotton," "Triptych," and "I've Known Rivers." With Oliver Lake's quartet, Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, and Gary Bartz's quartet.... ¶ Saturday, June 14, at 11: "Suite Music," "Triptych," and "Life's Force." With Hamiet Bluiett's quintet, Max Roach, Abbey Lincoln, and Ahmed Abdullah. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. For information about tickets, call 348-2460.)

DanceAfrica '80—Final performances of African music and dance performed by five companies: Dinizulu and His African Dancers, Drummers, and Singers; Charles Moore and Dances and Drums of Africa; the Chuck Davis Dance Company; the International Afrikan American Ballet; and Welcome Msomi and His Izulu Theatre. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, June 14, at 8, and Sunday, June 15, at 2.)

Jill Becker and Dancers—A program including "Ambulants," "Big Nose," and "Off the Wall." (Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, June 22, at 3. For information about tickets, call 673-0181.)

Afro-Brazilian-Haitian Dance—A performance by three companies: Pearl Primus's Afro-American Dancers; Jelom Vieira's Brazilian-Bahai Dancers; and Kenel Archer's Haitian Folkloric Dancers. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Saturday, June 21, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: **NEVILLE BROTHERS**, a Louisiana-rock band, trades sets with the **WILD TCHOUPITOULAS**, a Mardi Gras street-music troupe, on Wednesday, June 11; Thursday through Saturday, June 12-14, rock drummer Bill Bruford will lead his band; on Tuesday, June 17, drummer **MEL LEWIS'S JAZZ ORCHESTRA** will perform, along with pianist Gary Lawrence and his ten-piece Sizzling Syncopators; on Wednesday, June 18, the Glenn Miller Orchestra will be led by Jimmy Henderson, with the Moonlight Serenaders and Maxene Andrews participating, too; on Thursday, June 19, **LIONEL HAMPTON** will drop in with his band; Friday, June 20, will belong to drummer **PANAMA FRANCIS** and his **SAVOY SULTANS** and to the **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION ORCHESTRA**; and on Saturday, June 21, drummer **ART BLAKEY** will be heading a big band, and so will another drummer, **BEAVER HARRIS**, and his co-leader, pianist **DON PULLEN**. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An admirable, dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded New York bar and restaurant that specializes in first-rate piano-bass duos. The duo currently ensconced is pianist **RAY BRYANT** and his bassist, **JIMMY ROWSER**. They play nightly, except Sundays. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—More passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who plays a seven-string guitar—the seventh string is a bass string, which gives the instrument a full, beautiful tone—guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave., at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT**, the enthusiastic singer-pianist with enthusiastic audiences, performs with his bassist, **BEVERLY PEER**, and his drummer, **ROBBY SCOTT**, in the Café Carlyle Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.... ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, **BARBARA CARROLL** romps over the keyboard and sings a little. She's on nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—A mostly dark-brown bar and restaurant with a variety (alive and plastic) of hanging plants. Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS**, a graceful, retiring accompanist—he's backed up Ella Fitzgerald, Joe Williams, Sylvia Syms, and other singers—is just as graceful and retiring when he's the star. Larkins plays solo piano nightly, except Sundays, from eight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St.

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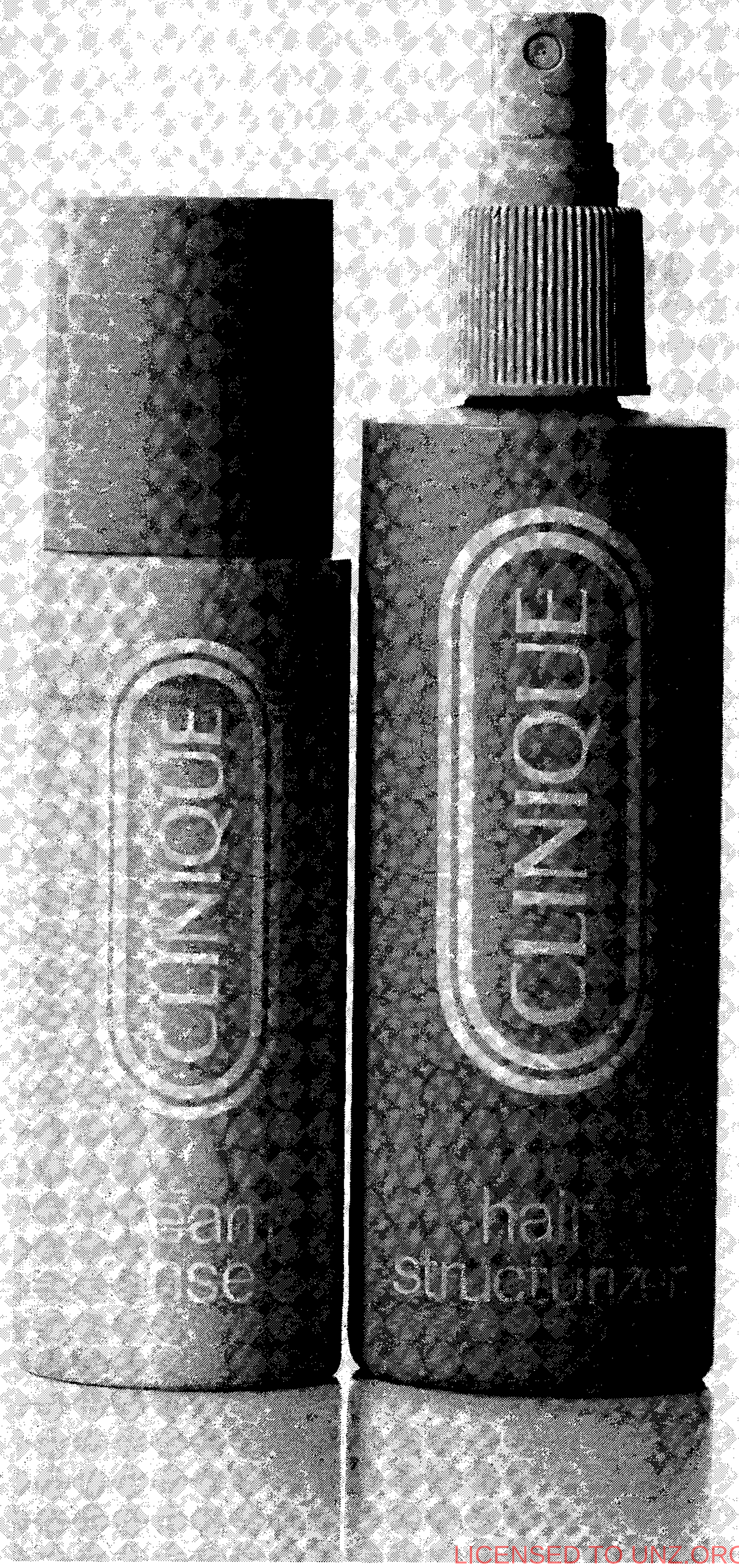

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

(982-4052)—This place still hasn't had the impact on the neighborhood that it's had on the current trends in rock and roll. The schedule: Surface and Minx Wednesday, June 11; Ronnie & the Jitters Thursday, June 12; Revelons and the Method Friday, June 13; and Revelons and the Rattlers, Saturday, June 14. Monday is showcase night. Music after nine-thirty.

City Limits, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (243-2242)—Hootin', hollerin', chicken-fried steaks, chili, the Texas two-step, and designer jeans. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly, after ten.

The Conservatory, in the Mayflower Hotel, Central Park W. at 61st St. (581-0896)—The tables along the bank of picture windows afford a front-row seat if you like watching taxis hightail up Central Park West or simply enjoy gazing at the park trees. Farther inside the room are the musical attractions—singer and pianist **RONNY WHYTE** and his bassist, **JACK SIX**—who perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**HELEN HUMES,** one of many—and perhaps the best—former big-band singers from the forties who are performing around town nowadays, works from a solid repertory of blues and ballads with her pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS.** Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, the center of the room is turned over to singer **MARLENE VER PLANCK** and pianist **BEN ARONOV,** who do three sets—at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and midnight. Dining.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house sextet works nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty. On Sunday, June 15, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will head up a quintet featuring tenor saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY** and trumpeter **TOM HARRELL.** Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs jazz-stars room. The jazz stars: **JACKIE CAIN** and **ROY KRAL**—known to their admirers simply as Jackie and Roy—harmonize through Saturday, June 14. On Tuesday, June 17, bluesy alto saxophonist **HANK CRAWFORD,** who doesn't seem to play New York clubs very often, will start a five-night visit. Sets begin after nine-thirty. Dining.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (362-6155)—A large, square, multi-tiered room on the ground floor of a typical older upper West Side apartment house. Marcia Lewis, a singer and comedienne, will be performing through Sunday, June 15; on Tuesday, June 17, the famous funk pianist from the sixties, **RAMSEY LEWIS,** will move in with his new trio. Shows at nine Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—No, it isn't a movie set (although Peter Bogdanovich is rumored to be interested in using it as one); it's a SoHo night club. The music lineup: **CHRIS CONNOR** sings on the bandstand through Sunday, June 15; on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 17-18, singer **YOLANDE BAVAN,** pianist **KIRK NUROCK,** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** will collaborate; and on Thursday, June 19, pianist Kenny Brawner's band, Raw Sugar, will take over. Music every night after ten. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and vocalist Alicia Sherman Wednesdays through Sundays. Sets from ten; on Sundays from nine. On Sundays from five to nine, **BROOKS KERR** sings and plays piano. Mondays from ten belong to guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLER'S** trio, and Tuesdays to a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE.** Every night but Sunday, from seven to ten, is given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and a bassist.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant, which is in a neighborhood that is in the process of being refurbished itself. The pianists who play here are not just diversionary dining-room players. One of them is **DAVE FRISHBERG,** in from the West Coast through Saturday, June 14, who sings and plays his kookie compositions—"I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," "Got to Catch Me Some Z's," and others. **DICK WELLSTOOD,** a stride-piano wizard who'll move in on Tuesday, June 17, is another. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, and Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two.

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Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wide ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as well as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty Island, Upper New York Bay, the Hudson River, the East River, Union City, Jersey City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhattan bridges, and beautiful downtown Brooklyn. Lou Forestieri plays piano and leads a dance trio from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Judd Woldin alternates with the trio after nine-thirty.

Hurrah, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There are twelve video monitors hanging from the rafters around the room here, so that when the DJs spin a side by Defunkt or the Pop Group, one can watch them as well as hear them and dance to them. The live bands: Marty Rev, Dark Day, and Ut Wednesday, June 11; Chelsea and Terrorists Thursday, June 12; 8-Eyed Spy and Method Actors Friday, June 13; A's and New Math Saturday, June 14; and Rockats and Tex Rabinowitz & the Bad Boys Tuesday, June 17. Recorded rock and roll from nine and between sets; live music from elevenish. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Jazzmania Society, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Comfortable, relaxed surroundings with pillow furniture that one can fall into after making the long three-flight climb. The weekend guest players are Brazilian-music specialists: percussionist **THIAGO DEMELLO** and his group, Amazon, are here Friday and Saturday, June 13-14; on Sunday, June 15, singer **ANGELA SUAREZ** will lead her quartet; and Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, will be claimed by singer **DENISE DELAPENHA'S** quartet. Music Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty, and Sundays from eight-thirty. On Wednesdays, trombonist Ed Byrne heads an octet from eight.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. **ROY ELDRIDGE** is the resident legend, and he's buoyed by a quintet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and with good reasons. Two of the reasons are pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and bassist **VICTOR GASKIN,** who will be at home here through Saturday, June 14. Two more reasons are pianist **ROLAND HANNA** and his bassist, **SAM JONES,** who'll move in on Tuesday, June 17. **DON FRIEDMAN,** yet another worthy pianist, has taken over the Sunday and Monday positions. Music nightly from ten. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Crowded, but authentic in its Texasness. Tex-Mex crooner **FREDDY FENDER** performs on Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12; Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, Catskill singer, fiddler, and guitarist **JOHN HERALD** will bring in his band; on Sunday, June 15, Kinky Friedman will drop in; Monday and Tuesday, June 16-17, will be given over to Delbert McClinton's band; and on Wednesday and Thursday, June 18-19, Canned Heat will play blues and rock music. Music from nine-fifteen to three; on Sundays from eight-thirty to two. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A complex of dining rooms, with one room set aside lately for headliner-calibre singers who don't appear in New York clubs very often: **MEL TORMÉ** performs through Saturday, June 14, and **DELLA REESE** will begin a visit on Monday, June 16. Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at eleven and twelve-thirty.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, crowded in the eighties, and it will probably be crowded in the nineties. The lineup: Wednesday, June 11, Donna Destri & Friends; Thursday, June 12, John King & the Cats; Friday, June 13, Rousers and Nitecaps; Saturday, June 14, the Fast and Tish & Snooky; Sunday, June 15, Meg Griffin & the Mob and Revelons; Monday, June 16, Standing Waves; and Tuesday, June 17, Snooky Tate and Slickaphonics. Rock nightly after ten-thirty.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**ADELAIDE HALL,** who was a star on Broadway nearly fifty years ago, is singing with pianist **DILL JONES** and his quartet. Sets begin at nine-fifteen. Mondays are greeted with people lined up to see and hear Woody Allen play clarinet with a New Orleans-style septet. The septet is here from nine-thirty to midnight. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. **SAM & DAVE,** two of the wonders of the pink-polyester-tuxedo school of intense sixties-soul vocals, are slated to be here (and it'll be very crowded) on Friday and Saturday, June 13-14. Tuesday and Wednesday, June 17-18, will mark a visit by **DR. JOHN** and his Cajun-swamp-rock entourage. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

One Fifth Avenue, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—A trendy downtown haunt with good music in the cocktail lounge-clam bar. **AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blues Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—An intimate folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. Two folksingers, Livingston Taylor and Christine Lavin, share the facilities—the stage, the sound system, the lights, the audience—on Friday and Saturday, June 13-14; on Friday and Saturday, June 20-21 David Roche, another folkie from the Roche family, will alternate with **GEORGE GERDES** a funny, off-the-wall monologist and a capable player of sixties-style folk rock. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks Closed Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his time is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays

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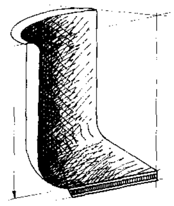
Some cookware manufacturers use anodized aluminum. These pans do not change the taste of any food, but they are not dishwasher proof, and will eventually warp and discolor. They cannot be used for food storage. Still other manufacturers fuse aluminum onto the bottom of their stainless steel pans. Although this improves evenness of heating, the bottoms of the pans change shape under heat—they do not stay flat at all temperatures. Cuisinart cookware surpasses all of these by having a thick disc of aluminum fused between *two* layers of stainless steel. The aluminum can't warp because there simply isn't any place for it to go. Our "sandwich" ensures a flat cooking surface at all temperatures, even if the cookware is dropped into cold water while hot.



THE SECOND REASON: THE THICKNESS OF THE ALUMINUM INLAY.

Our thick aluminum inlay stores more heat and provides superior conduction of heat sideways as well as upwards. This eliminates hot spots and provides constant temperature over the cooking surface.

Heat storage is important. Each time you drop a cold piece of meat into the pan, the surface temperature immediately plunges. The meat can't brown until the temperature gets back up. The longer it takes to brown, the more the meat will be done inside. Because our aluminum inlay is unusually thick, it has much more heat storage capacity than other cookware. As a result, the initial temperature drop is less and the return to the proper temperature is much quicker.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. **SY OLIVER** guides his bounce septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—"The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein" is the name of the current production in the King Cole Room. Martha Wright, Steve Elmore, Catherine Cox, and Laura Waterbury perform the words and music Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Singer Sybil Thomas and drummer Buddy Williams perform on Wednesday, June 11; on Thursday, June 12, Alfredo De La Fe will lead a Brazilian sextet; Friday through Sunday, June 13-15, bassist **TERUO NAKAMURA'S** Rising Sun band will be present; on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 17-18, saxophonist Denny Morouse will bring in his R. & B. quintet; and on Thursday, June 19, trumpeter **JON FADDIS** and *his* R. & B. band will take charge. Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

SHERATON CENTRE, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the red-brocade-walled French Quarter, the **DICK SUDHALTER** quintet holds forth with a repertory of pop music from the twenties, thirties, and forties. Music from nine-thirty nightly, except Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Flugelhorn specialist **ART FARMER** leads his quartet through Saturday, June 14; Sunday and Monday, June 15-16, have been reserved for saxophonist Robin Kenyatta's combo; and on Tuesday, June 17, alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON** will arrive with his quartet. Music from about ten. Dining.

SYNCOPATION, 15 Waverly Pl., at Mercer St. (228-8032)—A long, high-ceilinged jazz room that is comfortable but spare; the atmosphere and the acoustics are reminiscent of the old Five Spot. Bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN'S** appropriately named quintet, **TOP SHELF—HOWARD JOHNSON** on baritone sax and tuba, tenor saxophonist **JOHN STUBBLEFIELD,** drummer **STEVE MCCALL,** and pianist **AL DAILEY**—will be on hand Thursday through Saturday, June 12-14. On Monday, June 16, bassist **AARON BELL** will lead a combo; Tuesday and Wednesday, June 17-18, will belong to **AL DAILEY;** and on Thursday, June 19, pianist Connie Crothers and tenor saxophonist Lenny Popkin, both of them Tristano disciples, will team up for four nights. Sundays are the property of drummer **LOUIS HAYES** and his animated hard-bop quartet—saxophonist **FRANK STROZIER,** bassist **CLINT HOUSTON,** and pianist **HAROLD MABERN.** Music from about nine-thirty.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—The audiences here are often as reverential as those at the Village Vanguard, and it's not surprising. Jazz of the highest order is usually presented every night after ten. Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12, will be given over to pianist **MAL WALDRON,** saxophonist **ROLAND ALEXANDER,** drummer **HORACEE ARNOLD,** and bassist **CAMERON BROWN;** Friday through Monday, June 13-16, pianist **MICKEY TUCKER'S** sextet will be playing some upliftingly funky jazz.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Blues, reggae, ska, new-wave rock, and dissonance and blues. Violinist **BILLY BANG** and cornettist **BUTCH MORRIS** and their jazz-rooted band, Law & Order, will be here on Thursday, June 12; blues guitarist **EDDIE KIRKLAND** will sing and jump around the stage on Saturday, June 14; Sunday, June 15, will be allotted to John Ogle's "Radio Radio" interview show with **JOHN CALE,** the Speedies, and Monochrome Set; Tuesday, June 17, will be devoted to Method Actors and Pylon; on Wednesday, June 18, the **MIGHTY DIAMONDS** will play some reggae; and on Saturday, June 21, **LOUISIANA RED** and his urban-blues band will play some wild urban-blues music. Shows usually begin after ten. Dining and dancing.

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TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. The schedule: Wednesday, June 11, Tom Dickie & the Desires and Shayds; Thursday, June 12, Luke Fredricks and Strickly White; Friday, June 13, Elliott Murphy; and Saturday, June 14, Method Actors and Pylon. Music every night but Sunday after eleven, usually. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the capacious downstairs room, the New Orleans Blue and Swing Serenaders play for listening and dancing from midnight on Saturdays. On the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN'S** trio works on Tuesdays from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Tenor saxophonist **WARNE MARSH** and pianist **SAL MOSCA** are leading a swirling, lyrical Tristano-influenced quartet through Sunday, June 15. On Tuesday, June 17, guitarist **JIM HALL** will descend the stairs with his trio. The **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth Mondays. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue plays piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Harris Simon has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping hot student food, beyond the pinball machines, is a room full of mostly swing music: pianist **SAMMY PRICE,** a blues and boogie-woogie expert, is in charge of a quintet through Sunday, June 15; on Monday, June 16, former Ellington reed-section player **RUSSELL PROCOPE** will bring in his Ellington-minded quartet—it's called (what else?) Ellingtonia. Music nightly from about nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

JIMMY AND PERCY HEATH—Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. Thursday, June 12, at 7. For information about tickets, call 766-9334.

DIXIE DREGS and **ROY BUCHANAN**—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Friday, June 13, at 8.

FRANK SINATRA—With Sergio Mendes and Brasil '88. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. A twelve-performance engagement: Friday through Sunday, June 13-15, at 8:30; Monday, June 16, at 9; and Wednesday through Sunday, June 18-22, and Tuesday through Thursday, June 24-26, at 8:30.)

JAZZ AT THE PUBLIC—Marion Brown, the Ed Blackwell/Dewey Redman trio, Anthony Davis, Jay Hoggard, and Chico Freeman. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Saturday, June 14, at 10.)

ZOOT SIMS AND HARVEY ESTRIN AND THE Y STUDIO ORCHESTRA—With Marilyne Mason. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Sunday, June 15, at 8.)

"JAZZ GUITAR GALAXY"—Tal Farlow, Tiny Grimes, the Jazz à Cordes, and others. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, June 19, at 8.)

TAHUANTINSUYO—With the Andean Dancers. (New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. Friday, June 20, at 8, and Saturday, June 21, at 5 and 8. For information about tickets, call 877-1585.)

JOE PERRY PROJECT—With 38 Special and Laurie and the Sighs. (Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, June 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

FANIA ALL-STARS—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, June 21, at 8.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a third-floor loft. Wednesday, June 11: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 13-14: Keno Duke Contemporaries. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 18: Jaki Byard. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 20-21: Dizzy Reece quartet. (Jazz Forum, 50 Cooper Sq., at Astor Pl. 477-2655. The first set starts somewhere around nine.)

SQUAT THEATRE—Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 11 and 1: Lounge Lizards. (Squat Theatre, 256 W. 23rd St. 691-1238.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

BALTHUS—About a dozen pencil drawings of (what else?) young women—stepping out of the bath, posed before a fireplace, lolling on a sofa. Through June 30. (Gallery Gertrude Stein, 998 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

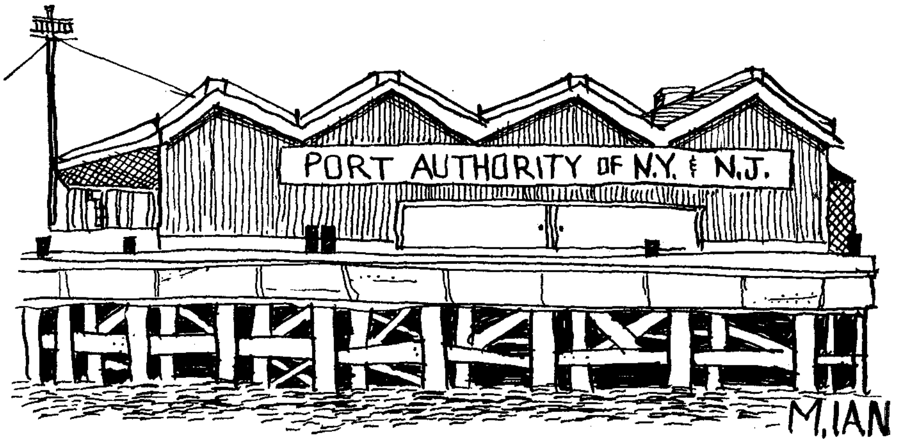
EUGENIO CARMI—Abstract paintings and embroidery work. Through Friday, June 13. (Italian Cultural Center, 686 Park Ave., at 68th St.)

ROBERT DE NIRO / ROBERT WHITE—Drawings in crayon, chiefly still-lifes and figures. / Sculptures (in bronze, terra-cotta, and wood) from the last five years. Through July 11. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GEORGE GROSZ (1893-1959)—Twenty-two early watercolors and drawings depicting Berlin decadence with Grosz's characteristic mixture of relish and scorn. Through July 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

WALTER HATKE—Realist paintings: a barely furnished interior filled with sunlight is one. Through July 3. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—Large slabs of raw granite set into niches tailored to fit them. Through Aug.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29. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Stewart Hitch / Peter Pinchbeck—Abstract paintings in which a single bright-colored star-shaped form is seen on a solid ground. / Abstract paintings in which three simple bright-colored rectangular forms are seen on a solid ground. Through Saturday, June 14. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Michio Ihara—Hanging stainless-steel sculptures, plus models and other works. Through July 11. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Louise Nevelson—Three shows in recognition of the artist's eightieth year: Environmental sculptures at the Whitney Museum (through the summer); fifteen wood constructions from the sixties and seventies, and two dozen recent wood-and-paper collages, at Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; and several large-scale welded-aluminum sculptures, and models for monumental outdoor sculptures, at Pace, 32 E. 57th St. (The latter two shows run through June 27 and are open Mondays through Fridays.) . . . ¶ A monumental sculpture by Miss Nevelson is on display at Fifth Avenue and 60th Street, near the entrance to Central Park.

Marilyn Perlman—The gallery floor has been covered with white sand as a setting for relatively small abstract sculptures in bronze, marble, and polyester. Also figure drawings. Through Saturday, June 14. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jeffrey Plate / Takao Saito—Abstract wall sculptures done in steel and painted wood, mostly black. / Shaped-canvas wall pieces. First one-man show in New York for both artists. Through June 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

James Rosenquist—New works, including a triptych entitled "Dog Descending a Staircase" and a large, dead-white paper-pulp casting of a brick wall, meant as a metaphor for frustration. Through Saturday, June 14. (Castelli Feigen Corcoran, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

John Singer Sargent (1856-1925)—A benefit showing of more than sixty oils and watercolors that the artist did, for the most part, for family and friends. The subjects include Bedouins, Javanese dancers, alligators, Venetian gondoliers, and mountain streams, and the majority of the paintings are being exhibited for the first time in the United States. Through June 27. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Judith Shea—What seem to be unfinished garments—bodices, stockings, underwear, all made of organza, copper foil, felt, taffeta, paper—hanging from the gallery walls as decorations. The title of the exhibit is "Clothing Constructions as a Sculptural Theme." Through July 2. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Saturdays.)

David Smith—Vigorous abstract drawings in color. Through Friday, June 13. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Nicholas Sperakis—Chaotic figure paintings done in an extraordinarily heavy impasto and in wild, raw colors. Through June 28. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Northwest Coast Indian Art—An awe-inspiring display of a hundred masks, rattles, fetishes, and the like, made by coastal Indians of the Canadian Northwest—Tlingits, Haidas, Bella Coolas, Tsimshians, Kwakiutls, Bella Bellas—whose work shows transcendent artistry and imagination. On loan from the Museum of Natural History. Through July 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Second World War Combat Art—Ninety-odd drawings and paintings of battle scenes by artist-correspondents from American publications (Tom Lea, Floyd Davis, Kerr Eby), and by combat artists like Bill Mauldin (*Stars & Stripes*) and Howard Brodie, Joe Stefanelli, Jack Ruge, and Art Weithas (*Yank*). Through Friday, June 13. (Society of Illustrators, 128 E. 63rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **davidson**, 43 E. 78th St.: The influence of Surrealism on the New York School is the proposition on which this show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Baziotes, Matta, Motherwell, Calder, and others is based. Through Saturday, June 14. . . . **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Current paintings by Pierre Alechinsky, Juan Martinez, and Walasse Ting. Through July 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Some recent acquisitions by modern masters—Matisse, Vlaminck, Braque, Pascin, and so on—including a cheerful portrait of the sculptor Oscar Mechan by his friend Modigliani and a Léger depicting four heavy-duty butterflies. Through June 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.) . . . **saidenberg**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and works on paper (by Picasso, Braque, Laurens, Gris, Masson, and Léger) that were once shown at the gallery of the Parisian art dealer Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler, who died in 1979. Through Saturday, June 14. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Sculpture—Fifteen Italian Renaissance bronzes, including a classical male nude statuette by Bandinelli. Through June 27. (Paul Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Francis Bacon—Recent paintings, mostly the distorted, agonized figures this English painter is noted for. Through Saturday, June 14. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Jean Feinberg—Small paintings (usually around eighteen inches square) to which the artist has added abstract cutout forms that jut out from the picture plane. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, June 14. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Marcia Grostein—Large, colorful semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 21. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joseph Hirsch—Realist paintings by a masterly draftsman who finds subjects in everyday life—a football hero, a fading beauty, a concert audience. Through Friday, June 13. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Susan Hoeltzel—Drawings on canvas, lightly washed with oils, which seem to represent a section of a weatherbeaten wooden wall. Through Saturday, June 14. (Urdang, 29 W. 57th St.)

Harold Jacobs—Serpentine sculptures made of truck-tire inner tubes spliced together and inflated, plus related paintings and collages. Through Saturday, June 14. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

Oliver Johnson—Oils, pastels, and drawings by a young artist whose talent began to develop while he was in prison. Through June 27. (Felicie, a recently opened gallery at 141 E. 56th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Frank Keller—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, June 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Isoda Koryūsai—Woodblocks in the *ukiyo-e* genre by a master of the pillar print who is known to have been active between 1765 and 1784. Through July 25. (Ronin, 605 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

Louis Legrand (1863-1951)—Prints of music-hall dancers, Parisian night life, etc., by a contemporary of Toulouse-Lautrec. Through June 28. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Karl Mann—Large, rich collages in which utterly mundane objects are given new status as elements in a composition. This work is an avocation for the artist, a widely known fabric and furniture designer. Through July 3. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Paintings from throughout her exhibiting career, which began around 1938, and three ceramic tiles. Through Friday, June 27. (Hammer, in a new location at 33 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Elizabeth Osborne—Large watercolors—still-lifes, interiors, cats, portraits—that have an airbrush smoothness although they are painted conventionally. Through Saturday, June 14. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ann Purcell / Stephanie Kirschen-Cole—Mixed-medium works on unstretched canvas, incorporating metallic cloth and metallic paint, and reflecting the artist's two years of study in Mexico. / Collages involving several layers of fabrics, rough-surfaced handmade paper, button-like insets, and an occasional outcropping of thick, enamel-like acrylics. Through Thursday, June 19. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

SEM (Georges Goursat) (1863-1934)—Eighty color lithographs by the French caricaturist. Through June 27. (French Institute-Alliance Française Gallery, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)

William Sommer (1867-1949)—Watercolors by an artist who lived on a farm near Brandywine, Ohio, claimed Cézanne as his idol, and painted in the manner of Demuth. Through June 27. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Michael Steiner / Kenneth Noland—Large, free-standing bronze and Corten-steel sculptures that have something of the aspect of altars. / Colorful reliefs created from molded pieces of handmade paper. Through June 30. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Marja Vallila / Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Freestanding Corten-steel sculptures in which geometric forms are stacked together, plus free-form ceramic wall pieces with geometric cutouts. / Small pastel portraits done in the late twenties, mostly full-face. Through Friday, June 20. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Self-Portraits—Sixteen artists seen as they look to themselves, or want to look. They include Robert Rauschenberg as a full-length X-ray, naked except for hobnail boots; Chuck Close portrayed in his typical grid technique; Jim Dine represented in horn-rimmed glasses and by that empty bathrobe; and Alex Katz behind a radiant smile. Through Aug. 8. (Seagram Building, fourth-floor gallery, 375 Park Ave., at 52nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4.)

Group Shows—At the **alexander**, 20 W. 57th St.: Eight artists, among them Ken Goodman, Won Sook Kim, and Robert Longo, in a show called "Illustration & Allegory." Through Saturday, June 14. . . . **alonzo**, 30 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by gallery artists. Through July 3. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **pearl**, 29 W. 57th St.: A show of three-dimensional wall pieces by Frank Stella, Barbara Schwartz, Susan Schulson, John Obuck, and Richard Beckett. The latter three are Chicago artists who have recently moved to New York. Through Saturday, June 14. . . . **alex rosenberg**, 20 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by five artists—Stephen Brown, Dina Gabos, Ann Chernow, Diana Kurz, and Grace Graupe-Pillard. Through June 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **summit**, 101 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, and prints by contemporary artists (John Dobbs, Judith Shahn) shown alongside works from the thirties and forties (Byron Browne, Joseph Solman). Through June 27. (Open at 12:30.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Carolyn Brady—Large and meticulously exact watercolor renditions of flower arrangements and table settings. Through Wednesday, June 18. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Hamish Fulton—Photographic blowups docu-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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menting walks that the artist took in Australia, Scotland, and Mexico. Text, too. Through Saturday, June 14. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Jeremy Gilbert-Rolfe—Two large geometric abstract works (oil on canvas) in several panels; also smaller oils and works on paper. Through Wednesday, June 18. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Tom Herbert / John Kacere—Wooden wall reliefs incorporating Masonite and fibreboard. / Realist paintings of women's midsections. Through Saturday, June 14. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway. One of the gallery rooms, incidentally, contains a collection of some nine hundred handmade European tools, dating from the seventeenth century to the nineteenth—turf axes, sash planes, pump drills, stone axes, adzes, pliers, pincers, braces and bits.)

Ken Nedorost / George Greenamyer—Abstract paintings inspired by broken-down marinas in Florida, where the artist works. / Welded-steel structures, some of them mounted on wheels and topped by figures apparently derived from weathervanes. Through Thursday, June 19. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Claes Oldenburg—Two shows of painted laminated-wood sculptures: a replica of as much of the sixty-foot "Crusoe Umbrella" (now in Des Moines) as can be crowded into two rooms of the Castelli gallery at 420 West Broadway (the handle is in one room and extends through a wall to the umbrella ribs in another room), and, at another Castelli, at 142 Greene St., large-scale models of a thirty-eight-foot flashlight that is to be installed in Las Vegas and of a hundred-foot baseball bat now resident in Chicago. Through Saturday, June 14.

Milton Resnick—Works on paper by the abstract artist, including portraits on canvas as well as on paper. Through June 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Arthur Weyhe / Tino Zago—A single large cedar-pole sculpture, plus maquettes for and photographs of other works. / Semi-abstract paintings. Through July 12. (Marino, 489 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **BOONE**, 420 West Broadway: Six artists, among them Ross Bleckner and Louise Fishman, showing abstract works on paper. Through June 28. . . . **COOPER**, 155 Wooster St.: Works by four artists—dream drawings by Jon Borofsky; collages by Lynda Benglis; photographs by Peter Campus; and semi-abstract portraits by Michael Hurson. Through Saturday, June 14. . . . **TOLL**, 138 Prince St.: "Eccentric Representation" is the title of a show of paintings by five artists—Don Fritz, Marilyn Holsing, Sandra Perlow, Milo Reice, and Randy Stevens. Through Saturday, June 14. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Dorothy Eisner—Bright-colored paintings—people in rowboats, merry-go-round horses, croquet paraphernalia—done in a deceptively offhand style. Through Friday, June 20. (Ashby, 18 Cornelia St., near Sixth Ave. and West Fourth St. Open Mondays.)

Cristos Gianakos / Connie Beckley—Several models of this artist's large-scale ramps and one genuine article, twelve feet high and forty-two feet long, with hemlock trestlework and a steel runway. / Six drawings consisting of handwritten selections of prose accompanied by abstract shapes composed of tinted beeswax and a bit of silk chiffon. Through Wednesday, June 18. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Group Shows—At **THE CLOCKTOWER**, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Colorful calligraphic flourishes painted on three curved canvases by Brian O'Neill and hung high in the air in an arc that extends almost halfway around the dome on the second floor of the gallery. . . . ¶ Paintings and sculptures of seven artists in a show assembled by Edward Albee as a counterpoint to Barbara Rose's recent "American Paintings: The Eighties" exhibition. Through Saturday, June 21. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1.) . . . **THE NEW MUSEUM**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Samplings of work in a wide variety of mediums by eleven young Ohio artists. Through June 26. (Open weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Fichter—20 x 24 Polaroids of the artist's drawings with various objects placed in front of them. A number of the drawings themselves are also on view. Through Saturday, June 21. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Laura Gilpin (1891-1979)—Forty platinum prints from the gallery's collection. Through Aug. 22. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Tuesdays.)

Charles Harrison—Black-and-white photographs, together with paintings, drawings, and tapestries adapted from them. Through June 27. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Horst—A retrospective of photographic portraits dating from the thirties to the present; the sitters include Bette Davis, Yves St. Laurent, and Gertrude Stein. Through July 31. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

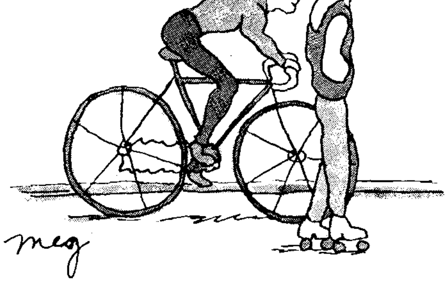
Juro Kubicek (1906-70)—Nearly fifty photocollages from the forties and fifties by a German Surrealist. Through July 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Open Tuesday evenings until 8; closed Saturdays.)

Judy Tomkins—Photographs of people in Hell's Kitchen. Through June 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Group Shows—At the **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Photographs of the nineteen-fifties by thirty-one photographers, among them Ansel Adams, Lotte Jacobi, Irving Penn, and Cornell Capa. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Portraits of Picasso by Man Ray, Cartier-Bresson, Arnold Newman, and others. Through July 6. (Open Sundays; open Tuesday evenings until 8.) . . . **MIDTOWN Y GALLERY**, 344 E. 14th St.: Photographs by Abraham Menashe, Arlene Gottfried, Candice Lenney, and Anthony Barboza. Through June 22. (Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The northwest corner of the museum is the location of the newly opened American Wing: a glass-enclosed sculpture court and an adjacent three-story structure of period rooms and galleries. In addition to the sculptures, decorative objects, furniture, and so forth, there is a special exhibition of about two hundred drawings, watercolors, and prints from the museum's collections. The exhibition runs through Oct. 5; the American Wing is, of course, permanent. . . . ¶ A showing of Bronze Age artifacts from China—bronzes, jades, and terra-cottas—including a representative group of the "underground army" of life-size terra-cotta horses and warriors excavated from a tomb in 1974. Through July 6. . . . ¶ "Fashions of the Hapsburg Era" is the Costume Institute's exhibit of uniforms, costumes, livery, saddlery, and related art objects and paintings dating from the seventeenth century through the First World War. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ "The Horses of San Marco," an exhibition in which one of the bronze horses from the façade of the Basilica di San Marco presides over more than a hundred representations of horses—in paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)



Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Pablo Picasso retrospective, about which there seems to have been some talk of late. Through Sept. 16. (Open daily—members only on Wednesdays—10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Two hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, and works on paper from the museum's collection of twentieth-century art, sixty of them—by Kandinsky, Mondrian, Duchamp, Brancusi, and others—installed in a new gallery off the fourth ramp of the museum's spiral. . . . ¶ Nine of Pol Bury's kinetic sculptures, which revolve with the aid of magnets and small motors. One of them was designed for the pool in the museum's rotunda. Through June 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Louise Nevelson: Seven environmental sculptures created between 1955 and 1977. Through Sept. 7. Complementary exhibits are at Wildenstein & Co., 19 E. 64th St., and at the Pace Gallery, 32 E. 57th St. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty sculptures and related drawings by Alexander Calder, Joseph Cornell, Donald Judd, and more than fifty other American artists which were given to the museum over the past twenty-five years by Howard and Jean Lipman. Through Sunday, June 15. . . . ¶ A show of gifts received by (or promised to) the museum in celebration of its fiftieth-anniversary year—"Achilles Heel," by Mark di Suvero, "Black Place Green," by Georgia O'Keeffe, and "A Woman in the Sun," by Edward Hopper. Through Aug. 31. . . . ¶ Ten major paintings and a number of prints and drawings by John Sloan, whose work was in the Whitney Museum's inaugural exhibition, in 1931. Through June 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Notable nineteenth-century landscapes—the Hudson River Valley, the New England coast, and the White, Sierra, and Rocky Mountains—recorded in paintings and drawings by Albert Bierstadt, John F. Kensett, Asher B. Durand, and others. Through July 31. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Turn-of-the-century Belgian art—paintings and decorative objects—by more than forty artists, among them James Ensor, Henri van de Velde, and Léon Spilliaert. Through June 29. . . . ¶ Some hundred and twenty paintings on loan from the Museum of Modern Art (bumped by Picasso) are on the fifth floor. Through Sept. 28. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: "Photographic Surrealism," a show that ranges from nineteenth-century photomontages to twentieth-century advertising prints. Among the photographers are Man Ray, Brassai, Lucas Samaras, and Deborah Turbeville. Through July 13. (Not all the galleries are open all the time during the summer but in general the hours are Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A dissertation on the feather: its cultural and symbolic uses over the centuries, its decorative appearance in nature. Headdresses, baskets, and jewelry on the one hand; mounted bird specimens on the other. Through Sept. 1. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Photographs of Pacific Northwest Indian tribes by Edward S. Curtis (1868-1952). Through Aug. 1. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Let-

TERS, Broadway at 155th St.—An exhibition of works by newly elected members and by recipients of this year's awards. Manuscripts and musical scores by, among others, William Maxwell, John Ashbery, Galway Kinnell, Josephine Miles, Grace Paley, and Vivian Fine. Also, paintings, drawings, sculptures, and photographs by Jim Dine, Sam Francis, Buckminster Fuller, Marion Lerner Levine, and others. Through Sunday, June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM, 44 W. 53rd St.—Felt sculptural works by eleven contemporary artists. Also, a group of twentieth-century traditional felt objects from the Mideast. Through Sept. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—"Treasures from the Rietberg Museum"—i.e., sixty-six works of Asian art on loan from this Zurich collection noted for its holdings of large stone sculptures from India and China, as well as for bronzes, paintings, and other antiquities. Through June 22. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—More than a hundred oil sketches by the nineteenth-century landscapist Frederic Edwin Church; a number of drawings of his villa (Olana) overlooking the Hudson are included. Through July 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) . . ¶ Concerts in the garden Tuesday evenings at 7 (David Amram and his Jazz Quintet on June 17).

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—Vases, figures, and tableware produced in the second half of the eighteenth century at the French national porcelain factory, which was first housed at Vincennes and later at Sèvres. Through Aug. 3. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Ceremonial objects, textiles, photographs, and documents (some dating back to the seventeenth century) sent to New York for safekeeping in 1939 by the Jewish community of Danzig. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—"Rubens and Rembrandt in Their Century," an exhibition of a hundred and thirty seventeenth-century Flemish and Dutch Old Master drawings. . . . ¶ A show of triptychs, enamels, and manuscripts, centering on the twelfth-century Romanesque, gold-and-enamel Stavelot (Belgium) triptych—a reliquary of the True Cross, and a high example of Mosan School art. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Both shows through July 31.

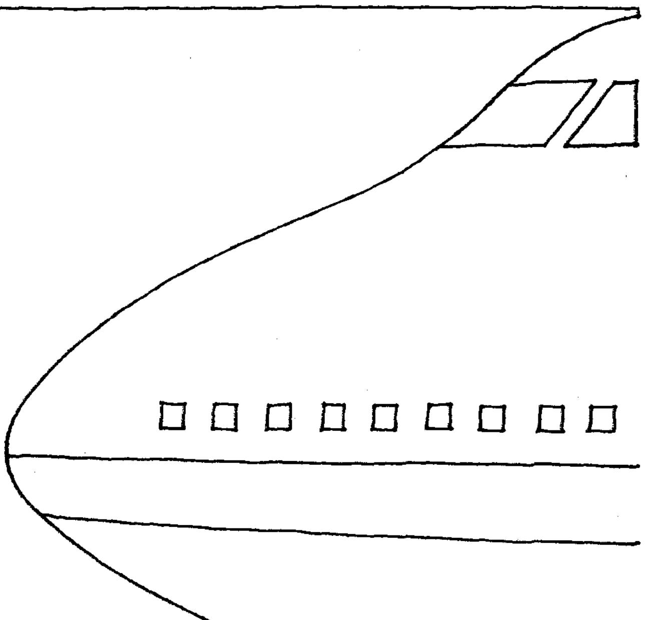
MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Sixty-five English naive paintings, mostly occupied with hunting and animal themes and dating from the eighteenth century to the twentieth, from a private collection. Through Aug. 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"The Elegant Eighties," a costume show of fashions worn in the last century by well-to-do New Yorkers. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A show of more than a hundred nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century drawings of Paris, on loan from the Musée Carnavalet. Through Sunday, June 15. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A selection of books and manuscripts by twenty-five authors whose works have been added over the past twenty-five years to the illustrious Berg Collection of English and American Literature. Among the items are the papers of Muriel Rukeyser, H. G. Wells' letters to Lord Beaverbrook, and some early love letters that Eugene O'Neill wrote to Beatrice Ashe. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Betye Saar, the Los Angeles art-



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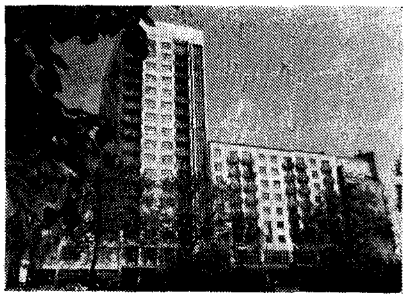

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ist, is showing assemblages, some on view for the first time. Through June 29. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, videotapes, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual exhibitions by Ed Levine (construction) and Reese Williams (eighty-four panels using photographs and text), and a variety of works pertaining to a group show that took place in an empty swimming pool at C. W. Post College. Through Saturday, June 21.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Paintings, drawings, photographs, videotapes, sculptures, and other works by a number of artists, among them Roger Brown, Robert Gordy, John Tweddle, and Joel-Peter Witkin. Through Sunday, June 15.

MUSIC

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—A special concert—Aaron Copland conducting his "Symphonic Ode" and Klaus Tennstedt conducting Mahler's Fifth Symphony. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Wednesday, June 18, at 8.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach"—At Avery Fisher Hall (874-2424), the final three in a series of concerts—Friday, June 13, at 8: Karl Richter directing the Musica Sacra orchestra and chorus in a Bach-Handel program. . . . ¶ Monday, June 16, at 8: Michael Jaffee directing the Waverly Consort in a program of music by Bach and his contemporaries. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 19, at 8: Richard Westenburg directing the Musica Sacra orchestra and chorus in a program of Bach cantatas, with Kristine Ciesinski, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Douglas Robinson, tenor; and Robert Lyon, baritone.

Orchestra of New York—Carl Bamberger directing a performance of Mozart's "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), in concert form. (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 19, at 8.)

RECITALS

Sima Gorezkaya—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Wednesday, June 11, at 8.)

Western Wind—A vocal sextet in the first of two programs of a-cappella music, this one a *mostly Monteverdi program.* (Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, June 12, at 8.)

Elizabeth Erskine Patches—Mezzo-soprano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, June 14, at 8.)

Robert Mann and Emanuel Ax—The last in a series of concerts presenting the complete Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, June 16, at 8.)

Spokane String Quartet—A group made up of members of the Spokane Symphony appearing here for the first time in a program that includes the premières of Karl Weigl's "8th String Quartet" and Wolfgang Fraenkel's "Music for String Quartet." (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Monday, June 16, at 8.)

Janis-Rozena Peri—Soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Wednesday, June 18, at 8.)

Béla Szilági—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Thursday, June 19, at 5.)

Ruth Gagnebin—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, June 21, at 2:30.)

Evelyne Dubourg—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, June 21, at 5:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concert—Celeste Holm hosts an evening of operatic arias performed by Klara Barlow, Eleanor Steber, John Ferrante, Giovanni Consiglio, and others. The beneficiary is the Ansonia Residents' Association. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Thursday, June 12, at 8.)

Bel Canto Opera—Frederick S. Roffman conducting a staged version of Victor Herbert's operetta, "The Debutante." (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays, June 14 and 21, at 7:30, and Sundays, June 15 and 22, at 3. Tickets at the door an hour before the performances.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Caramoor Festival—Opening performances of the season, which will run through Sunday, Aug. 17—Saturday, June 21, at 9: Alexander Gibson conducting the Caramoor Festival Orchestra in a benefit all-Brahms program, with Youri Egorov, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 22, at 5:30: Igor Kipnis, harpsichord. (Katonah, N. Y. For information about tickets, call 914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Saturday and Sunday, June 14-15, at 7: Marshall Tucker Band, with B. B. King. . . . ¶ Monday, June 16, at 8:15: The Preservation Hall Jazz Band. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 7: Heart. . . . ¶ Friday, June 20, at 7: Mary Travers, with Tom Paxton and Bob Gibson. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 8:15: John Denver. (Saratoga Springs. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

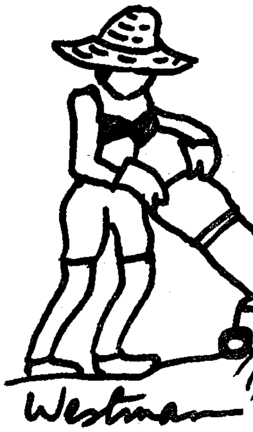
SPORTS

Baseball—**mets** at Shea Stadium: Los Angeles, Wednesday, June 11, at 8:05. . . . ¶ San Francisco, Friday, June 13, at 8:05; Saturday, June 14, at 7:05; and Sunday, June 15, at 2:05. . . . **yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Seattle, Monday and Tuesday, June 16-17, at 8. . . . ¶ California, Wednesday and Thursday, June 18-19, at 8. . . . ¶ Oakland, Friday, June 20, at 8, and Saturday, June 21, at about 2 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities will start at 1, and will include a couple of innings involving Joe Pepitone, Eddie Lopat, Bob Turley, Monte Irvin, Sal Maglie, Don Drysdale, and other major-league stars of past years).

Boxing: Closed-Circuit TV—Sugar Ray Leonard vs. Roberto Durán, 15 rounds, for the W.B.C. Welterweight Championship, televised from Montreal. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, June 20. Preliminaries at 9; main bout at about 10:30.)

Fencing—National Championships—Saturday, June 21, at 8 A.M.: Men's individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 21, at 3: Women's Under-19 individual foil. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 22, at 8 A.M.: Men's individual sabre and Under-19 individual épée. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 22, at 3: Men's individual foil, quarterfinals to final. . . . ¶ Monday, June 23, at 8 A.M.: Women's individual foil. . . . ¶ Monday, June 23, at 3: Men's individual sabre, quarterfinals to final. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 24, at 8 A.M.: Men's foil team. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 24, at 3: Women's individual foil, quarterfinals to final. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 25, at 8 A.M.: Men's individual épée. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 25, at 2: Men's sabre team. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 8 A.M.: Women's foil team. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 26, at 2: Men's individual épée, quarterfinals to final. . . . ¶ Friday, June 27, at 8 A.M.: Men's Under-19 individual foil. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 8 A.M.: Men's épée team. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 28, at 10 A.M.: Men's Under-19 individual sabre. (Manhattan College, Manhattan College Parkway and West 242nd St. Admission is free.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Open Championship. (Baltusrol Golf Club, Springfield, N.J. Thursday through Sunday, June 12-15.)



Racing—At **belmont:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, July 28. The Bowling Green Handicap, Saturday, June 14; the Nassau County Handicap, Sunday, June 15; the Youthful, Monday, June 16; and the New York Handicap, Saturday, June 21. (*Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the* track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 11:50, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:45 and noon.) . . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Sept. 1. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 13. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, July 19.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, Aug. 7. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 22. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, Aug. 6.

Yachting—Start of the Newport-to-Bermuda race, Friday, June 20. . . . ¶ America's Cup preliminary trials. (Newport. Saturday, June 21, through Saturday, June 28.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 7:30.) Six sales of Symbolism, Art Nouveau, and Art Deco. Thursday, June 12, at 10:15: Paintings. . . . Thursday, June 12, at 2: Prints and posters. . . . Friday, June 13, at 10:15: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . Friday, June 13, at 2, and Saturday, June 14, at 10:15 and 2: Tiffany lamps, Gallé glass, sculptures, and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese paintings, mostly modern, but including an early circular fan painting and a fourteenth-century painting of Sakymuni. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 12. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 18, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art, ranging from the Han to the Qing periods. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 14. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 19, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Dali, Arp, Rodin, and Modigliani. Exhibition starts Saturday, June 14. . . . **christie's** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday and Thursday, June 11-12, at 10: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Friday, June 13, at 10: European and American pottery. . . . ¶ Tuesday, June 17, at 10: European porcelain and pottery. Exhibition starts Thursday, June 12.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

(If the weather looks doubtful, call the New York Parks Department, 755-4100, for news. The same number may be called for information about all free entertainment in the city.)

Metropolitan Opera, Concert Productions—**central park's great lawn:** Tuesday, June 17, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "Rigoletto," with Christiane Eda-Pierre, Cornell MacNeil, Luciano Pavarotti, and Joann Grillo; conducted by James Levine. . . . **snug harbor,** Staten Island: Wednesday, June 18, at 8:30 (rain date, June 19), "Carmen," with Fiorenza Cossotto, Patricia Craig, Guy Chauvet, and Lenus Carlson; Michelangelo Veltri. . . . **marine park,** Brooklyn: Friday, June 20, at 8:30 (rain date, June 22), "Rigoletto," with the same cast as Tuesday, except that Juan Lloveras will replace Mr. Pavarotti, and David Stivender will conduct. . . . **cunningham park,** Queens: Saturday, June 21, at 8:30 (rain date, June 22), "Carmen," with the same cast as Wednesday.

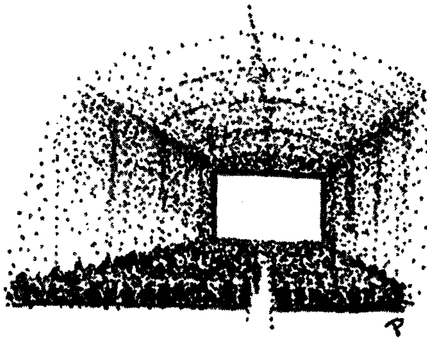
South Street Seaport Museum—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday and Saturday, June 13-14, at 8: Jimmy Owens Plus. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, June 20-21, at 8: Gathering Forces and the Brubeck Brothers Band. (East River at Fulton Street.)

Brooklyn Botanic Garden—The Cranford Rose Garden is open for the season, with more than five thousand rosebushes representing nine *hundred varieties. Open daily, except Mon*days, 10 to 4.

Deep Breathing—The roadways in Central Park are given over to joggers, roller skaters, skateboarders, and strollers daily except for workday rush hours. The park closes at ten at night Mondays through Thursdays.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 21. FILMS PLAYING IN THE TIMES SQUARE AREA AND AT REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 15: "L'Age d'Or" and "Un Chien Andalou."
June 16: Theatre closed.
From June 17: "The Pedralbes Murderer."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
June 11: "Black Girl" and "Ceddo."
June 12-14: "Rain and Shine" and "Angi Vera."
June 15-16: "The Mother and the Whore."
June 17: "Black Moon" and "Koko, a Talking Gorilla."
From June 18: "The Last of the Blue Devils."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through June 12: "Serial" and "Cuba."
June 13-19: "Friday the 13th" and "Winter Kills."
From June 20: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through June 19: "All That Jazz."
From June 20: "Brubaker."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Urban Cowboy."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Long Riders."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Bronco Billy."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Shining."

PENTHOUSE EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Caligula."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through June 19: "All That Jazz."
From June 20: "Fame."

MANHATTAN 1, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through June 19: "The Long Riders."
From June 20: "Brubaker."

MANHATTAN 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Through June 12: "The Long Riders."
June 13-19: "Carny."
From June 20: "Brubaker."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Outsider."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through June 18: "Fantasia."
From June 19: "Rough Cut."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Dinner for Adele."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Tin Drum."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
Through June 19: "The Canterbury Tales."
From June 20: "The Blue Lagoon."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through June 12: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" and "The Groove Tube."
June 13-19: To be announced.
From June 20: "The Blues Brothers."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through June 12: "The Deer Hunter."
From June 13: "The Island."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through June 12: "Friday the 13th."
From June 13: "Roadie."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through June 12: "Being There."
From June 13: "Wholly Moses!"

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Through June 17: "Up the Academy."
From June 18: "The Empire Strikes Back."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"La Cage aux Folles."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Urban Cowboy."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through June 12: "Norma Rae."
June 13-19: "Being There."
From June 20: "All That Jazz."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
Through June 12: "Coal Miner's Daughter."
From June 13: "The Island."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Bronco Billy."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 1, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Empire Strikes Back."

LOEWS ORPHEUM 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Shining."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through June 12: "The Long Riders."
June 13-19: "Roadie."
From June 20: "Fame."

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through June 12: "Humanoids from the Deep." June 13-19: "Mad Max." From June 20: "The Blues Brothers."
Theatre 2: Through June 12: "Up the Academy." From June 13: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"In a Year of 13 Moons."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 1, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 12: "Coal Miner's Daughter."
From June 13: "The Island."

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through June 19 (tentative): "Kramer vs. Kramer."
From June 20: "Fame."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through June 12: "Eboli." From June 13: "Roadie."
Theatre 2: Through June 12: "Meetings with Remarkable Men." From June 13: "Roadie."
Theatre 3: Through June 12: "Clair de Femme." From June 13: "Wholly Moses!"
Theatre 4: Through June 12: "Wifemistress." From June 13: "Wholly Moses!"

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through June 12: "The Black Stallion."
From June 13: "Roadie."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through June 19: "Fame."
From June 20: "Can't Stop the Music."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through June 12: "Soupçon."
From June 13: "Fame."

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through June 19 (tentative): "Wifemistress."
From June 20: "The Blues Brothers."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Wise Blood."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"My Brilliant Career."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through June 12: "Till Marriage Do Us Part."
June 13-19: To be announced.
From June 20: "Brubaker."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through June 12: "Meatballs."
June 13-19: To be announced.
From June 20: "The Blue Lagoon."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through June 12: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs."
From June 13: "Carny."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"The Marriage of Maria Braun."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"All That Jazz."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Kramer vs. Kramer."
Theatre 2: "Up the Academy."
Theatre 3: Through June 12: "Night of the Juggler." From June 13: "The Shining."
Theatre 4: Through June 12: "The Black Stallion." From June 13: "Wholly Moses!"

NEW YORKER 1, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Dinner for Adele."

NEW YORKER 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
"Soupçon."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 12: "Meatballs" and "Grease."
June 13-19: "Friday the 13th" and "Prophecy."
From June 20: "All That Jazz" and "Magic."

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION CENTER, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: "The Shining." (†)
Theatre 2: Through June 12: "The Kentucky Fried Movie" (†) and "The Groove Tube." (†) *From June 13: "The Long Riders."* (†)
Theatre 3: Through June 12: "Tom Horn." From June 13: "Don't Go in the House."
Theatre 4: "Bronco Billy." (†)
Theatre 5: "Bronco Billy." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through June 19: "Kramer vs. Kramer." (†)
From June 20: "Brubaker." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 12: "Apocalypse Now." From June 13: "Roadie." (†)
Theatre 3: Through June 12: "Being There." (†) From June 13: "Apocalypse Now."
Theatre 4: Through June 12: "Night of the Juggler." (†) From June 13: "All That Jazz." (†)

EMBASSY 5, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through June 12: "All That Jazz." (†)
From June 13: "Mad Max." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through June 12: "The Long Riders." (†)
From June 13: "Wholly Moses!" (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Urban Cowboy." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"Up the Academy." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through June 18: "Humanoids from the Deep." (†)
From June 19: "Rough Cut." (†)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through June 12: "The Hearse."
From June 13: "The Island." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
Through June 12: "Friday the 13th." (†)
June 13-19: "Carny." (†)
From June 20: "Fame." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through June 19: "Friday the 13th." (†)
From June 20: "The Blues Brothers." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
June 11: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini; and "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971), a Yugoslav film, directed by Dusan Makavejev, with Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg.
June 12: "Mädchen in Uniform" (1932), in German, directed by Leontine Sagan, with Herthe Thiele and Dorothea Wieck; and "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom."
June 13: "Mean Streets" (1973), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "Bloodbrothers" (1978), directed by Robert Mulligan, with Paul Sorvino, Tony Lo Bianco, and Richard Gere.
June 14-15: "The Harder They Come" (1973), directed by Perry Henzell, with Jimmy Cliff; and "Black Orpheus" (1959),

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in Portuguese, directed by Marcel Camus, with Marpessa Dawn.

June 16: "A Streetcar Named Desire" (1951), directed by Elia Kazan, with Vivien Leigh, Marlon Brando, Kim Hunter, and Karl Malden.

June 17: "The Seven Samurai." (†)

June 18-19: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde.

June 20: "Persona" (1967), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "Cries and Whispers" (1972), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan.

June 21: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

June 11: "Blind Husbands" (1918), a silent film, directed by Erich von Stroheim, with von Stroheim, Gibson Gowland, Sam de Grasse, and Francilla Billington; and "Society Sensation" (1920), with Rudolph Valentino, ZaSu Pitts, Slim Summerville, and Carmel Meyers.

June 12: "Cría!" (1977), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice.

June 13: "Seven Beauties" (1976) and "Love and Anarchy" (1973), both films in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini.

June 14: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and "Beat the Devil" (1954), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Jennifer Jones, Gina Lollobrigida, Robert Morley, and Peter Lorre.

June 15: "The Red Shoes." (†)

June 16: "Camille" (1937), directed by George Cukor, with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, Henry Daniell, and Lionel Barrymore; and "Ninotchka." (†)

June 17: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), directed by William Wyler, with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, David Niven, and Geraldine Fitzgerald; and "The Little Foxes" (1941), directed by William Wyler, with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, Patricia Collinge, and Richard Carlson.

June 18: "Nashville" (1975), directed by Robert Altman, with Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson.

June 19: "King of Hearts" (1967), in French and English, directed by Philippe de Broca, with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold.

June 20: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972), in French and English, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider.

June 21: "Lolita" (1962), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Sue Lyon, James Mason, Peter Sellers, and Shelley Winters.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through June 12: "In the Realm of the Senses" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima, with Eiko Matsuda and Tatsuya Fuji; and "Emmanuelle" (1974), in French, directed by Just Jaeckin, with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny.

June 13-14: "Splendor in the Grass" (1961), directed by Elia Kazan, with Natalie Wood, Warren Beatty, Pat Hingle, and Sandy Dennis; and "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with Julie Harris, James Dean, and Raymond Massey.

June 15-16: "The Consequence" (1977), in German, directed by Wolfgang Petersen, with Jurgen Prochnow and Ernst Hannawald; and "Staircase." (†)

June 17: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Spellbound" (1945), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck, Michael Chekhov, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll.

June 18-19: "American Gigolo" (1980), directed by Paul Schrader, with Richard Gere, Lauren Hutton, Nina Van Pallandt, and Hector Elizondo; and "Shampoo" (1975), directed by Hal Ashby, with Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn.

June 20-21: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Giulietta Masina; and "Red Desert" (1965), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through June 12: "Dial M for Murder" (1954), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams. In 3-D.

June 13-15: "Dynasty" (1977); and "Drums of Tahiti" (1954), directed by William Castle, with Dennis O'Keefe and Patricia Medina. Both in 3-D.

June 16-19: "The Mad Magician" (1954), directed by John Brahm, with Vincent Price, Mary Murphy, and Eva Gabor; and "Man in the Dark" (1953), directed by Lew Landers, with Edmond O'Brien, Audrey Totter, Ted de Corsia, and Horace McMahon. Both in 3-D.

From June 20: "The Stewardesses" (1970), directed by Alf Silliman, Jr., with Christina Hart; and another feature, to be announced. Both in 3-D.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

June 11: "Intermezzo" (1939), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard, and Edna Best; and "The Petrified Forest" (1936), directed by Archie Mayo, with Leslie Howard, Bette Davis, and Humphrey Bogart.

June 12-14: "Teacher's Pet" (1958), directed by George Seaton, with Clark Gable, Doris Day, and Gig Young; and "To Catch a Thief" (1955), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Grace Kelly, Jessie Royce Landis, Charles Vanel, and Brigitte Auber.

June 15-16: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (†); and "The Black Swan" (1942), directed by Henry King, with Maureen O'Hara, Tyrone Power, George Sanders, and Anthony Quinn.

June 17-18: "Don Juan" (1929), directed by Alan Crosland, with John Barrymore and Mary Astor; and "The Iron Mask" (1929), directed by Allan Dwan, with Douglas Fairbanks.

June 19-21: "A Yank at Oxford" (1938), directed by Jack Conway, with Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor, and Maureen O'Sullivan; and "Too Hot to Handle." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

June 11: "The Red Inn" (1951), in French, directed by Claude Autant-Lara, with Fernandel, Françoise Rosay, and Julien Carette; and "The Thief of Paris" (1967), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Geneviève Bujold.

June 12: "Baby Doll" (1956), directed by Elia Kazan, with Karl Malden, Carroll Baker, Eli Wallach, and Mildred Dunnock; and "The Last Tycoon" (1976), directed by Elia Kazan, with Robert De Niro, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum, Jeanne Moreau, Jack Nicholson, and Donald Pleasence.

June 13-14: "The Brothers Karamazov" (1972), in Russian, directed by Ivan Pyrier.

June 15: "Maîtress" (1976), in French, directed by Barbet Schroeder, with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu; and "Idi Amin Dada" (1974), a documentary, directed by Barbet Schroeder.

June 16: A program of cartoons by Friz Freleng and a program of Fritz the Cat cartoons.

June 17: "Network" (†) and "The Pawnbroker." (†)

June 18: "Panique" (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard; and "Daybreak" (1939; "Le Jour Se Lève"), in French, directed by Marcel Carné, with Jean Gabin, Jules Berry, and Arletty.

June 19: "The T.A.M.I. Show," with the Rolling Stones, Chuck Berry, and other rock performers; and "Stony Island" (1980), directed by Andrew Davis, with

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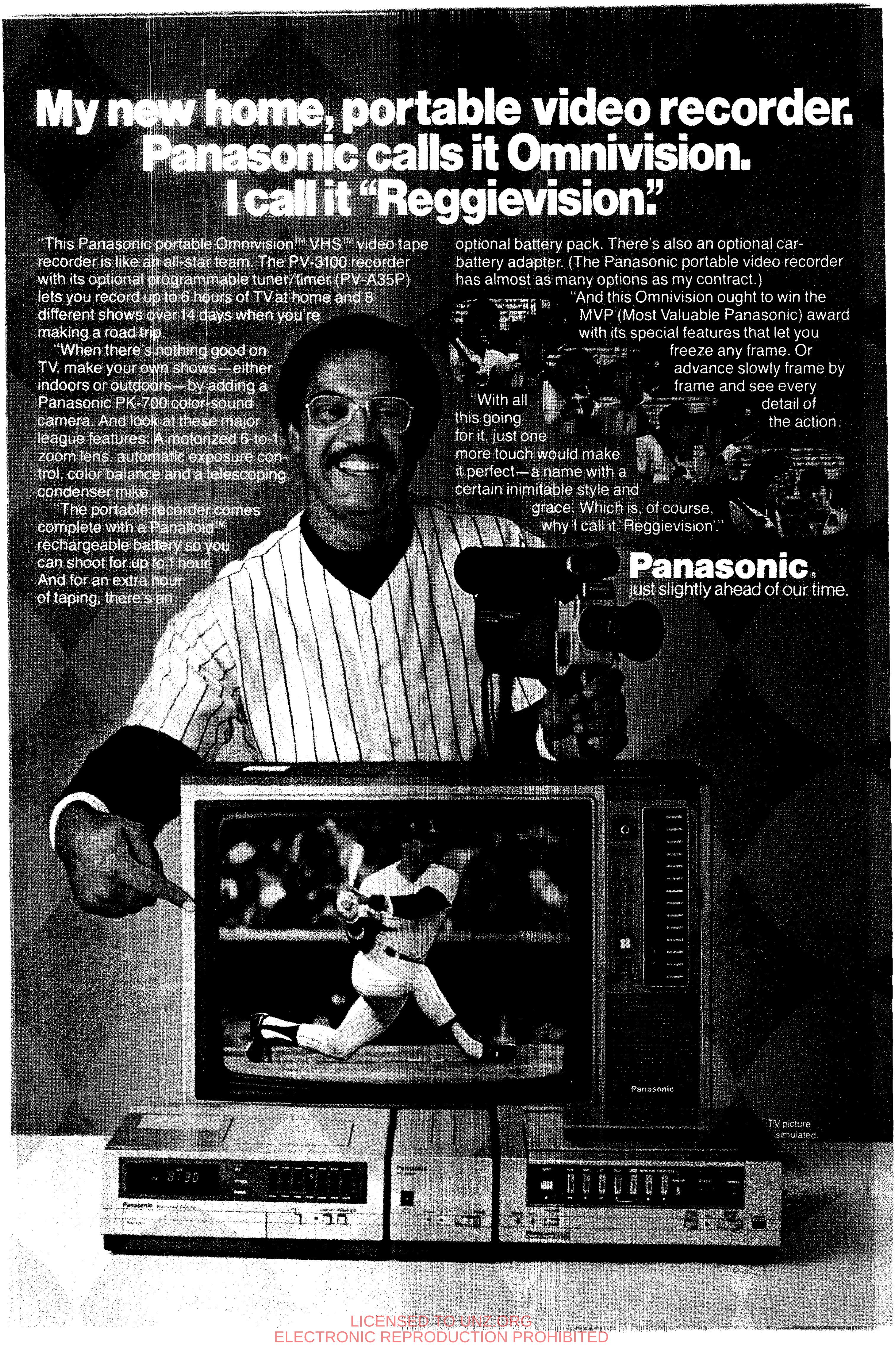

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Gene Barge and the Stony Island Band.

June 20-21: "Michael Kohlhaas" (1969), directed by Volker Schlöndorff, with David Warner and Anna Karina; and "The Baby" (1973), directed by Ted Post, with Ruth Roman.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

June 11: "The Ladykillers" (1956), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "The Lavender Hill Mob" (1951), directed by Charles Crichton, with Alec Guinness, Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James.

June 12: "42nd Street" (1933), directed by Lloyd Bacon, with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Dancing Lady" (1933), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Fred Astaire, Joan Crawford, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable.

June 13: "Freaks" (1932), directed by Tod Browning, with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" (1932), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Miriam Hopkins, Fredric March, and Rose Hobart.

June 14: "The Gang's All Here" (1943), directed by Busby Berkeley, with Alice Faye, Carmen Miranda, Charlotte Greenwood, and James Ellison; and "Weekend in Havana" (1941), directed by Walter Lang, with Alice Faye, John Payne, and Carmen Miranda.

June 15: "Four Feathers" (1939), directed by Zoltán Korda, with Ralph Richardson, John Clements, and C. Aubrey Smith; and "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" (1935), directed by Henry Hathaway, with Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell.

June 16: "Show Boat" (†) and "High, Wide, and Handsome." (†)

June 17: "Anna Christie" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Anna Karenina" (1935), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

June 18: "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" (†) and "Arabian Nights." (†)

June 19: "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre; and "Nosferatu" (1922), a German silent film, directed by F. W. Murnau, with Max Schreck.

June 20-21: "Secret Agent" (1936), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young; and "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—June 11 at 6: "Intermezzo" (1936), in Swedish, directed by Gustaf Molander, with Ingrid Bergman and Gösta Ekman; English subtitles. . . . ¶ June 11 at 8:30: "Portrait of Jennie" (1948), directed by William Dieterle, with Jennifer Jones, Joseph Cotten, Ethel Barrymore, and Lillian Gish. . . . ¶ June 13 at 6: "Intermezzo" (1939), directed by Gregory Ratoff, with Ingrid Bergman, Leslie Howard, and Edna Best. . . . ¶ June 13 at 8:30: "A Bill of Divorcement" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with John Barrymore, Katharine Hepburn, and Billie Burke. . . . ¶ June 14 at 6: "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (1936), directed by John Cromwell, with Freddie Bartholomew, Dolores Costello, and C. Aubrey Smith. . . . ¶ June 14 at 8:30: "Night Flight" (1933), directed by Clarence Brown, with John Barrymore, Helen Hayes, Clark Gable, and Myrna Loy. . . . ¶ June 15 at 6: "Portrait of Jennie." . . . ¶ June 15 at 8:30: "I'll Be Seeing You" (1944), directed by William Dieterle, with Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten, and Shirley Temple. . . . ¶ June 16 at 6: "Night Flight." . . . ¶ June 16 at 8:30: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles, Alida Valli, and Trevor Howard. . . . ¶ June 17 at 6: "Vietnam: An American Journey" (1979), directed by Robert Richter. . . . ¶ June 17 at 8:30: "A Royal Scandal" (1945), directed by Otto Preminger, with Tallulah Bankhead and Charles Coburn. . . . ¶ June 18 at 6: "I'll Be Seeing You." . . . ¶ June 18 at 8:30: "King Kong" (1933), directed by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest Schoedsack, with Fay Wray, Bruce Cabot, and Robert Armstrong. . . . ¶ June 20 at 6: "Crime in the Streets" (1956), directed by Don Siegel, with John Cassavetes, Sal Mineo, James Whitmore, and Mark Rydell. . . . ¶ June 20 at 8:30: "Husbands" (1970), directed by John Cassavetes (who will be present), with Cassavetes, Ben Gazzara, and Peter Falk. . . . ¶ June 21 at 6: "Edge of the City" (1957), directed by Martin Ritt, with John Cassavetes, Sidney Poitier, Jack Warden, and Ruby Dee. . . . ¶ June 21 at 8:30: "Crime in the Streets." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 10 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through June 15: "The Art of Vision" (1961-65), directed by Stan Brakhage; four hours and thirty minutes. Showings at 1. . . . ¶ Starting June 17: A program of seven short films especially selected for children. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of sixteen new animated films by American filmmakers. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov and Vigo. Showings June 12-13 at 8, June 14 at 2 and 8, and June 19-21 at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Robin Hood (1938)—One of the most popular of all adventure films—stirring for children and intensely nostalgic for adults. As Robin, Errol Flynn slings a deer across his shoulders with exuberant aplomb; he achieves a mixture of daring and self-mockery, like that of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., in the twenties. The film gives the legend a light, satirical edge: everyone is a bit too much of what he is. (The archetypal roles that the actors played here clung to their later performances.) With improbably pretty Olivia de Havilland as Maid Marian, Alan Hale as Little John, Ian Hunter as Richard the Lion-Hearted, Basil Rathbone and Claude Rains as the villains, and Herbert Mundin, Patric Knowles, Melville Cooper, Una O'Connor, Montague Love, and Robert Warwick. The story is clear, the color ravishing, the acting simple and crude. Erich Wolfgang Korngold did the marvellous score; the script is by Norman Reilly Raine and Seton I. Miller; the rousing, buoyant direction is credited to Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, the former having replaced the latter. (Regency; June 15-16.)

L'Age d'Or (1930)—The most anti-religious, most anti-bourgeois of all Luis Buñuel's films and, naturally, the most scandalous. This episodic sixty-minute film—surreal, dreamlike, and deliberately, pornographically blasphemous—was written by both Buñuel and Salvador Dali, who had collaborated two years before on "Un Chien Andalou." With Gaston Modot, Lya Lys, Max Ernst, Pierre Prévert, and Jacques Brunius. In French. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 15.)

Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves (1944)—Maria Montez and Jon Hall in a follow-up to "Arabian Nights," a picture of such dreamy fatuousness that Universal made a bundle out of it. This time, flabby-cheeked, slit-eyed Turhan Bey is the camp treat. With Andy Devine and Fortunio Bonanova. Directed by Arthur Lubin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18.)

All That Jazz—Almost nothing has been left out of this headlong, overblown musical about a great, worn-out, self-destructive, lovable-genius choreographer-director (Roy Scheider) who has a backstage rendezvous with Death (Jessica Lange, wearing white veils and an enigmatic smile). The story is supposedly based on the true life and hard times of Bob Fosse, who is the director and co-author of the picture, and, of course, its choreographer. This is high-cholesterol hokum—enjoyable but probably not good for you. With Cliff Gorman, Ann Reinking, Leland Palmer, Ben Vereen, and a lot of lively dancers. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/7/80.) (Embassy 72nd St. . . . ¶ Embassy 5; through June 12. . . . ¶ Gramercy, and Plaza; through June 19. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting June 13. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting June 20.)

Angi Vera—Pál Gábor directed this modest, wintry, dark-hued account of the political indoctrination and accompanying dehumanization of a young nurse (Veronika Papp) in the early days of the Communist regime in Hungary. Our unfamiliarity with the time and place, and with the film's small cast of fine actors, somehow contributes to a sense of intimate involvement with some distant and miserably straitened lives. In a year of enormous movies, this is a quiet, unmistakable work of art. With Tamás Dunai and Erzsi Pásztor. In Hungarian. (1/14/80) (Art; June 12-14.)

Arabian Nights (1942)—Part of what makes the Universal Maria Montez movies camp classics is that they're elaborately produced yet every word and every plot device is stamped Grade B. In this sumptuous comedy extravaganza, Sabu scampers about as Ali the acrobat, muscle-bound Jon Hall is Caliph Harun al-Rashid, and the blankly sensuous Maria Montez is Scheherazade (not a storyteller in this version, but only a dancing girl). The picture is filled with harem cuties, horses, Technicolor Arizona scenery, and blissfully dumb lines. But then, perfection belongeth only to Allah the Most High. Produced by Walter Wanger, and directed with complete lack of conviction by John Rawlins. With Turhan Bey, and Leif Erickson, Edgar Barrier, Thomas Gomez, John Qualen, and, for slapstick, Billy Gilbert, who has a drag sequence, and Shemp Howard (one of the Three Stooges) as Sinbad. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 18.)

Being There—Outstanding performances by Peter Sellers (as a moronic, TV-addicted gardener who accidentally rises to high places because of the inattention and wishful inanity of the people around him), Melvyn Douglas (as a lonely, sentimental, death-haunted multimillionaire), and Shirley MacLaine (as the old man's wife) are the best things in this adaptation of Jerzy Kosinski's brusquely satiric novel, which has gained depth and direction as a movie. The picture is often funny, but Mr. Kosinski's heartless joke runs thin over the course of two hours, leaving one emotionally flattened in the end. (1/7/80) (Loews New York 1, and Embassy; through June 12. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; June 13-19.)

Black Girl (1969)—Ousmane Sembène's film about a young African girl who goes to work for a European couple in Antibes. In French. (Art; June 11.)

Black Moon (1975)—Louis Malle is temperamentally unsuited to the meandering, enigmatic, post-apocalypse fantasy he attempts here; he's a sane man trying to make a crazy man's film. Fifteen-year-old Cathryn Harrison is Alice in a bombed-out Wonderland, where flowers squeal when they're stepped on and a unicorn talks. There's no obsessive quality in the disordered vision, and no wit. It's deadly. (Art; June 17.)

The Black Stallion—A slow, dark, mystical film, starring a boy, a horse, and Mickey Rooney. Loosely based on a work by Walter Farley, it will probably disappoint children who have read the book. (11/5/79) (Guild, and Loews 83rd Quad; through June 12.)

The Blue Lagoon—A remake of the 1949 film, with Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins. Directed by Randal Kleiser. (Cinema II, and Paramount; starting June 20.)

The Blues Brothers—With John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd, directed by John Landis. (Gemini 1, R.K.O. 86th St., 57th St. Play-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

house, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting June 20.)

Bronco Billy—With Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke, directed by Eastwood. (Eastside Cinema, U. A. East, and Criterion Center.)

Brubaker—With Robert Redford, Yaphet Kotto, Jane Alexander, and Murray Hamilton; directed by Stuart Rosenberg. (Gramercy, Manhattan 1, Manhattan 2, Cinema 3, and Embassy 1; starting June 20.)

La Cage aux Folles—A brilliant comedy about a pair of aging homosexuals, one of whom has had a son; the son is eager to marry, his fiancée is extremely conventional, and her family wishes to make the acquaintance of his family. Trouble in paradise, here known as Saint-Tropez. Edouard Molinaro directed. In French. (5/28/79) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Caligula—With Malcolm McDowell. (Penthouse East.)

The Canterbury Tales (1972)—With Hugh Griffith, Alan Webb, and Jenny Runacre; directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian; X-rated. (Cinema II; through June 19.)

Can't Stop the Music—With the Village People, Valerie Perrine, and Bruce Jenner; directed by Nancy Walker. (Ziegfeld; starting June 20.)

Carny—With Gary Busey and Jodie Foster, directed by Robert Kaylor. (Manhattan 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; June 13-19. . . . ¶ Cinema Studio 1; starting June 13.)

Ceddo (1978)—Directed by Ousmane Sembène. In Wolof. (Art; June 11.)

Un Chien Andalou (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through June 15.)

Clair de Femme—Yves Montand and Romy Schneider meet on a street in Paris and exchange miseries as if they were gifts. Much woebegone talk and little action, in a movie written and directed by Costa-Gavras. In French. (4/7/80) (Quad Cinema; through June 12.)

Coal Miner's Daughter—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this warming, All-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic performances. Directed by Michael Apted; with Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (3/17/80) (Trans-Lux 85th, and Greenwich Playhouse 1; through June 12.)

Cuba—A lot of scenery and good chances are wasted in this unfortunate adventure story, in which Sean Connery looks fit (and properly worried) as a soldier of fortune trying to stand against history in the last days of the bad old Batista regime. The picture is notable for director Richard Lester's quick, energetic glimpses of the priests, gunmen, strippers, Fidelistas, corrupt generals, and wide-wing white Cadillacs, but it founders on its flabby politics (the Castro guerrillas resemble Outward Bound campers) and its dim love story—something about a sugar-and-tobacco heiress (Brooke Adams) who foolishly prefers to stay in Havana instead of fleeing with Mr. Connery—and slips away into farce. Lost in the shambles are Jack Weston, Martin Balsam, Hector Elizondo, Denholm Elliott, and Chris Sarandon. (12/31/79) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 12.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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15	16	17	18	19	20	21

The Deer Hunter (1978)—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship. Without sharing the film's implicit God-and-country, flag-on-the-door political assumptions, one can see that, even with its pulp components and its superman hero (Robert De Niro), it is not merely trying to move people by pandering to their prejudices. It is also caught in its own obsessions. And because the director, Michael Cimino, plays them out on such a vast canvas, the film has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. (12/18/78) (Gemini 2; through June 12.)

Dinner for Adele—An innocent, period-piece comedy-melodrama from Czechoslovakia that pits Nick Carter ("America's Greatest Detective") against a villain named Baron von Kratzmar of Wienerschnitzelberg and an avid, Mozart-loving plant that devours mice and a Great Dane and a police inspector. The movie is so wholesome and openly silly that you keep giving up on it, but it plugs along at its own gentle pace, and you will probably find yourself smiling in the end. Directed by Oldrich Lipsky, with Michal Docolomansky as the strong-jawed, iron-brained hero. In Czech. (6/2/80) (D. W. Griffith, and New Yorker 1.)

Eboli—Francesco Rosi's thoughtful, modulated adaptation of Carlo Levi's celebrated "Christ Stopped at Eboli" carefully re-creates the physical and social textures of a remote mountain hamlet in south-central Italy to which Levi was sent as a political prisoner by the Mussolini regime in the nineteen-thirties. Gian Maria Volonte looks exactly right as the book-worn intellectual in exile, and the picture, like the original work, centers on Levi's wondering consideration of the silent, black-clothed local peasants, whom he saw as being equally cut off from the state, the church, and the harsh land itself. With Irene Papas, François Simon, and Paolo Bonicelli. In Italian. (5/5/80) (Quad Cinema; through June 12.)

The Empire Strikes Back—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor, which is great news for kids and for us all. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Murray Hill, Loews Orpheum 1, and Loews Astor Plaza. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; starting June 18.)

Fame—A perfectly good idea for a movie musical—to follow a fictional class of talented young dancers, actors, and musicians through their four years at New York's unfictional School of Performing Arts—is just about ruined by the lugubrious, inch-deep platitudes of the plot of what turns out to be still another implacably confessional backstage drama: a "Chorus Line" of adolescents. The picture, which was written by Christopher Gore and directed by Alan Parker, is great fun when its attractive, semi-anonymous youngsters are allowed to get on with their hoofing and warbling, but the weight of so much snuffly, pubescent hokum sinks the vehicle about midway through its interminable voyage. With Maureen Teefy, Gene Anthony Ray, Paul McCrane, Anne Meara, and Jim Moody—the last of whom gives a subdued, exemplary performance as a dedicated drama teacher. The music is by Michael Gore. (5/26/80) (Ziegfeld; through June 19. . . . ¶ Festival; starting June 13. . . . ¶ Plaza, 86th St. East, Greenwich Playhouse 2, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; starting June 20.)

Fantasia (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Coronet; through June 18.)

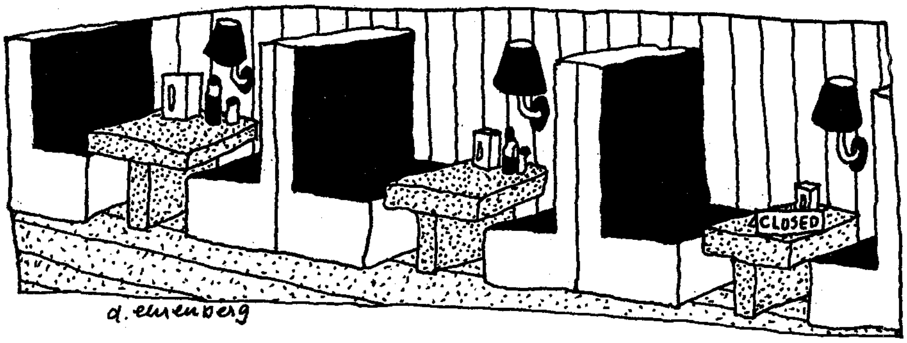
Friday the 13th—With Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III; directed by Sean Cunningham. (Beekman, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1; through June 12. . . . ¶ R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through June 19. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; June 13-19.)

Grease (1978)—John Travolta and Olivia Newton-John in an evocation of the fifties at high school. The movie runs on pure ozone, good times, and an easy homesickness for a past decade that the people who lived through it do not find particularly missable. (6/26/78) (Olympia; through June 12.)

The Groove Tube (1974)—Inoffensively scatological revue, lampooning TV, Kubrick's "2001," and American culture. About half of the scattershot, manic skits are very funny; the others might have been funny, too, if their timing had been better. At the end, the talented director and star, Ken Shapiro, does a lovely, flaked-out dance through rush-hour crowds along Park Avenue. Also with Chevy Chase. (Gemini 1, and Criterion Center; through June 12.)

High, Wide, and Handsome (1937)—Irene Dunne (in musicals, the Julie Andrews of her day) at her wretched primmest, singing alongside a farm horse, when Randolph Scott isn't around. This long, lavish, musical Western, set in the mid-nineteenth century, was written by Oscar Hammerstein II and has music by Jerome Kern, which is, however, of widely varying quality and is sung mostly by the ever-noble Miss Dunne. (Her demonstration of how to belt out beer-hall songs is surely on a par with José Iturbi's demonstrations of how to play boogie-woogie.) Dorothy Lamour has a few numbers, and the cast includes Ben Blue, Akim Tamiroff, Charles Bickford, Elizabeth Patterson, Alan Hale, Raymond Walburn. Rouben Mamoulian is the appallingly guilty director. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 16.)

Humanoids from the Deep—With Doug McClure, Ann Turkel, and Vic Morrow; directed by Barbara Peeters. (R.K.O. 86th St.; through June 12. . . . ¶ National; through June 18.)



IN A YEAR OF 13 MOONS—With Volker Spengler, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (Waverly.)

THE ISLAND—Based on the Peter Benchley novel, with Michael Caine and David Warner, directed by Michael Ritchie. (Gemini 2, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich Playhouse 1, and Rivoli; starting June 13.)

THE KENTUCKY FRIED MOVIE (1977)—With David Zucker, Jim Abrahams, and Jerry Zucker; directed by John Landis. (Gemini 1, and Criterion Center; through June 12.)

KOKO, A TALKING GORILLA—A documentary, directed by Barbet Schroeder. (Art; June 17.)

KRAMER VS. KRAMER—An emotional, limited, and painfully focussed drama, written and directed by Robert Benton. It centers on a divorce and a child-custody court case and has four remarkable extended performances—by Dustin Hoffman and Meryl Streep, as the unhappy couple; by Justin Henry, as their six-year-old son, who is suddenly left in his father's care as the picture begins; and by Jane Alexander, as a sad, helpful neighbor—but the highest praise must go to Mr. Benton, whose intelligence and restraint have turned this modest material into an almost perfect miniature. (12/24/79) (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through June 19. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse 2; through June 19, tentative.)

THE LAST OF THE BLUE DEVILS—A documentary about Kansas City jazz, featuring Count Basie, Jay McShann, and Joe Turner. Directed by Bruce Ricker. (Art; starting June 18.)

THE LONG RIDERS—A satisfying, intelligently worked-out retelling of the classic movie-Western folk romance about the James brothers (Jesse and Frank; not Henry and William), the Younger gang, and the outlaws-vs.-Pinkertons Missouri skirmishes, culminating in the bloody Northfield Raid. The cast is full of brothers playing brothers—James and Stacy Keach as Jesse and Frank James; David, Keith, and Robert Carradine as the Youngers; Randy and Dennis Quaid as the Millers; Christopher and Nicholas Guest as the skulking Ford boys. Directed by Walter Hill; with Savannah Smith, Pamela Reed, Fran Ryan, and James Whitmore, Jr. (5/19/80) (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Manhattan 2, 86th St. East, and Forum; through June 12. . . . ¶ Manhattan 1; through June 19. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting June 13.)

MAD MAX—With Mel Gibson, directed by George Miller and Gibson. (R.K.O. 86th St.; June 13-19. . . . ¶ Embassy 5; starting June 13.)

MAGIC (1978)—It's intended to be a thriller, but there's little suspense and almost no fun in this account of a schizophrenic ventriloquist (Anthony Hopkins), adapted by William Goldman from his novel, and directed by Richard Attenborough. Since Hopkins has no lightness and shows no capacity for joy, there's nothing at stake when things go wrong for him. This Welshman is bewilderingly miscast as Corky, a Borscht Belt vaudevillian; the gloomily withdrawn Hopkins has no vulgarity in his soul—nothing that suggests any connection with the world of entertainment. The picture grinds along, as we watch most of the tiny cast being eliminated. It depends just about completely on the morbid visual effect of the devil-doll dummy. With Ann-Margret, Burgess Meredith, and Ed Lauter. (12/11/78) (Olympia; starting June 20.)

THE MARRIAGE OF MARIA BRAUN—Directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. A personification, in a woman (Hanna Schygulla) who has been married for a day and thereafter does whatever is required to survive, of Germany in the last days of the war and throughout the economic miracle. It has its arbitrary sequences and longueurs, but there is also some good work, particularly in the persons of minor characters. In German. (10/29/79) (Cinema Studio 2.)

MEATBALLS—A summer-camp burlesque, tailgating "Animal House." Bill Murray, an ebullient but underripe comedian, plays the counsellor-in-chief. (7/16/79) (Paramount, and Olympia; through June 12.)

MEETINGS WITH REMARKABLE MEN—Reverent as can be, and the closest thing we will ever get to an official movie biography of G. I. Gurdjieff, who searched for the secret of life through a higher consciousness. (It sounds vague because it is vague.) Much mote-in-the-middle-distance acting, consulting of arcane maps, trekking across Central Asia (the movie was filmed on location in Afghanistan when movies *could* be filmed in Afghanistan).

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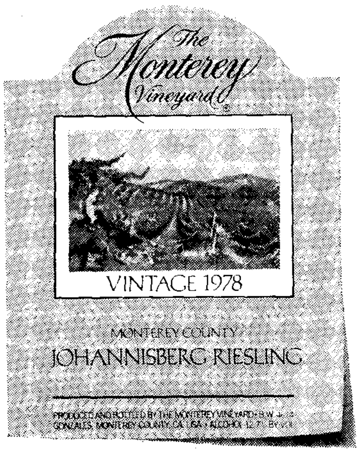

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and discussions of "vibrations," etc. With Dragan Maksimovic as Gurdjieff, Terence Stamp as a dilettante prince, and the bracingly virile Donald Sumpter as a young priest who seems to have the real secret of life but does not stick around long enough to impart it. Written by Jeanne de Salzmann (who was an aide to Gurdjieff) and Peter Brook, the director. (8/20/79) (Quad Cinema; through June 12.)

The Mother and the Whore (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, and Françoise Lebrun—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you before." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (Art; June 15-16.)

My Brilliant Career—This strong, consistently rewarding Australian film about the coming of age of a spirited, overintelligent young woman living on a New South Wales cattle station at the turn of the century looks and feels and moves along like a first-class old-fashioned novel, which isn't surprising, since it closely follows an autobiographical tale by a celebrated down-under bluestocking named Miles Franklin. The heroine, Sybylla Melvyn, is beautifully played by the resourceful and striking Judy Davis. The director, Gillian Armstrong, never permits this small, piercing story to appear more impassioned or contemporary than one wants it to be. With Sam Neill, Pat Kennedy, Peter Whitford, Wendy Hughes, and Aileen Brittain. (2/4/80) (Paris.)

Network (1976)—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. Who has—him? Oh, no, the blacks, the revolutionaries, and a power-hungry executive at the fictional UBS network named Diana Christensen (Faye Dunaway). The cast of this messianic farce includes William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (Thalia; June 17.)

Night of the Juggler—With James Brolin and Cliff Gorman, directed by Robert Butler. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Embassy; through June 12.)

Ninotchka (1939)—"Garbo Laughs," said the original ads, but there is by now a widespread story that when the time came for her laughing scene she pantomimed laughter beautifully, but no sound emerged; it was later provided by someone anonymous in the lab. The rest of her performance is her own—and she brings her incredible sensual abandon to the role of a glum, scientifically trained Bolshevik envoy who succumbs to Parisian freedom—i.e., champagne. The film includes a historic encounter, when the great instinctual artist of the screen meets the great stylist and technician of the stage—Ina Claire, as a Russian grand duchess. The fur flies exquisitely. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, this light, satirical comedy has the nonchalance and the sophistication that were his trademark—but it also reveals that this time the trade marked him too high. There's an obviousness here; we can feel that we're being played down to. With Melvyn Douglas, Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart, Bela Lugosi, Alexander Granach, and George Tobias. Screenplay by Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, and Walter Reisch, from a screen story by Melchior Lengyel. (The material is no more than a musical-comedy turn, which it became in the stage musical "Silk Stockings," filmed in 1957.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 16.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. A first-rate, rather dated—say, the thirties—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (72nd Street East; through June 12.)

The Outsider—With Craig Wasson and Sterling Hayden, directed by Tony Luraschi. (Baronet.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays a benumbed Jewish survivor of the concentration camps who lives on in Harlem running a pawnshop—fat, sagging, past pain, past caring. Adapted from the Edward Lewis Wallant novel and directed by Sidney Lumet, the film is trite, and you can see the big pushes for powerful effects, yet it isn't negligible. It wrenches audiences, making them fear that they, too, could become like this man. And when events strip off his armor, he doesn't discover a new, warm humanity, he discovers sharper suffering—just what his armor had protected him from. Most of the intensity comes from Steiger's performance and from the performance of the great old Juano Hernandez, as a man who comes into the shop to talk. With Geraldine Fitzgerald, Brock Peters, and Jaime Sanchez. (Thalia; June 17.)

The Pedralbes Murderer—A documentary, directed by Gonzalo Herralde. In Spanish. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting June 17.)

Prophecy—John Frankenheimer directed this misshapen horror movie with its heavy-footed score. Talia Shire is a pregnant cellist married to a medical man investigating the ecological aspects of a land dispute between a lumber mill and some Indians. The beast de résistance, a product of mercury-polluted waters, pursues all concerned and catches up with nearly everyone. (7/2/79) (Olympia; June 13-19.)

Rain and Shine (1978)—Directed by Ferenc András. In Hungarian. (Art; June 12-14.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 15.)

Roadie—With Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Beekman, Quad Cinema, Guild, and Embassy; starting June 13....¶ 86th St. East; June 13-19.)

Rough Cut—With Burt Reynolds, Lesley-Anne Down, and David Niven; directed by Don Siegel. (Coronet, and National; starting June 19.)

Serial—What may just possibly be happening among the aging swingers of Marin County, California, where everyone appears to be rich and amorous as well as foolish. (4/14/80) (St. Marks Cinema; through June 12.)

The Seven Samurai (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated in recent years, but no one has come near it. This is the full three-and-a-half-hour version. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 17.)

The Shining—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. The father, who wants to write, brings his wife and child to spend the winter in an isolated, snowbound, haunted hotel in Colorado, where he is to be the caretaker—and where he goes mad and acts out his son's fears. Though taken from a pulp best-seller, by Stephen King, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. It has a promising opening sequence, and there is some spectacular use of the Steadicam, but Kubrick isn't interested in the people on the screen as individuals. They are his archetypes, and he's using them to make a metaphysical statement about the timelessness of evil. He's telling us that man is a murderer through eternity. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, though, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Sutton, Loews Orpheum 2, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; starting June 13.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 16.)

Soupçon—Married love and some unmarried lovemaking in contemporary Paris, with Jean Carmet and Marie Dubois. Amusingly written and directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, who gained fame with "Cousin, Cousine." In French. (4/21/80) (New Yorker 2. . . . ¶ Festival; through June 12.)

Staircase (1969)—Stanley Donen's conventional and rather untender film made from Charles Dyer's play about two homosexuals, acted by Rex Harrison as if he were doing a turn that alarmed him, but by Richard Burton with more feeling and heroic comedy than anything else in the film possesses. (Cinema Village; June 15-16.)

Till Marriage Do Us Part (1974)—With Laura Antonelli, directed by Luigi Comencini. In Italian. (Cinema 3; through June 12.)

The Tin Drum—A very accomplished adaptation of Günter Grass's celebrated novel. The director, Volker Schlöndorff, also helped to prepare the screenplay. The terrifying young hero is well played by David Bennent. In German. (4/21/80) (Cinema 1.)

Too Hot to Handle (1938)—A busy, forgettable Clark Gable-Myrna Loy screwball melodrama. He's a daredevil newsreel cameraman who fakes war stories and will do anything for a scoop, and she's a celebrated "aviatrix." One of his dirty tricks wrecks her reputation, and they carry on a love-hate affair that jumps around from China to the Amazon jungle. The director, Jack Conway, flails about trying for laughs, and he settles for facetiousness. The movie looks as if it were made up of odds and ends of scrap footage, and it's crudely racist in a casual, dumb-jokey way; in the jungle Gable projects a reel of disaster footage in order to frighten the natives, and he jeers at their response—he refers to them as "jitterbugs" and calls the medicine men "monkeys." This hero's cockiness and unscrupulousness seem intended to be likable, but Gable can't bring it off, though Myrna Loy, who is simply dressed and fairly quiet, manages to be very charming, despite the idiotic things she has to do. With Walter Pidgeon, Leo Carrillo, Walter Connolly (in perhaps his worst performance—as Gable's expostulating, dyspeptic boss), Marjorie Main (who has a nice, dry way with her few lines), Virginia Weidler, Willie Fung, Johnny Hines, Al Shean, Henry Kolker, Frank Faylen, and a couple of accomplished black actors whose names are not easy to come by. Lawrence Stallings and John Lee Mahin wrote the script. (Regency; June 19-21.)

The Tree of Wooden Clogs—A touching account by Ermanno Olmi of life among the Italian peasantry in the late nineteenth century. The people who work the land can never own it, and they are as much at the mercy of time and weather as the dumb creatures with whom they share their living quarters and their fates. In Italian. (6/18/79) (Cinema Studio 1; through June 12.)

Up the Academy—With Wendell Brown, directed by Robert Downey. (Loews 83rd Quad, and Loews State 2. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through June 12. . . . ¶ Loews New York 2; through June 17.)

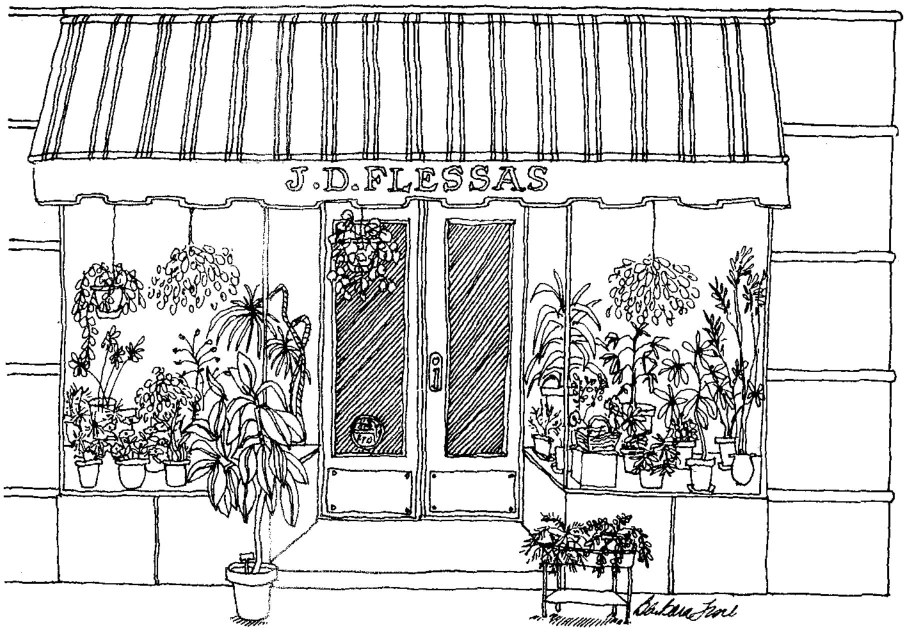
Urban Cowboy—With John Travolta, directed by James Bridges. (Bay Cinema, Loews Tower East, and Loews State 1.)

Wholly Moses!—With Dudley Moore and Laraine Newman, directed by Gary Weis. (Loews New York 1, Quad Cinema, Loews 83rd Quad, and Forum; starting June 13.)

Wifemistress (1979)—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; through June 12. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse; through June 19, tentative.)

Winter Kills—A rampageous thriller written and directed by William Richert, from a novel by Richard Condon. John Huston is superb as a villainous old self-made millionaire, and Jeff Bridges is his all too dutiful son. Also on hand are Eli Wallach, Tony Perkins, Toshiro Mifune, Ralph Meeker, and Belinda Bauer. (6/4/79) (St. Marks Cinema; June 13-19.)

Wise Blood—John Huston's faithful adherence to the text and flavor of Flannery O'Connor's first novel (it was published in 1952) has resulted in a scattered, disconcerting film that has not quite made up its mind whether it wants to be a movie or a literary reading. In the end, the picture works, against all odds, because of its wild, strange humor and its sympathy for the rigors of home-fried Christian passion. With Brad Dourif, Daniel Schor, Ned Beatty, Amy Wright, Harry Dean Stanton, and Mary Nell Santacroce. (2/25/80) (Little Carnegie.)



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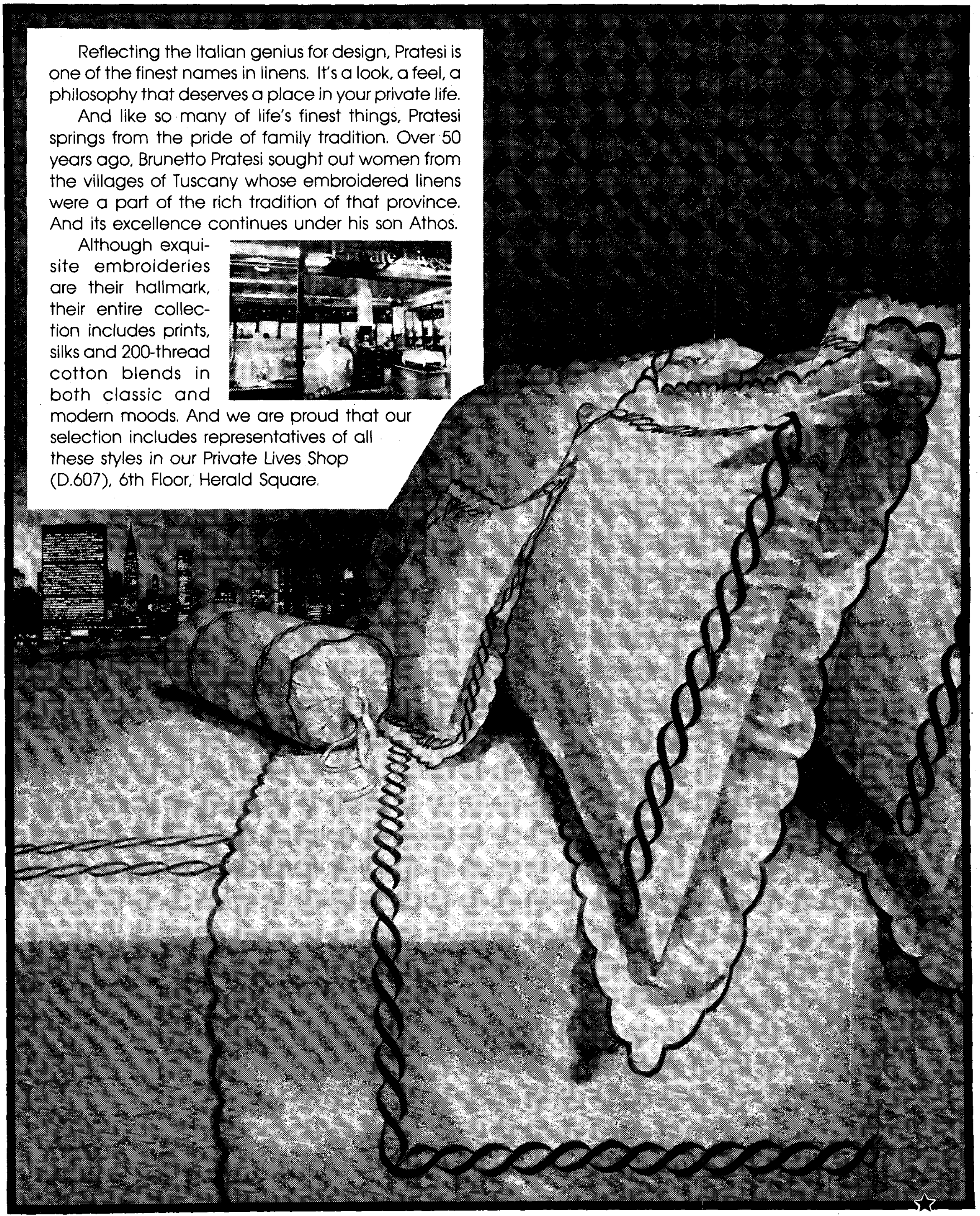

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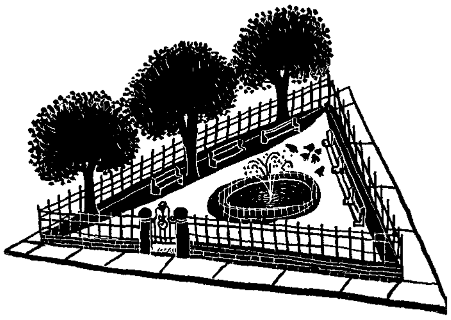
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

As we looked out from the top of a hundred-foot-high sand dune near Wellfleet, the ocean directly below us was light green with moving stripes of white surf; beyond, it became green-blue, blue-green, blue, and then deep blue, with shimmerings of violet, lilac, chicory, iris, aster, and wild onion, until sea melted into sky forty miles to the east. (Regarding wild onions, the Peterson-McKenny "Field Guide to Wildflowers" instructs readers to "note the showy umbel of 6-point lavender flowers." Not positive what an umbel was, we looked it up in the dictionary; it's just a racemose inflorescence in which the axis is contracted.) There was nothing visible on the sea in any direction, nothing in the sky; only a few people on the beach below—a small baseball game (one adult and three children), a hang-glider pilot carrying his hang-glider, a scattering of sitters, joggers, and waders. From time to time, a child would plunge from a nearby dune top, running wildly down the nearly vertical slope, then crawl slowly back up, clawing the undependable sand, to do it again. The only sounds were the thud of the baseball bat and the lazy tumble of the surf. We and our companions sat in a whorl of four, like the leaves of the Hyssop-Leaved Thoroughwort (which Peterson-McKenny says won't bloom in these parts until August), trying to assemble lunch. Inside a Styrofoam cooler, that morning, we had packed cold cuts, cheese, lettuce, tomatoes, mayo, mustard, poppy-seed rolls, paper plates and napkins, and a bottle of apple juice, then overlaid them with a ten-pound plastic bag of ice cubes (four quarters' worth at a car-wash ice machine) to keep everything fresh, and jammed the top tightly on the cooler. (Why does Styrofoam emit such a hideous screech when it's pushed against another piece of Styrofoam? Is it pain? Aesthetic outrage?) During our long, hot drive to the dunes, with stops here and there to see the sights of Cape Cod, such as the duplex golf driving range near Orleans, the plastic bag secretly worked itself open, and ten pounds of ice cubes were set free. By the time we opened the cooler and peered inside, the bottle of apple juice was sticking up like a lighthouse in an ocean. Under the surrounding water, at various depths, were the cold cuts, cheese, lettuce, tomatoes, mayo, mustard, poppy-seed rolls, napkins, and paper plates. (After lengthy submersion, Swiss cheese, we discovered, loses its warm-yellow color—somewhere between Common Sow-Thistle and Broad-Lipped Twayblade—and assumes the hue of a slug's belly.) We did the best we could, although it is hard to wring out a poppy-seed roll, and everybody got fed. Then we just watched the sea for a while. (According to P.-McK., many of the most beautiful wild flowers, such as chicory, are "aliens;" they came across this ocean uninvited and took root near docks and along railroad tracks.) At one point, a large unmanned glider passed silently over our heads, soaring low above the dunes; banking gracefully, it turned, and sailed over us again without a sound. (Its operator, with his radio control, was nowhere in sight.) We went down to the shore and tried wading. It was paralyzingly cold, so we walked along the sand, picking up astonishing stones—wet gems that we knew (but could not really believe) would lose their radiance by the time we got them home. We found a smooth triangular stone shot through with wild onion and chicory, and stuck it in our pocket—never mind tomorrow; everything changes anyway, except Styrofoam. Presently, an eleven-year-old in our party ran up to display her sopping hair, sopping sweater, sopping T-shirt, wristwatch, and jeans, so we climbed back up the dune, collected the cooler, and walked to our car. We dropped two companions at their place on the Cape—along the way, we saw iris on the roadsides and lilacs next to white fences—and then began the long trip home. Our stone from the beach sat on the dashboard bouncing to the vibrations of Aretha Franklin on the radio ("R . . . e . . . s . . . p . . .") while the eleven-year-old read Tammy Wynette's autobiography and never looked up.



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Curatorial Remarks

When forty-odd curators of graphic collections assembled at the Morgan Library recently to discuss their common problems, what do you think they talked about? Transportation, insurance, customs inspection, and conservation techniques, that's what. The meetings, which went on for three days, were private and the discussions confidential, but one visiting curator told us that a frank exchange of views with special reference to the ham-handedness of certain customs officials had been particularly helpful. "We like to be warned about the hazards of sending a drawing abroad," he said. "The main rules are: Have someone present when it's unwrapped for inspection, and try to keep the light as dim as possible." Although the official discussions concentrated on technical matters, the conversations that struck our ears as we drifted through a reception ending the conference were considerably more eclectic. Some samples:

"Prices are becoming impossible. Our income goes up, but the cost of a good drawing is going up even faster."

"These are tight times for everyone."

"I'm concentrating on the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, because it's the only period I can still afford."

"There are some fine Persian miniatures available at the moment. Presumably from Iran."

"There's been a recent flurry of interest in Nadelman drawings."

"I can't think of a single important private collection that hasn't been spoken for. The Seilern drawings went to London University, the Baker collection was promised to the Met years ago and now it's there, the Scholz Italian drawings are coming to the Morgan bit by bit, year after year."

"There are still a lot of things in English country houses."

"Portraits are terribly unappreciated at the moment. They usually cost less than landscapes, and are a very good buy for the quality."

"French Symbolists and Barbizon painters are coming back. Unfortunately for purchasers."

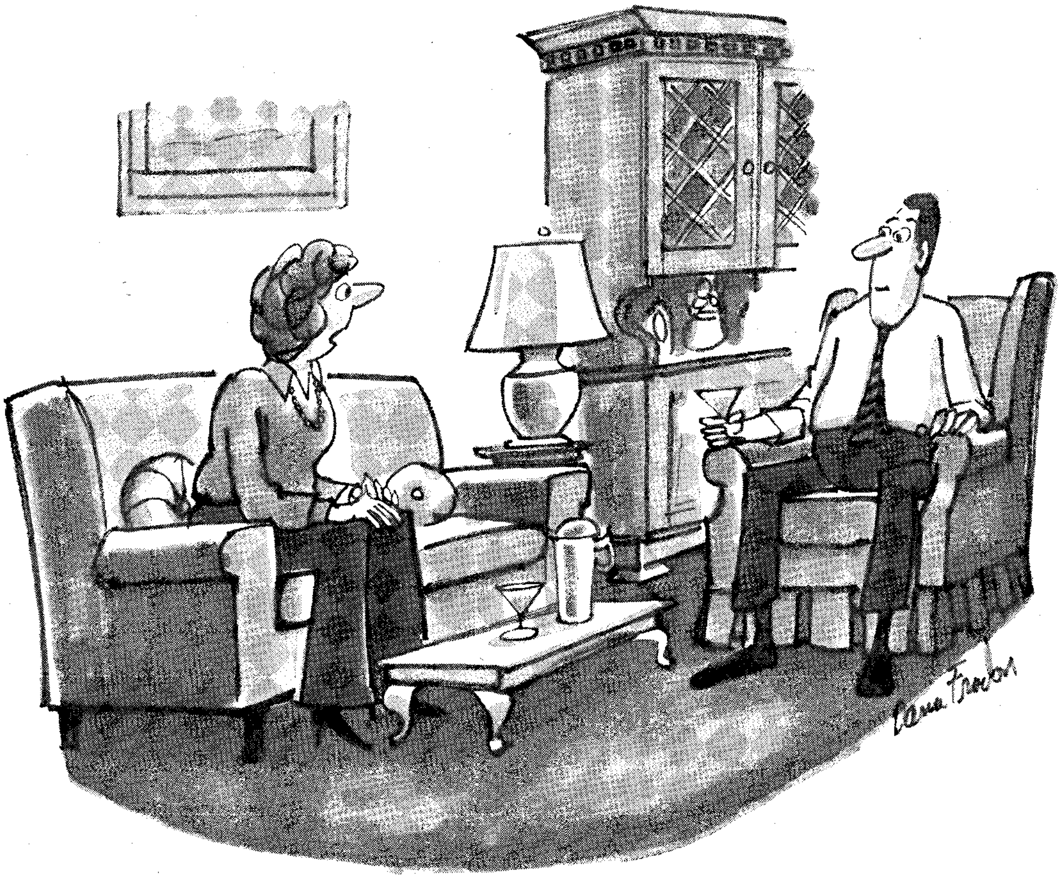
"A curator's job is to have the long vision across the centuries, and not just concentrate on things in fashion."

We drifted down the long Cloister Hall, which was lined with drawings by Rembrandt, Rubens, and Jordaens—part of an exhibit of seventeenth-century Dutch and Flemish works which had been mounted in honor of the visiting curators—and fell into conversation with Dr. Teréz Gerszi, a small, trim Hungarian woman with short, straight brown hair, deep-set gray-green eyes, and a serious manner. She told us that she was the conservator of drawings at the Museum of Fine Arts in Budapest and that its collection—which belongs to the Hungarian government—had been assembled by the Esterhazy family. "We have a hundred thousand prints and drawings, ranging from the early fourteen-hundreds to the end of the nineteenth century," she said. "We are especially strong in the German and Italian Renaissance; we have Raphael, Correggio, and Parmigiano, and we have Leonardo's drawings for the Battle of Anghiari. We also have fifteen Rembrandts and a number of important seventeenth-century Dutch and German drawings. And we have a lot of El Grecos, because there was a prewar collector—Marcel Nemes—who admired them."

"Do you have any contemporary drawings?" we asked.

"We have one Picasso, which was bought before the war by Pál Majourszky, a private collector," replied Dr. Gerszi. "It's a single piece of paper with drawing on both sides, so I always say that we really have two."

At the end of the hall, we encountered Dr. Werner Schmidt, a tall, genial, bespectacled man, who told us that he was a director of the Kupferstichkabinett, which is a part of the Staatliche Kunstsammlungen, in Dresden, East Germany. "We are rich in Old Masters, because our former rulers bought wisely," said Dr. Schmidt. "Our main strengths are Rembrandt and his circle and German artists of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. We have also recently opened a collection of Polish contemporary art—Surrealism, Constructivism, the newest tendencies—and we have made now in Dresden the first exhibit of *American* contemporary art. I assembled two hundred and fifty original posters by such artists as Motherwell, Steinberg, Calder, Jones, Kelly, Rauschenberg, Albers, Lichtenstein, and Christo, and I hung them in the entrance to the Albertine Museum, which is also a part of the Staatliche Kunstsammlungen. Everyone who visits the museum has to go by this exhibit; it's been very crowded and controversial. And many of our visitors—especially those from the Soviet Union—have been very astonished at what they saw, because they had never encountered such art before."



"I had the strangest dream last night. Muskie became the CBS news anchorman, Cronkite became Secretary of State, Mondale took over from John Chancellor, Dan Rather became Attorney General, and Ronald Reagan replaced Zubin Mehta as conductor of the New York Philharmonic."

Love and Money

MAKING our way from one kind of art to another—and a long way it was—we asked Wendy Clarke, the video artist responsible for "Love Tapes in New York 1980: A Public, Interactive Video Art Event" (in which anyone who wanted to could discuss his or her feelings about love for three minutes in front of a video camera alone in a booth in the lobby of Two World Trade Center and then see the tape played back for whoever happened to be walking by at the time, including any astonished Soviet visitors), where the money for the event had come from, and this is what she said:

BOULTO
INDUSTR
Lorenz

"Harrison here is our unadvertised special."

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This event was paid for mainly by grant funding, which is very hard to get and which usually takes at least a year from when you apply until you get the money. All foundations don't fund everything, and you have to find out what they do like to fund. Each place you go for funding has a different way of doing it. I have been trying to get funding for the "Love Tapes" since 1978, the year after I first came up with the idea for the project, and the first place I applied and was successful was the New York State Council on the Arts. I had applied there for funding for other projects for years and been rejected. There was a woman there who didn't like my work, but then she left and a woman replaced her who did like my work. That woman was there only on a temporary basis, but the man who replaced her I knew, because he had once helped me work out a budget for another grant application. Anyway, at the New York State Council, first you write them and they send you a booklet with their guidelines and all the instructions. You can't be an individual to apply there—you have to apply through a non-profit organization. I've got two grants from the New York State Council now. Both times, I applied through the New York Foundation for the Arts, a non-profit organization that handles individual artists' applications and acts as a fiscal agent for them, so that contributions to their projects can be tax deductible. It uses seven per cent of any grant an artist gets as an administrative fee. At the New York State Council, they want a written description of the project and a detailed budget, but any money you get is sure to be less than you asked for, and you have to get more from somewhere else. The video person at the New York State Council takes your project to a panel of twelve people—top pros in the field. They view samples of your work and decide whether they want to recommend funding for it. I've been in video just about since the beginning, so I know a good many people, and I heard what happened when my work came before the panel—I had a show at the Museum of Modern Art at the time, and when the panel heard that, it helped a lot. Anyway, I ended up getting two grants of five thousand dollars from the New York State Council.

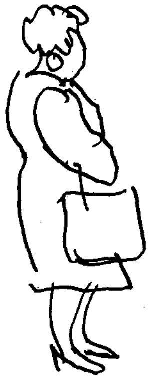
Another place I applied—this time through the Kineholistics Foundation—was the Rockefeller Foundation. It took me a long time to get in to see Howard Klein, the person who decides who gets the money. It took months, in fact. But at the Rockefeller Foundation they've been funding video artists since 1967. They think that TV is what's happening—that it's the art form of the century, that it's a very powerful tool. I knew the "Love Tapes" was something they'd have to like. The way they work at the Rockefeller Foundation is first you write up a proposal—there's no application form. Then they want up to five different recommendations. I've got two different Rockefeller grants, too, and the first time my recommendations were from another video artist and two museum curators. The second time, they wanted recommendations from non-artists, so I had recommendations from the head of the Human Relations Center at the New School, a sociologist, a psychologist who had firsthand experience of video as a tool in therapy, and two women on the board of Disabled in Action of Metropolitan New York. When I actually got an appointment with Howard Klein, I showed him my tapes. I knew both times that I was going to get the money, but it wasn't going to be official for about six months, so I was supposed to keep it a secret.

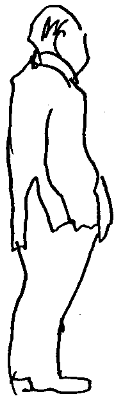
I went to lots and lots of people who didn't give me any money. I have the hugest list. I approached every single big commercial bank in New York. Only Citibank gave me any money—seven hundred and fifty dollars. They like fun projects. I had a name there to write to, and that person gave my letter to a person who gave it to a person who gave it to Susan

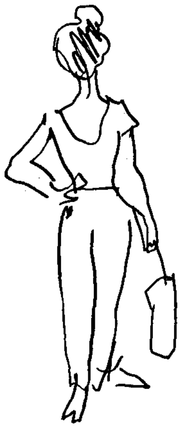
Caruso-Green, who finally saw my work and loved it. I wrote to Morgan Guaranty, the Ford Foundation, the Markle Foundation, the Vincent Astor Foundation, the Ms. Foundation for Women, the New York Community Trust, and the William Benton Foundation. My project didn't meet their guidelines. I wrote to all kinds of corporations—Avon, Bloomingdale's, Alexander's, Con Ed (they were freaked out by the word "love"—they couldn't fund anything with that word in it, because they were afraid of people saying, "Is this art? Why is Con Ed spending money on this?"), Macy's, the New York State Division of Tourism, Warner Communications, the New York Telephone Company, Hilton International, the "I Love New York" people, the Governor's Office for Motion Picture and Television Development, and Lew Rudin, of the Association for a Better New York, who dismissed the project by saying that what New York needs is jobs, not art. Actually, I was never able to raise the total amount necessary to do the project the way I wanted to. I could never draw a salary—my services were donated—and still I went over budget by several thousand dollars, and that had to come from my own money. Some people get starting funds, then the money runs out and they never finish. At least, I finished, and now I think I've really laid the groundwork to get my next funding. Very few things really get funded, and the longer you hang in there the better your chances are. The first two grants are the hardest to get. People like to fund things that other people are funding. I'm taking time off for a few weeks now before I go back to the foundations. It has really been the most tremendous amount of paperwork.

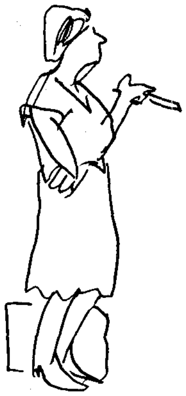
Rainstorm

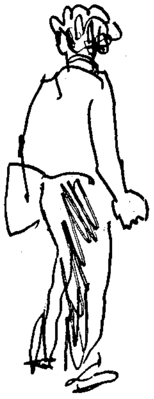
"A VIOLENT rainstorm thundered across the New York metropolitan area yesterday," said the *Times* the other morning, "blackening the skies, drenching the ground and causing power failures, flooding and delays for hundreds of thousands of commuters. . . . The brief downpour, accompanied by wind gusts of more than 50 miles an hour in some places, dumped about half an inch of rain on midtown Manhattan within 10 minutes after it began at about 3:30 P.M." We were right on top of the story, for we had entered the Pan Am Building at three-twenty, when the sun was shining benignly, and, having conducted our business there, attempted to leave at three-forty-five by the exit on Forty-fifth Street (the one with the big columns). A whole crowd of people without raincoats or umbrellas was standing in the large, open lobby staring out at the deluge. Thunder was crashing overhead and echoing off the buildings, and rain was precipitating noisily onto the pavements: *splatity - splotaty - glop - spliplaploplop-whooshlopita - gloop . . . Ka - ba-ba-*BOOOOMM *- a - boomm - mmm - mmm* (that's the thunder). The people in the shelter of Pan Am stood immobilized—errands cancelled, sorties abandoned, meetings postponed—like dark statuary against the light. Life was at a halt. Some of the rain watchers were patient (*Fig. A*), displaying a stoic acceptance, a *qué será, será* serenity, or (*Fig. B*) an I-can-handle-this-it's-the-breaks-of-the-game stance. There were quite a few Semi-Patient (*Fig. C*) or Semi-Patient-but-Smoking-a-Cigarette-Anyway (*Fig. D*), and some outright Impatient (*Fig. E*). A special case was the Deceptively Patient (*Fig. F*), a bearded man in shorts who seemed to be content, then hurled himself suddenly out into the rain and galloped down the street. One spectator (*Fig. G*) was pensive; he appeared to be thinking

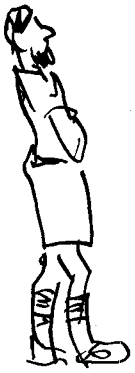


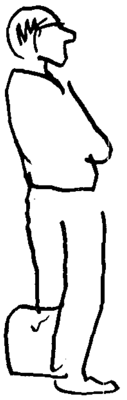




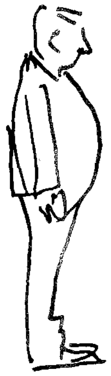




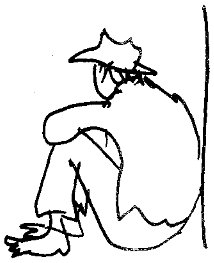




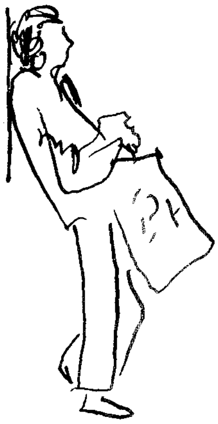
large thoughts: a welcome opportunity to get it together metaphysically.

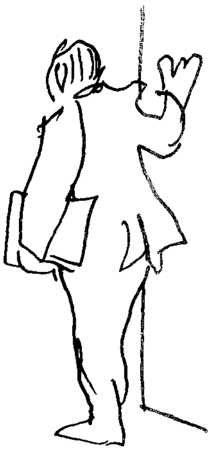


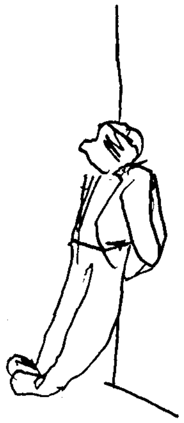
Another man (*Fig. H*) seemed simply suspended, possibly hypnotized, perhaps unaware that it was raining.

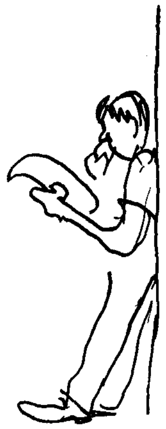


A seated man in a battered hat and wearing no shoes (*Fig. I*) reflected general indifference.

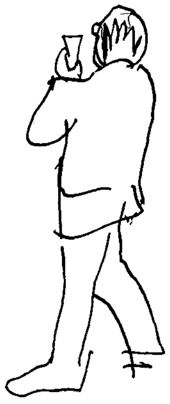




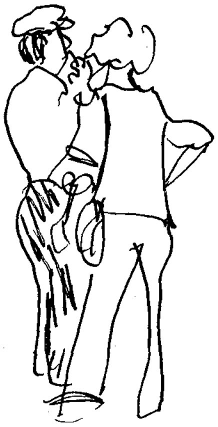


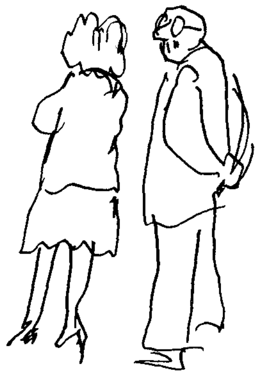


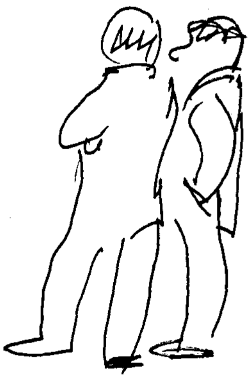
A lot of people used the lobby's columns for support, executing the Moderate Lean (*Fig. J*); the Partial Lean (*Fig. K*); the Full Lean (*Fig. L*); or the Multi-Purpose Lean—leaning plus eating plus reading the paper (*Fig. M*).



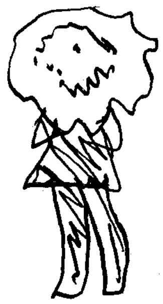
Some people performed the Free-Standing Eat, such as a man with an ice-cream cone (*Fig. N*).



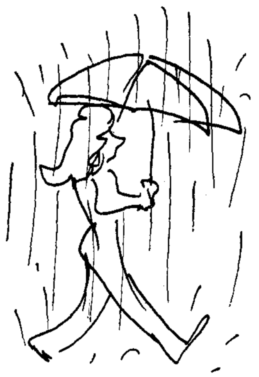




There were several Two-Person Conference Units (*Figs. O, P, Q*), who would gaze at the rain for a while, then discuss it with each other, then look at it some more.



A discordant note was struck by a woman with an umbrella (*Fig. R*), who clearly had the option of going somewhere but chose not to. She created visible umbrella-envy.



Finally, out on the sidewalk, there were the Umbrella Haves (*Fig. S*), the carefree few who were barrelling by, completing their errands, making their meetings, the rain rattling off their umbrellas, as the dry, captive Have-Nots stared at them from a few yards away.

BURGLARS IN THE FLESH

IT was February. Fishgoppel came into New York and took her cousin Ilka Weissnix to the wharf, where they stood in the cold drizzle and watched Ilka's mother carried off the boat.

They brought her home to Fishgoppel's Manhattan apartment, and she looked so ill Fishgoppel asked her if she thought she should see a doctor.

"What does she want from me?" Ilka's mother, who thought Fishgoppel was speaking English, asked Ilka in German, and Ilka said, "She thinks we speak Yiddish."

Ilka was staring at a crosswork of faint scars, like a sudden deformation, on Fishgoppel's white young forehead; the hallucination as suddenly passed. It was only Fishgoppel frowning. Poor Fishgoppel! She could not afford this European kin for whom she had made herself legally responsible. Fishgoppel had never met either of them before last February, a year ago exactly, when she had come into New York to fetch Ilka from the airport, settled her into the small upper-West Side apartment, and caught the train back to New Haven. Ilka, with little English and no proper job, had promptly allied herself with—by any count—the wrongest man in America, and now here was this sick aunt who looked so ill, with no English, and Fishgoppel had her examinations coming up. It was a baroque frown with which she told them, "*Ikh vel zayn tsurik in tsvey Vokhn*," and ran to make the last train to Connecticut.

"What did she say?" Ilka's mother asked Ilka.

"I don't *know*," Ilka said.

That was the night Ilka's mother first dreamed about the burglars.

"Who are really ants," she told Ilka, coming into Fishgoppel's little sausage-shaped kitchen in her tasselled jacquard dressing gown—a survivor, too, from pre-Hitler mornings of coffee and buttered rolls in Vienna.

Ilka was sitting at the table, fully dressed, her coat on her lap. "You just look so much better, Motherkins!" is what Ilka would have had to say if she had been speaking English, which is poor in diminutives.

"Who rang on the telephone, already before breakfast?" Ilka's mother asked.

"A friend of mine," said Ilka.

"You are going out?" Ilka's mother asked.

"*Yes*, I am going out," Ilka said in a raised voice. Poor Ilka! Her emotion at seeing her mother again, seeing her mother alive, was already settling into the old irritations, for these also had come intact through persecution, emigration, via customs, into the New World. Thereupon Ilka bent over her mother's hand, which lay so amazingly here, in Manhattan, on Fishgoppel's kitchen table. The skin, spotted with the pale beginnings of age, was so finely grained it felt fragrant under Ilka's lips. "So what did you dream?" she asked her mother.

"So *peculiar!*" her mother said. "Have you ever dreamed you were dreaming something you have dreamed before?"

"Lots of times," Ilka said. "That's not so peculiar!" And she laid her right palm over the face of her wristwatch. The wrongest man in America was sitting in his hotel room downtown, waiting for her. Ilka watched her mother pour herself a cup of American coffee, taste it, and grimace. Ilka's mother settled herself in her chair. "I dreamed that the door opens—or Daddy opens it, or it already *is* open and Daddy is holding it . . ."

"And . . ." Ilka said.

"And," said her mother, "these three ants walk inside, and Daddy is holding the door open for them. No, he's the one who opens it. I *think*."

"*And* . . ." Ilka said.

"And they walk inside and they start to grow, and they grow and they grow and stand upright, and they are really men except they are ants—you know how ants have shiny black sections, head, middle, and tail end, like three shiny black beads, like black patent leather, only not really like patent leather. . . ." While Ilka's mother sat staring into last night's dream to see what it is, exactly, that ants are black and shiny like, Ilka noticed the churning inside her chest. Ilka, who was twenty-two, still believed that the man sitting in his hotel room would be all right if she, Ilka, got there in time. Ilka wound her watch under the table.

"The biggest of the ants must be the father, because he makes them wash up. He asks Daddy where they can wash their hands, please—perfectly polite—and Daddy, very polite, too, bowing, nodding, shows them behind this white sort of folding screen and I'm surprised—this is so peculiar, *in the dream* I am surprised—that there is this row of bowls in the kitchen and they wash their hands and the father makes them dry *very* thoroughly. . . ."

Ilka here openly looked at her watch.

"Then the father leaves," Ilka's mother went on. "At any rate, he is gone—you know how that is in a dream—and the two who stay behind have this black bag. Ilka, you remember Dr. Shey always let you shut his bag if you opened your mouth like a good girl, because you liked the way it snapped, remember?"

"I remember," Ilka said, "that I thought I liked the way it snapped because Dr. Shey let me shut it when I opened my mouth like a good girl. It never occurred to me till this very moment that I never cared whether it snapped or not."

"You *loved* it," her mother said. "You always *loved* to snap it shut."

Ilka had got up and put her coat on. Her mother followed her out into the narrow little foyer and said, "In my dream I'm wondering how I know, from this black bag, that they are burglars and I turn to ask Daddy, but he is gone—you know how in dreams someone is there, then they are not?"

"Not in dreams only," Ilka said. "*Muttilein*, this is Monday. I'm going to the Office of Unemployment before I come home. You should go out for a bit."

"Go where?" asked her mother.

"At least walk to the corner. There's the post office. And I told you, there's a Polish refugee working at the butcher's. He speaks German."

"*Ach, die Polischen!*" her mother said. "What do I do if the telephone rings and it's for Fishgoppel?"

"You say in English, 'I'm sorry, I speak little English.' Say it after me."

"I know, I know how to say that!" said her mother.

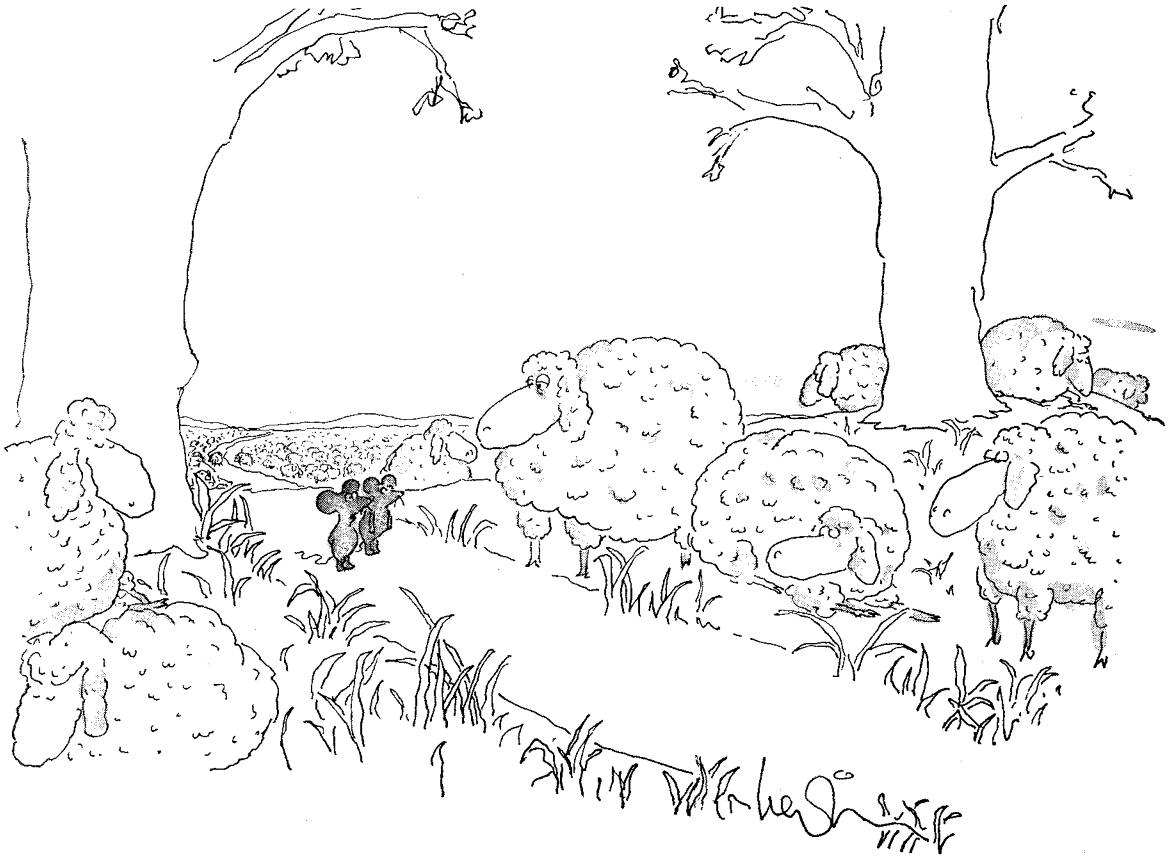
ILKA sat on the subway determined not to worry, but she walked the half block to the hotel with the sensation that she was running.

The desk clerk was a snub-nosed, undersized humanoid in a light-gray double-breasted suit woven of imitation glass. He did not raise his eyes. The tiny black woman who ran the elevator stood with her back to Ilka. Ilka meant to remember to turn around when she got out, to take a look at the woman's face, but when the doors opened on Carter Bayoux's floor, with its orange-speckled carpet, she forgot about her and ran along the complex of empty corridors, her anxiety at the pitch where it feels like pain, and she decided then and there to put an end to this useless business.

Ilka knocked and listened to the stately tread behind the door, and he was all right. He was fine. He opened, a very large, very stout man with a look of density, as if he were heavier, pound by pound, than other men of equal bulk. His grizzled hair was cut unusually short to lie perfectly flat against an unusually large head. At rest, the large face tended to jaw and jowl. At the bridge of the nose, a small outgrowth of wild flesh suggested to the girl disastrous chances, moving accidents his youth had suffered.

Ilka felt herself seen. This man, whom in all the world Ilka liked best, was regarding her with the grave and total delight with which it had always seemed improbable to Ilka that she would ever be looked at. If Ilka had had all the women in the world to choose from, it would not have been herself she would have looked at like this. Ilka, who was in love with Carter Bayoux, thought he had all the women in the world to choose from.

He held the door and stepped back with a small, courteous formality, and Ilka, overwhelmed with shyness, came into the room and began helplessly to chatter in an English regressed to some former stage at which it was indistinguishable from the German. The man was so good as to lower his eyelids between his vision and her nonsense. When he raised them again, the comfort of their intimacy had been reëstablished.



"This appears to be a nation of sheep. We were looking for a nation of mice."

• •

ILKA's mother went to sleep and dreamed that the two burglars rummaged in their black bag. She couldn't see them, because they kept behind her, out of the line of even her peripheral vision, but she could hear one of them cursing—a low hiss under the breath: they had knocked something over. Ilka's mother supposed it was the kitchen stool, and she woke up and heard the front door closing: Ilka was home.

"YOU go already again out?" is the translation of what Ilka's mother said in the morning, which released in Ilka a perfect thrill of exasperation.

"What do you mean, 'again'!" she shouted. Whereas Ilka's mother counted the number of times Ilka went out, Ilka counted every time she stayed at home. She said, "Again *what?*"

"Again you go out," her mother said—bravely it seemed to Ilka, because Ilka had the impression that her own too wide-open eyes were shouting at her mother. She normalized them.

"Again you go on the subway," her mother said.

"What's wrong with the subway!" Ilka screamed. "It's better than sitting in Fishgoppel's apartment! *Mutti*, you're in America! This is New York. . . ."

"I dreamed about the burglars again," her mother said.

"What did you dream?" asked Ilka with a substantial reluctance.

"That they have a black bag."

"So you told me."

"And they keep behind my back so that I can't see what they are doing. But I can hear everything. They knocked the kitchen stool over. I think maybe they were looking for the electric outlet."

"In your dream," Ilka said.

"Yes," Ilka's mother said. "I dream I'm thinking one of them must be quite young, a boy, because I think it's the other one who says—you know how hard it is to remember what people say when you don't understand what is going on—something like 'Hold this *here*, idiot!' or maybe 'Hold it by this, *here!*,' very impatient, which makes me think he's talking to quite a boy. When will you be back?" she asked Ilka.

"It's Thursday, *Mutti.* I have my class. *Muttilein,* if I register you for Beginners' English, will you go, too?"

"Go where?"

"Just three express stops."

"Oh! On the subway!" her mother said. "What do I do," she came out to the foyer to ask Ilka, "if the telephone rings and it's for Fishgoppel?"

THE two burglars moved around in the kitchen behind Ilka's mother and she listened to the small clanking of metal, and tried to understand what kind of instrument it was that they seemed not to know exactly how to assemble. She kept meaning to turn around to take a look; however, she did not turn. It seemed to her that they were bungling it, and she wished their father would come back and stop them from doing whatever it was they were trying to do. She kept looking toward the door and heard the key and awoke, and it was Ilka in the foyer.

"*Her* trouble," Ilka had said to Carter that evening, "is she will not *go* anywhere."

"Have a drink," Carter had said.

"Thank you, no. All she does is sit in Fishgoppel's apartment and have bad dreams."

Carter had brought a glass for Ilka along with his own, and said, "I'll teach you to drink good whiskey."

Ilka obediently sipped and said, "She won't go on the subway. She won't even go shopping without me."

"She's scared," Carter said.

"Excuse me?"

"She's frightened," Carter said.

"Why? What is she frightened *of*? We're in America! I'm not frightened."

"I am," Carter said.

"You!" Ilka said.

"Didn't you know?" said Carter. Ilka had the sensation of falling in love all over again and, wanting to diminish the distance between them, came and sat on the carpet next to his feet. She rubbed her cheek against his knee.

"Drink your drink," Carter said.

Ilka sipped.

Carter said, "I'm going to come up and see your mother."

"WHAT shall we offer him?" her mother asked.

"Nothing, *Mutti.* He's just coming in for a few minutes to meet you. *Muttilein,*" Ilka began too loudly and suddenly. All day she had been practicing in her head how to say what she had to say without offending her mother. "*Mutti.* Don't tell Carter about your burglars."

"Me! I tell him?" Her mother was offended.

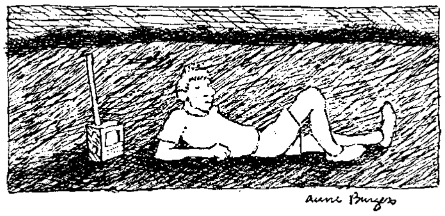
"It's just that people don't want to hear other people's nightmares. Don't tell him your Hitler stories."

"I tell! Whom do I tell anything? How am I supposed to tell? He understands German?"

"Fishgoppel doesn't understand German, and you told her your Oberpest story *twice.*"

"Because you would not help me how to say 'leaflets' in English."

"I don't *know* how to say 'leaflets.' *Mutti,* all I'm saying is everybody *knows* all these stories. They've been in the papers; they've been in the newsreels at the movies, on the radio."



"It's been on the radio that I left your father ill on the road before Oberpest? Did Fishgoppel know the Red Cross dropped leaflets?"

"Fishgoppel is different. *Mutti,* Carter is not Jewish."

"So you told me."

"The point is, Carter is a Negro—at least that's what he says—and they have their own. They don't need our stories."

"I will not tell him anything. I won't even speak to him," her mother said, and the bell rang.

ILKA's father had been a small, portly man. Carter Bayoux was an unusually large portly—a weighty—man. Ilka's mother began to speak in English.

"Ilka, take the mister the coat away, isn't it?"

OLD NEW ENGLAND

Black clippers, tarred with whales' blood, fold their sails
entering New Bedford, New London, New Haven.
A white church spire whistles into space
like a swordfish, a rocket pierces heaven
as the thawed springs in icy chevrons race
down hillsides and Old Glories flail
the crosses of green farm boys back from 'Nam.
Seasons are measured still by the same
span of the veined leaf and the veined body
whenever the spring wind startles an uproar
of marching oaks with memories of a war
that peeled whole counties from the calendar.

The hillside is still wounded by the spire
of the white meetinghouse, the Indian trail
trickles down it like the brown blood of the whale
in rowanberries bubbling like the spoor
on logs burnt black as Bibles by hellfire.
The war whoop is coiled tight in the white owl,
stone-feathered icon of the Indian soul,
and railway lines are arrowing to the far
mountainwide absence of the Iroquois.
Spring lances wood and wound, and a spring runs
down tilted birch floors with their splintered suns
of beads and mirrors—broken promises
that helped make this Republic what it is.

The root of our conviction is not loud
like the spring oaks but still sings, reassured
that God is meek but keeps a whistling sword;
his harpoon is the white lance of the church,
his mind a wandering trail folded in birch,
his rage the vats that held the melted beast
when the black clippers brought (tying their shrouds
round the crosstrees) our sons home from the East.

—DEREK WALCOTT

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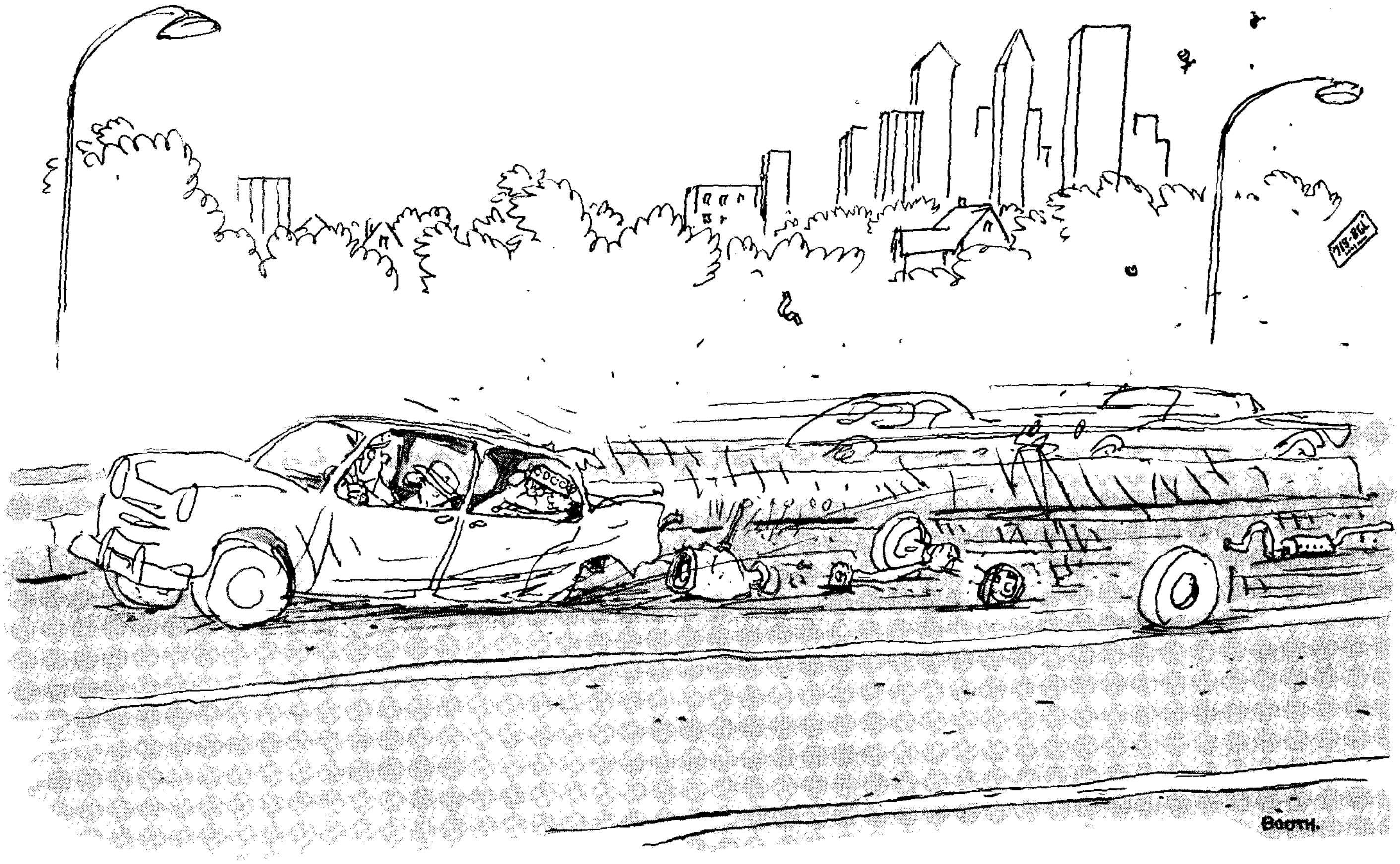


"The Administration sees a quick recovery, but Mrs. Fisher and I feel it's going to be deep and prolonged."

• •

"We're leaving in a minute," Ilka said.

Carter took off his coat.

"Coffee for the mister, Ilka."

"You want to stay for coffee?" Ilka asked Carter.

"Please," Carter said.

"Ilka has told, isn't it, that that are not our furnitures."

"*Mutti*," Ilka whispered in order not to shout.

"That all here is belonging to a cousin which has not—how one says *auf englisch 'Geschmack'*?"

"I don't *know*," Ilka said.

"Has no taste?" suggested Carter. "I have met Fishgoppel, and I'd guess her mind works at such a white heat it would shrivel any thoughts of furniture."

Flora Weissnix, who did not understand what Carter Bayoux was saying, understood that he was talking to her. His face, shoulders, his chair were fully turned toward her, and she said, "We have everything lost and not only furnitures. I have Ilka's father lost on the street before Oberpest. How says one in English, Ilka, the '*Nazis*'?"

Ilka had left the room, not because she mourned her father but because she thought that she did not, and her mother's frequent, easy invocation of his name seemed, maliciously, to accuse Ilka's unnatural heart. But knowing how soon and how intolerably Carter's patience could be racked, she dared not abandon him to a lengthy conversation with her mother in which he must be made to understand the operative words in order to supply them. Ilka threw water into a kettle and ran back into the room where Carter sat, his quiet hands folded on his considerable stomach, his face serious but without the gravity of the listener anxious to be perceived to be listening.

Ilka's mother was saying, "How names one in English such many little papers falling?"

"Leaflets?" offered Carter.

"On where written stood, 'It comes one only *Ambulanz* for the which cannot farther go.' Funny is," she said, "otherwise were it I which have not well gone. Ever were it, every Sunday, something with my foots, my shoe, never the daddy, Ilka, isn't it? But before Oberpest has he already fevered. How comes it I have farther gone?"

Carter offered his handkerchief. Not only were her eyes red and streaming; her nose ran, her face was a devastation. "We have nothing to offer, not cake, not fruit," Ilka's mother howled. "Ilka, the coffee! Is not as it was by us at home," she told Carter.

Ilka ran out into the kitchen and threw cups onto a tray and ran back in, and her mother was doing charades, telling Carter about the burglars. She avoided Ilka's eye.

"Is a . . ." She made a cutting motion.

"A knife?" asked Carter.

"In the begin, I have thought is how you say . . ." She pointed to the outlet.

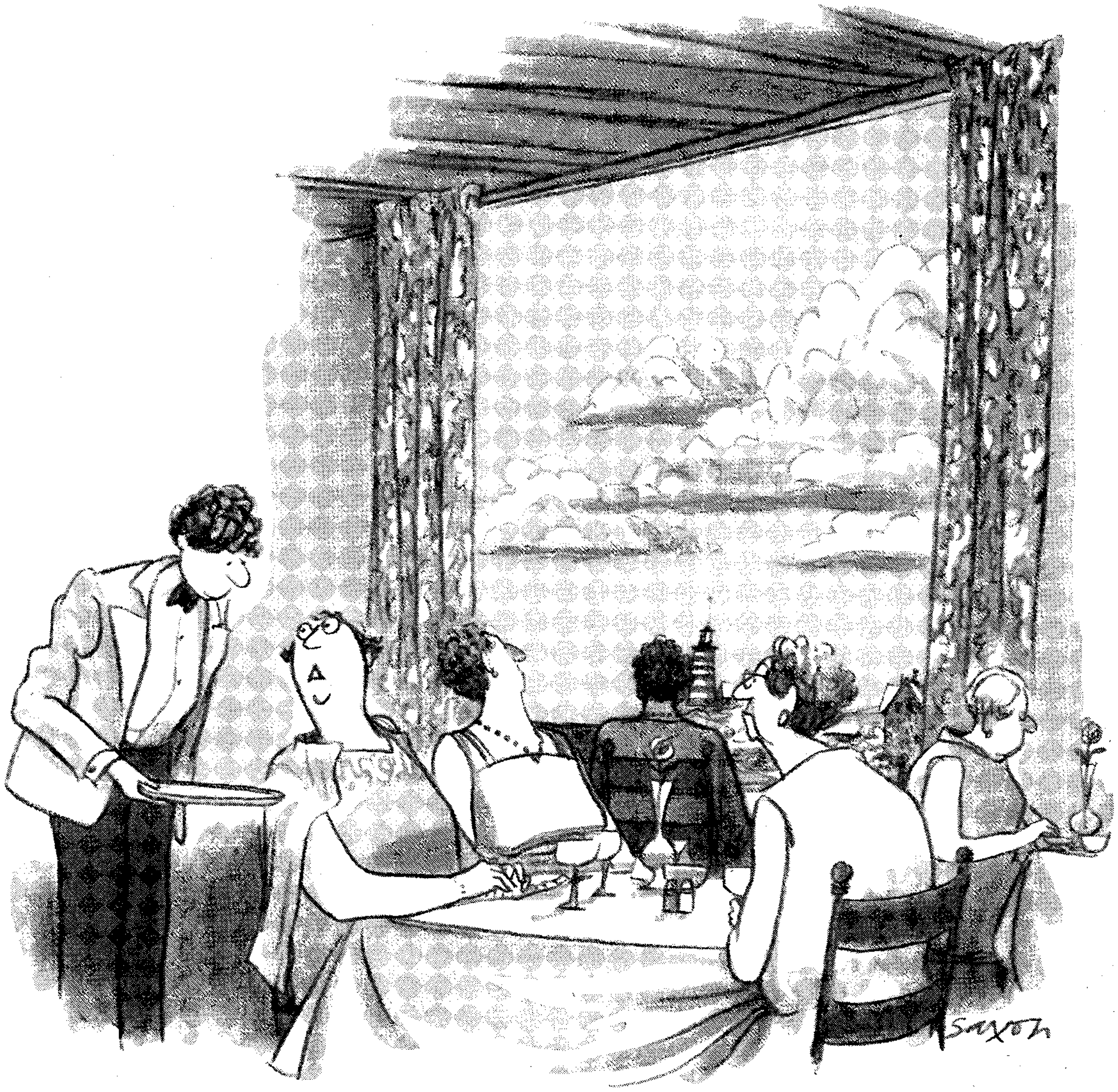
"An electric knife?" Carter asked.

"Yes, but is not. I hear no . . ." Ilka's mother whirred. "But I know is made out from how you say '*Metall*'?"

"Metal," Carter said.

"Is from metal because it feels itself cold on the skin exact here," and Ilka's mother pointed to a place on her back a little right of center and out of the reach of her hand.

"You come again, isn't it?" Ilka's mother said to Carter when she saw them off in the foyer. "I will make



"Do you think you could say something to the lady who is occupying the view?"

• •

you a goulash, but not like by us! In America knows nobody how cuts one properly up a chicken."

"How do you know what one does and does not know in America!" Ilka shouted.

"SHE didn't have a choice except to leave my father on that road and go on," Ilka said as they walked to the subway. "That was in the last days of the war. They were moving the camps across country, and even the Germans didn't know which were their own guns, which way the front was—but my mother enjoys to convict herself. She *wants* to tell that story over and over—only I don't want to hear it over and over. Fishgoppel just *loves* to hear all my mother's Hitler stories."

Carter said, "I ever tell you about my wife Bonnie?"

"Irene I thought you said her name was."

"Irene was my second wife. Bonnie was my first wife, a white girl—when we were just out of high school. She used to love my dad's slave stories. I tell you my dad was born a slave?"

"Ah," Ilka said with a solemn thrill.

"Bonnie just loved to sit and listen," Carter said. "I used to walk out. I'd putter around, and I'd walk back in and there was my dad telling stories and Bonnie sitting listening."

"You had two wives?" Ilka asked.

Carter walked on. "More than two," he said.

"More than two! You had three wives?"

Carter walked on.

"*More* than three? Four? Four wives? Did you have five wives? How many wives, Carter, did you have?"

But Carter would not say.

"Why won't you tell me how many wives?"

"Because I'm ashamed," he said.

"But that's so *interesting*," Ilka said, and found herself impaled on the bright brown glare of Carter's irises completely surrounded by the whites of his wide open eyes.

"Don't," he said, "Don't, don't, don't be stupid!"

"SO did you invite him for dinner?" Ilka's mother asked her when she came home.

"Did you wait up for me! Don't wait for me!" Ilka shouted. "Go to bed!"

"I am afraid. I don't want to dream again," her mother said. "It is horrible."

"What's so horrible!" said Ilka. "How horrible can something be you *know* is only a dream? It's not so horrible."

"Because they are behind my back."

"So?" Ilka said.

"It's that I can't see what is happening. I can't tell what it is they are going to do to me, and I never know exactly when they are going to do it again."

"Do *what*!" Ilka shouted.

"That's what I don't *know*. It wouldn't be so horrible if I knew what they are doing, or if I knew every time exactly when they were going to start again, because I'm sitting there every moment thinking, *Now* are they going to? Now? Now are they going to do it always at the same exact spot that hurts from the time before?"

"In your *dream* you mean it hurts," Ilka said.

"Right here." Her mother pointed to the place on her back. "That's why I don't want to go to sleep."

"You don't want to sleep because you're not tired, because you don't have anything to do. *Mutti*, why don't you let me register you for Beginners' English," Ilka said.

"Tomorrow," Ilka's mother said. "I'll go to the corner. I can explain to the *Polischen* how one cuts a chicken up for a proper goulash, if you will come with me."

"That's not the point!" Ilka yelled.

"And then you ask your friend to come to dinner."

Fishgoppel had done well—had done spectacularly—on her examinations, and arrived for the weekend frowning: she could not afford these trips into town.

"You look wonderful!" she said, her neck and back inclined tenderly toward Ilka's mother.

"What does she say?" Ilka's mother asked.

Ilka once again explained to Fishgoppel that she and her mother did not understand Yiddish. Which Fishgoppel refused to understand. Fishgoppel preferred to blame the faultiness of her own latter-day American pronunciation.

"I'm taking lessons," she told them. "My landlord, it turns out, speaks a classical Yiddish. He's from Krakow."

"*Noch a Polischer!*" said Ilka's mother.

"When I come back in summer, you will tell me everything they did to you and I will understand as if I had been there. Meanwhile, you really look so much better. Whatever made you ill is quite gone."

"I have dreams," Ilka's mother said. "What I can't understand is why, if they are burglars, they had to first wash their hands so thoroughly."

"It's a dream," Ilka said, and she experienced a release, not into her mouth but just below her chest, it seemed to Ilka, of a taste like bile. She looked across at Fishgoppel with a sort of horror, but Fishgoppel was looking from Ilka to her mother and back, trying to understand what they were saying. She kept thinking if she listened harder she would understand. She thought that because they had suffered as Jews they must be talking as Jews and that her trouble was that she wasn't listening hard enough.

Before she caught the train back to New Haven, Fishgoppel ran down and brought her aunt the *Aufbau*, a German-language weekly. Henceforward, Ilka's mother could document her fears. "It says here an elderly woman was robbed on the subway last Sunday. Name of Rosenstein. From Vienna. Are you going out tonight again?"

"Yes," Ilka said.

"Why don't you invite him here?"

Ilka said nothing.

"I wish you would stay," said her mother.

"How can I stay at home all the time?" shouted Ilka. "I have to get a proper job. I want to meet people, I want to see America. . . ."

"I don't want to dream," Ilka's mother said.

Ilka came up in the elevator with two large overalled men delivering an oversized carton. They got out on Carter's floor. Ilka followed them to Carter's door, which stood open.

"Come in, come in!" called Carter. He sat on the edge of his unmade bed in a pair of elephantine striped pajamas. On a chair, within reach of his right hand, he had an ashtray, matches, cigarettes, and a water glass full of bourbon, from which he took a delicate sip like a cat, his tongue seeming to precede his lips.

"You want to sign here?" one of the overalled men said, pointing to the place on a paper clipped to a clipboard.

"I want to sign," Carter said.

"What *is* it?" Ilka asked.

"A home entertainment center," Carter said. He took a sip from the glass.

A man on a stepladder was stringing wire along the top molding. He asked Carter where he wanted the second speaker.

"Yes," Carter said. The two overalled men and a boy who was stringing wire along the baseboard stopped and looked at Carter.

"You want it here or you want it over there?" the man on the ladder asked.

"Both," Carter said.

"You want three speakers?" the man asked.

"Four," Carter said. He closed his thumb and forefinger with difficulty around the pen which the overalled man kept holding toward him, and, raising his head to Ilka, he said, "We may have no home, but we'll have entertainment."

"You want four speakers?" the man on the ladder asked Carter.

"Five," Carter said. He lowered his head, aligned the point of the pen with the place on the paper on the clipboard, and, raising his head once more, said, "Though the center will not hold, and you don't even know what that is!"

"What is it?" Ilka asked.

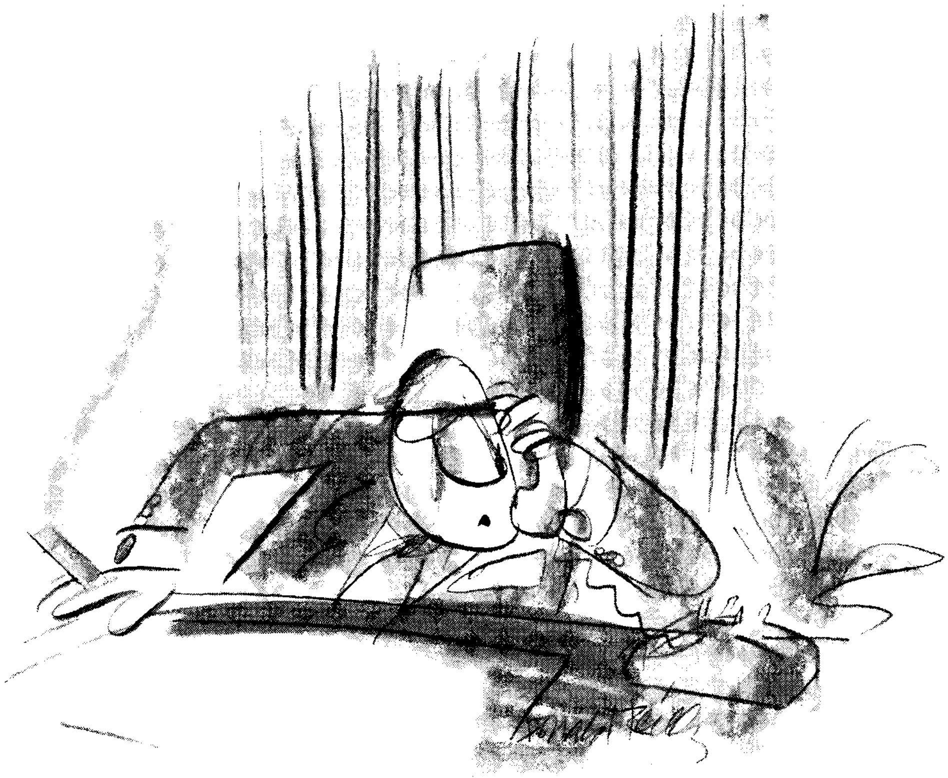
"She's a foreigner," Carter slowly turned his head to tell the man with the clipboard, and he lowered his head and slowly signed.

"Use your phone?" the man who had stepped off the ladder asked Carter.

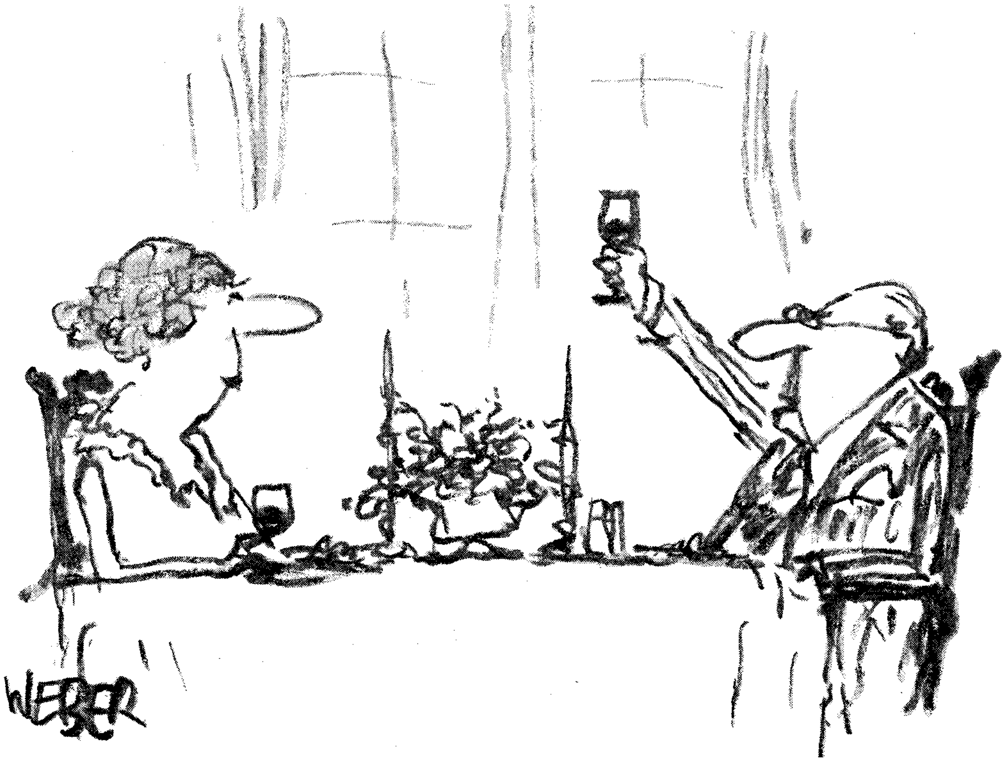
"Help yourself," Carter said.

"Says he wants three more speakers," the man said into the telephone. "That's what he says. What kind of antenna did you want for the TV?" he asked Carter.

"Both," Carter said. "Would you and your friend," Carter asked the



"Just remember, Sangborn—I'm the cellist and you're the cello."



“A salute to homemaking!”

• •

overalled man to whom he was handing back the pen, “oblige me by unpacking that?”

“We’re just the delivery,” the man said. He caught his partner’s eye.

“I appreciate that,” Carter said, getting his tongue with difficulty round the word inside his mouth. “As you see”—he took a sip of bourbon—“I am under the weather. I would naturally expect you to compensate yourselves.”

Ilka had the impression of a measurable length of time elapsing between Carter’s intention of raising and the raising of his right arm in the direction of a mess of bills and coins on the dresser top.

“You got a screwdriver and a hammer? Or a knife will do it,” the overalled man said.

“A knife,” Carter said, and raised his slow-motion right arm in the direction of the kitchen, while his left hand picked the phone up. “Have Wallace bring a screwdriver,” he said into it.

“This is O.K.” The overalled man had found the bread knife.

“And a hammer,” Carter said into the telephone. “Come in!” he called to a man in a peaked cap in the doorway.

“You have a record to try this?” asked the man who had got back on the ladder.

“Get me the record shop,” Carter said into the telephone.

“You the party for the shortwave?” the peaked man asked.

“I am the party,” Carter said.

“You want *all* this paper out?” asked the overalled man. They had exposed a huge, black, cubical television.

“Come in, Wallace,” Carter called to the long, thin black bellboy, who had brought a hammer and a set of yellow-handled screwdrivers. “Help yourself,” Carter said. He raised and held his right hand toward the dresser, immobilizing the embarrassed bellboy. “You the record shop?” he said into the phone in his left hand. “I want a record. A lot of records. Send me a box of records. I don’t know what records. . . . What do *you* like? Start with the ‘A’s. ‘B’ is better? So start with the ‘B’s. Bach is good. Beethoven, he’s good. Come in!” he called to the two men with the boxes of speakers and rabbit ears. “Send Bird. How many birds are there? Send Charlie Parker. Send B-y-r-d. Both,” Carter said. “*Now*. Find another boy. There are a lot of boys. Or come yourself. I’ll give you a drink. Don’t go!” he said to the man with the peaked cap. The phone rang. “They want you at the desk,” he told the bellboy, who left. The peaked man had other deliveries to make, and *he* left. The man came with the records but would not stay for a drink, and when the two overalled men had taken out the last armload of wrapping paper, they went away. The man collapsed the ladder, the boy rolled up the remaining wire, and when they had gone Carter said to Ilka, “Don’t leave me.”

“I have my English class, and my mother sits alone in Fishgoppel’s apartment.”

“It is terrible to be alone,” Carter said, and he put his thumb on one eye and his forefinger on the other. Ilka saw the tears seeping through. She embraced Carter, who fell back on the bed, drawing her after. Ilka said passionately, “Don’t be unhappy!”

“*Am* I unhappy?” Carter stopped weeping to ask in a voice of interest. “Don’t let me snow you!” he said.

“Excuse me?” Ilka said.

“I’m a terrible ham,” Carter said.

“Pardon me?” Ilka said.

“I can’t tell anymore where the whiskey stops and the tears start,” Carter said, weeping.

“You are, you are very unhappy!” Ilka cried enthusiastically.

“Well well well well well,” Carter said. He allowed Ilka to help him sit up. He sat very still until she relaxed her embrace. Then he reached for his glass. He sipped. “Friend of mine,” Carter said, and named a name, and looked at Ilka and said, “You don’t know who the hell that is!”

“Who is it?”

“Much good dropping names to a damn foreigner.”

Ilka smiled. She rubbed her cheek against the back of his hand and Carter patted her. “This friend,” Carter said, “he said he had the ‘Negro Problem’ solved. Said, ‘Get it disseminated to all white folk: We don’t do it so good either.’ ”

“Excuse me?” Ilka said.

“When did I last make love to you?”

“You do! You did!”

Carter raised his huge, immensely slow head till he was looking full into Ilka’s face, and said, “You love me.”

“I told you,” Ilka said.

“You’re crazy”—and he still looked into Ilka’s face. “Women in love are crazy people. Don’t even *notice* they’re not getting it. You think all this is terrific,” he said. He covered his eyes with his thumb and forefinger and wept.

“I THINK they have moved in,” Ilka’s mother told Ilka.

“Who has moved in where?”

“The burglars. I think they live in our kitchen. I’ve been wondering if maybe they've been living here all along, except then they would have known where the bowls were; the father wouldn't have had to ask Daddy."

Ilka watched her mother pick up the cup of coffee and take a sip and grimace. Ilka's mother took a swallow and said, "Good it isn't," and all this while Ilka had the impression that some little self inside her was looking rapidly to the right, the left, the right. Ilka's mother said, "I can't even remember if anything was ever said about his coming back. My needing him to come does not, unfortunately, mean that he will come."

"Come in your dream, you mean," Ilka said, while the little self not only looked but frantically ran from one side to the other in her head, where there *are* no exits.

Ilka's mother said, "He doesn't know what is going on here, so why would it occur to him to come back? Are you going out?"

"Just going to make a phone call."

Ilka put a call through to New Haven. She was going to tell Fishgoppel, "I think there's something wrong with my mother." Fishgoppel was out, and Ilka called Carter. There was no answer. Ilka took the Manhattan telephone directory, and with a hectic hand riffled through the 'A's to the 'F's.

"Whom do you call?" her mother asked.

"Nobody. I don't know anybody *to* call," Ilka said.

ALL next day, and the next, Carter did not answer his phone.

Ilka's mother said, "What I'm going to do is turn around and ask them, 'What is it that you are doing? What are you going to do to me?' I keep meaning, I keep thinking I am about to turn around and look them in the eye and ask them, '*Why* are you doing this?' Where are you going?" she asked Ilka.

"I'll just hop on the subway, see if Carter is all right."

"Ask him to dinner," her mother said. "I'll teach the *Polischen* how to cut the chicken."

"LADY wants to know is Mr. Bayoux at home," the snub-nosed desk clerk said to, without looking at, the obese switchboard blonde, who said, "Sure is," without looking at the desk clerk. Ilka had a distinct impression of the desk clerk and the switchboard girl, together, not looking at her. The switchboard buzzed. The blonde plugged in and silenced it. "Wants a fifth of bourbon," she said to the desk clerk.

"Wallace," the desk clerk said.

The long, thin bellboy, who lay over the counter like a tablecloth, undraped himself and said, "What I use for money?"

Ilka opened her purse.

Ilka watched the nightmare slowness of the bellboy's forward motion, counteracted by the increasing force of inertia returning him to his normal condition of draping.

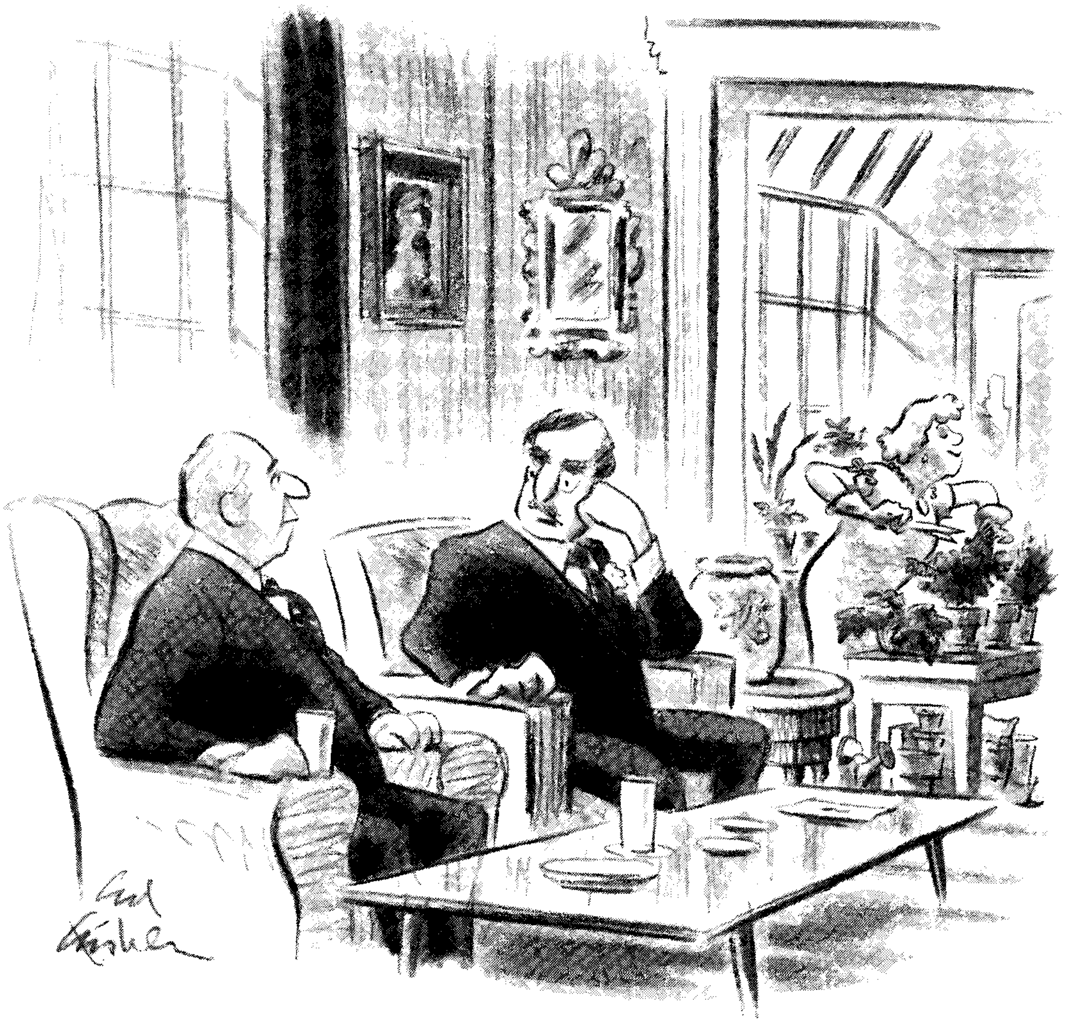
Carter's door stood ajar. He slept with his face to the wall. Ilka had a notion of cleaning the place up, but there was something ferocious about this litter of soiled clothing, bottles, papers, moneys, wires; it struck Ilka once again that she must disentangle herself from this useless mess. She took the subway home.

ILKA's mother said, "I keep wondering if there is a way I could get word to the police and let them know what is going on here."

Ilka yearned to lay her head down on her mother's lap and say, "Help me. If you are going crazy, I won't know what to do." But her mother's lap was out of sight, under Fishgoppel's kitchen table. Ilka's mother sipped her coffee with an air of reluctance, and said, "I have no way of knowing when either or both of them are looking at me. I wouldn't know when to make my move. Did you see," she said to Ilka, "where they held a girl at knife point from the Bronx to the Battery? What *is* the Bronx? Where is the Battery? A nice-looking girl. They have her picture here. Look."

"*Mutti*," Ilka said, "I think Carter may really be ill. I'm going down to see."

Her mother followed her out into



"Yes, I do often feel that the world is too much with me. Or maybe just Emily."

the foyer and said, "Why don't you marry him?"

"What are you talking about!" shouted Ilka. "You don't understand anything about it!"

"I understand that you like him," her mother said. "I understand it is not good for a man like that to live alone."

CARTER's door was locked and taped with a police seal. Ilka went back down in the elevator. The desk clerk wore a white carnation in his lapel. He levelled his eyes at Ilka's collarbone. Ilka saw the switchboard blonde's listening left ear, the black bellboy leaning, stone-still. The desk clerk said, "We don't like that kind of thing here. Got so we couldn't get the maids to go in there." Each round little word popped out through a round little hole formed by the lifting of the left portion of his upper lip.

"Where have they taken him?" Ilka asked.

"To the nuthouse," said the desk clerk.

"Pardon me?" asked Ilka.

ILKA went to visit Carter. The facility was badly overcrowded, and newcomers had beds put up for them in the corridors. Carter's heavy face, gone to jaw and jowl and without the hint of a smile, discouraged chatter. Ilka sat beside him and kept not asking him why the fiercely crumpled white pajamas were fastened with Band-Aids instead of buttons. Carter held a cigarette, which he brought to his lips and took away again. He said, "Patients who don't get out the first week are sent up to the state hospital."

"What does your doctor say?"

"My doctor is an ass and a racist." Carter brought the cigarette to his lips and took it away and said, "You can sign me out if you tell them I live with you."

"But you don't live with me," Ilka said.

"We'll find a summer house in the country," Carter said. "I don't drink in the summer in the country. You can say you are my cousin."

After a moment, Ilka said, "But I'm not."

Carter brought the cigarette to his lips. Ilka touched her hand to his arm and was shocked by the taut, unyielding surface that held him together.

Carter never afterward asked Ilka to sign him out.

ILKA's mother meant to turn around. She listened to them quarrelling behind her.

MEMOIRS

Even when he was a child, the Emperor
remembered, cartography had been a passion.
He had vexed his mother by turning carpets over
and drawing on the undersides in chalk
the map of Europe from memory or after his own heart.
Mountains and their defiles, rivers and plains,
rather than kingdoms, were what he said he drew.

The Empress-Mother, small by now and round,
her feet resting comfortably on the Aubusson
at Saint-Cloud, said, rather irritably, "Maps?
Maps? We were much too poor in Corsica to have rugs."

—WILLIAM MEREDITH

• •

"Let *me*," the boy said.

The other one said, "You hold it and I will. Hold it here, by this."

"*I* will! I can!" the boy kept saying. "Why can't *I* do it?"

The metal was introduced at a shallow angle with a slicing motion; she imagined a knife with teeth—a saw, perhaps, for which the boy must be grappling, because it was violently agitated. She shouted out.

"MY mistake," she told Ilka, "has been to keep hoping that the father was coming back to stop them. In other words, I've been wishing to not have the pain, which is not one of the choices. What I *can* choose is *how* to have it, and what I'm going to do is concentrate on having it. Perhaps that's a way to bear it, by fixing what exactly the pain *is*."

"You do that," Ilka said. She had got used to knowing that her mother was unbalanced, and she had got used to doing nothing about it, there being nothing, it turned out, *to* do. She had called Fishgoppel. Fishgoppel had not understood what it was that Ilka was telling her. Ilka felt relieved.

Ilka was surprised that around this central abyss their lives continued to revolve—had even eased up some. Ilka had a job as a file clerk that must do, for now. Her mother had learned to go to the corner every Thursday, for her German paper. She quarrelled with the Polish butcher; she sat on a bench in the sun. Spring had come. A strong white sun sparkled the garbage of upper Broadway when Ilka walked to the early upstate bus to spend Sunday with Carter.

CARTER was quiet. He looked good and seemed optimistic. "I could pull myself together over the summer if we could find a house in the country. I don't drink when I get out of that bitch of a city."

"Without me," Ilka said.

Carter looked frightened.

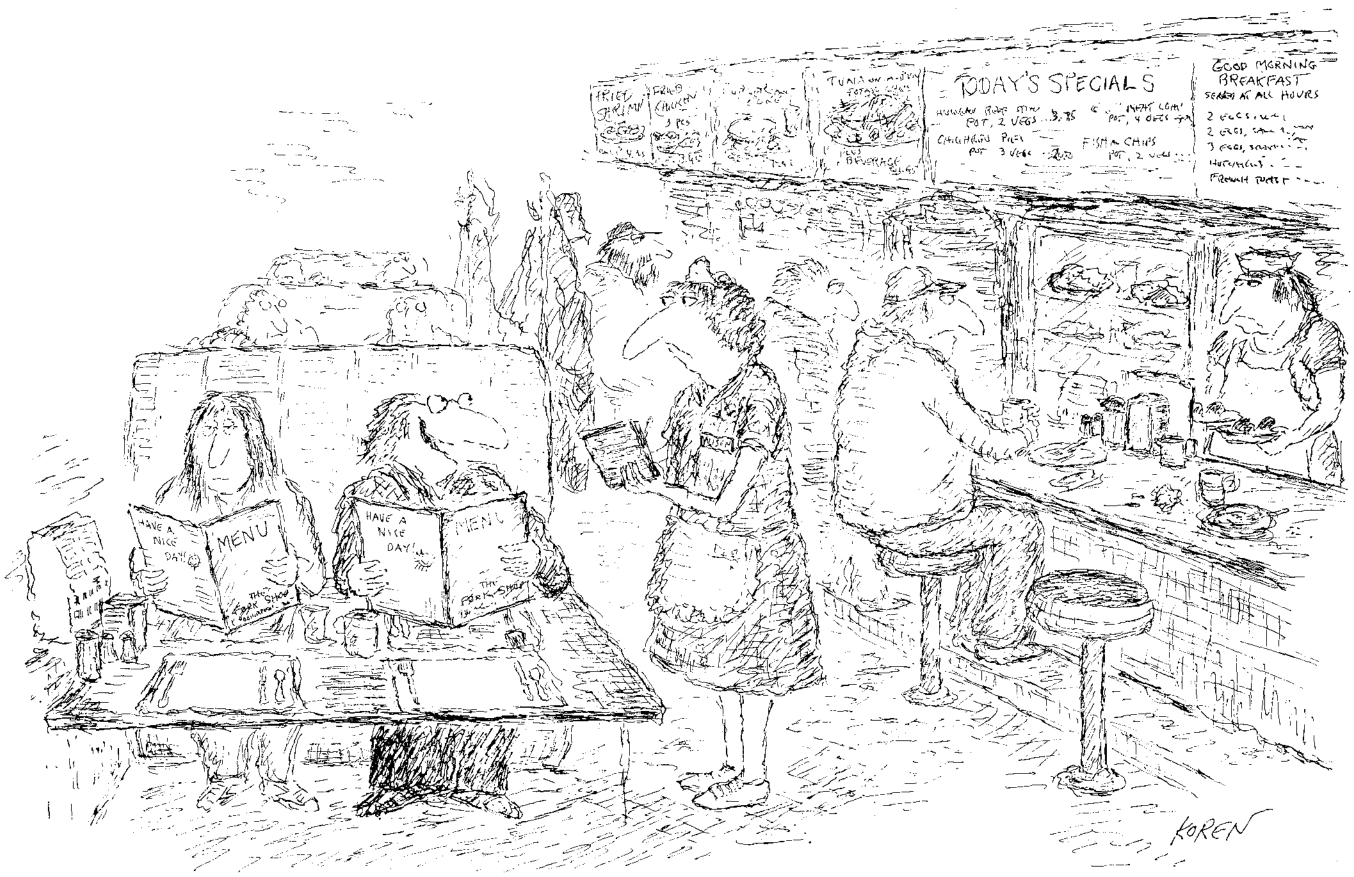
"It's just this is not *useful*, is it? Shouldn't I put my mind on getting a *proper* job, of getting on with—everything, Carter, don't you think?"

"That is not something on which I can advise you," Carter said.

He walked her through the complex of buildings to the bus that stopped within the hospital gates and said, "When you come next Sunday, bring me something salty, something that has taste."

IT'S not when you decide to get out of bed that you get out of it. "Now I will get up. *Now*," you say to yourself, lying in bed. Then you are up. You have got out of bed in a moment that is already past, in the absence of your decision or attention. It was in such a moment that Ilka's mother had turned around. She said, "Why are you doing this? Why do you hate me so much?

"What I had forgotten," she said to Fishgoppel, "is that you can't look them in the eye. They don't have their eyes where we have our eyes. They don't have faces. I mean, they have faces—everybody has a face—but not what *we* mean by a face, so maybe they don't recognize that my face is a



"What's scrumptious?"

face. Maybe they don't *know* my flesh feels like flesh, because they are made out of something completely different, not like black beads so much—and nothing *like* patent leather, as I thought at first," she turned to say to Ilka. "Different—more like the shiny black parts of a motorcycle."

"I don't understand a word she is saying," Fishgoppel said sadly.

Fishgoppel's term was over. She slept on the couch in the room with Ilka. She had a summer job with a law firm "on Wall Street, if you please!" Fishgoppel said.

"Where is that?" Ilka asked.

Fishgoppel discovered the free Baroque Series in Washington Square.

"*Where?*" Ilka's mother asked.

"A couple of stops on the subway. We'll take blankets and sit on the grass. Tell your mother."

"I can't sit on the grass," Ilka's mother said.

"She says we can take a folding chair."

"One can't take chairs," Ilka's mother said. "I mean, where *is* this?" She would not go with them.

ILKA and Fishgoppel sat on the blanket, and Fishgoppel read the sheet of program notes in Ilka's ear. Fishgoppel happened to know that the date of Pergolesi's birth coincided with the anti-Jewish edict of Aix on Flumen, which had incited a decade of pogroms. The concertmaster raised his arms. Fishgoppel sat taut with listening. She happened to have a passion for Pergolesi.

ILKA's mother was sure it was Carter who had called in their absence.

"Impossible," Ilka said, but she rang the hotel. Carter picked up the receiver. Carter had pulled a cousin from Chicago out of his hat; a summer house had materialized in Connecticut. "There's a cottage in back for you and me!" Carter said.

Ilka had never heard a grownup's voice so hilarious. She regretted the cautious sound of her own.

"I can't leave my mother with Fishgoppel."

"Bring your mother. Bring Fishgoppel."

"I have a job now."

"Come weekends."

Carter followed the cousin to Connecticut on Wednesday.

Ilka called in the evening. "Is it nice?"

"Come and see."

"Just tell me if you like the house."

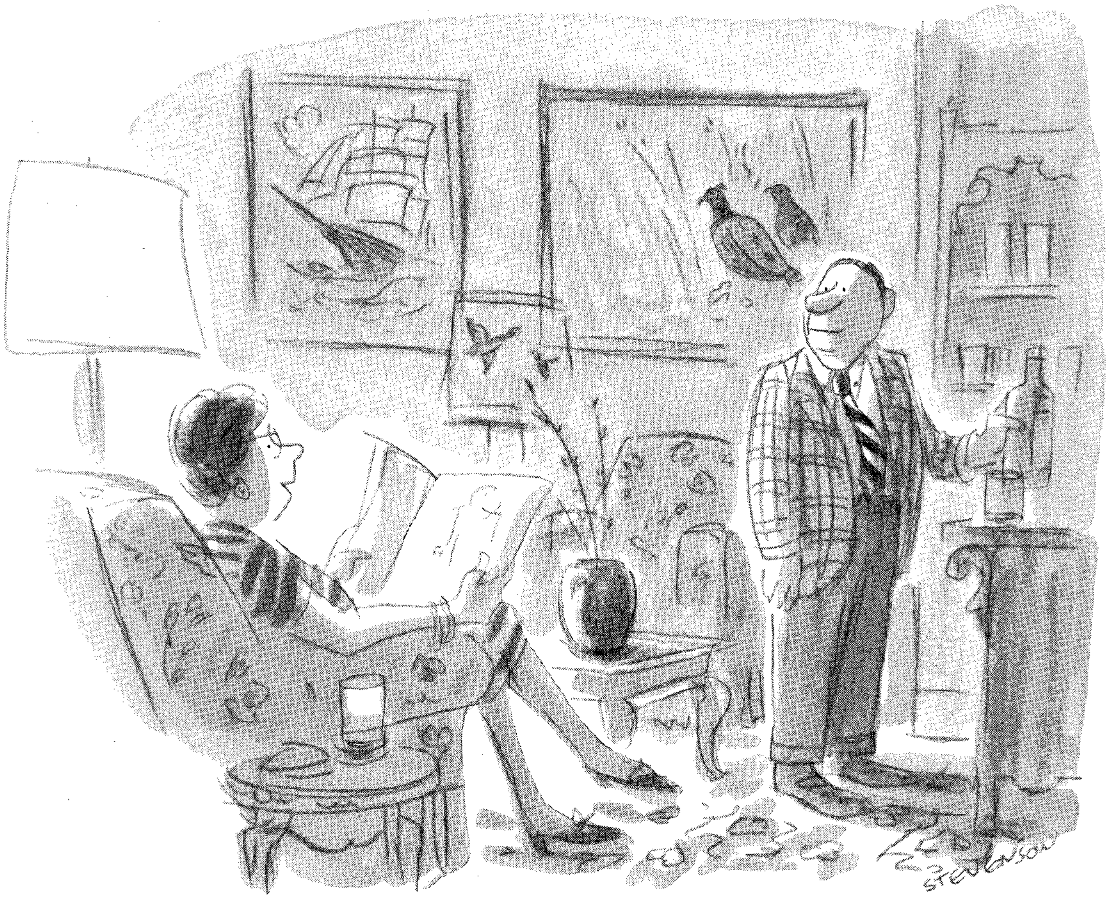
"I'm not saying a word," Carter said.

HE fetched her from the station late Friday afternoon. "This is it?" cried Ilka when he turned up the drive toward a large white house on a green hill, but Carter drove around it and up to the door of the exact little wooden house with fence, window with curtain, roof with chimney, sky with cloud which Ilka used to draw on pieces of white paper on the dining table in Vienna.

"This is silly!" Ilka said. She meant the grand curve and dip of the field, which, as she stepped from the car, turned golden.

"Come and look inside," Carter said.

Inside the walls were raw wood. "I don't believe this," Ilka said. The floor was a collage of rich, faded odds and ends of antique Oriental rugs. "This is silly. I don't believe it," Ilka kept saying. She meant the condition of happiness. At night the air was a flawless black. In a bed like a cavern hewn out of some aboriginal wood, immovable as ship's furniture, Carter Bayoux taught Ilka Weissnix how to sleep spoon fashion. Ilka was moved



“Your steadfast patience over thirty years has been rewarded, Herbert. The preppie look is back in.”

• •

by the delicacy of the big man’s sleep; her slightest motion—hardly more than an incipient impatience of the flesh—could turn him. His bulk fitted into her angles.

“I don’t believe this!” she said in the morning when she opened the door and saw the bush arched to the ground with blossoms. “This wasn’t here last night. Did you do it?”

“Yes,” Carter said.

“There’s a bird on the top branch.”

“I did it,” Carter said.

The cousin called from the big house. Telephone for Ilka.

Fishgoppel said there was no need for Ilka to come home. She could take Aunt Flora to the hospital.

“What is it?” Ilka’s gut somersaulted and short-circuited the common light.

“She’s not in pain now. She says she’s all right. She doesn’t want to see a doctor. She doesn’t want to go on the subway.”

THE hour on the train so harrowed Ilka that she was surprised to find her mother looking just like her mother.

“I must have lain badly.” Her mother pointed to her back. “I’m fine now.”

“Of course you’re going to be fine. We’re both coming to the doctor with you.”

“WHY don’t you wait in the waiting room with Fishgoppel?” Ilka’s mother said.

“Don’t be silly. I’m coming inside with you.”

“Don’t look at me,” Ilka’s mother said when she lay waiting on the table.

“Why shouldn’t I look at you!”

“Don’t shout,” Ilka’s mother said and folded her arms over her thin breasts. Her legs were thin.

“What’s wrong with being naked!”

“Go wait outside with Fishgoppel,” Ilka’s mother said.

Ilka said, “You’re afraid of being naked! You’re afraid of going on the subway! You can’t go to a concert! You won’t learn English . . .”

“Not now, Ilka.”

“You’re not an old woman! Do you know you’re born the same year as Carter?”

“The father has come back,” Ilka’s mother said.

“Terrific,” Ilka said, breathing hard, grateful to have her tirade stopped.

“It is terrible,” her mother said.

“What is terrible now?” Ilka said.

“He is not going to stop them. He has known all along . . . it was his idea from the beginning. Ilka, he *is* the police. That’s what the black is. It’s their uniform! They are all three policemen. That is the real horror.”

“Why is that the real horror?”

“Because they are permitted. It is the law, Ilka. They are supposed to do it, Ilka.”

“What are they supposed to do?”

“Cut me,” said her mother. “Here’s the doctor.”

THE doctor came out to talk to the three women in the waiting room. He said, “Why don’t we keep her here, do a couple of tests?”

“Now?” Ilka asked.

“What does he say?” Ilka’s mother asked.

“Why not now? We have her here; we happen to have a bed. . . .”

“Is something wrong?” Fishgoppel asked.

“That’s what we’re going to find out, isn’t it?”

“I don’t understand what he says,” Ilka’s mother kept saying in German. “What are they going to do to me? *Now* are they going to do it? I don’t understand what is happening.”

—LORE SEGAL

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Called Kris by his family and friends, he is the third of the Andersons’ four children. The 23-year-old had never been on a major balloon flight before signing on to make the transcontinental trip with his father Maxie aboard the Kitty Hawk. A graduate of Valley High School in Albuquerque, N.M., he is currently a junior at the University of New Mexico, where he is majoring in electrical engineering.

This acceptance might not be enough to give him an outside chance of winning the GOP nomination in Detroit this July, but it means Bush has become a national figure of stature.—*Boston Globe.*

Still circling over Washington.

PARTNERS

Miss Teas Weds Fiancé in Bridal

THE marriage of Nancy Creamer Teas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Russell Ruckhyde Teas of Glen Frieburg, N.Y., and Point Pedro, Sri Lanka, to John Potomac Mining, son of Mr. Potomac B. Mining of Buffet Hills, Va., and the late Mrs. Mining, took place at the First Episcopal Church of the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey.

The bride attended the Bodice School, the Earl Grey Seminary, Fence Academy, Railroad Country Day School, and the Credit School, and made her début at the Alexander Hamilton's Birthday Cotillion at Lazard Frères. She is a student in the premedical program at M.I.T. and will spend her junior year at Cartier & Cie. in Paris.

The bridegroom recently graduated from Harvard College. He spent his junior year at the Pentagon, a military concern in Washington, D.C. He will join his father on the board of directors of the Municipal Choate Assistance Corporation. His previous marriage ended in divorce.

Cabinet, Delos Nuptials Set

Ellen Frances Cabinet, a self-help student at Manifest Destiny Junior College, plans to be married in August to Wengdell Delos, a sculptor, of Tampa, Fla. The engagement was announced by the parents of the future bride, Mr. and Mrs. Crowe Cabinet of New York. Mr. Cabinet is a consultant to the New York Stock Exchange.

Mr. Delos's previous marriage ended in an undisclosed settlement. His sculpture is on exhibition at the New York Stock Exchange. He received a B.F.A. degree from the Wen-El-Del Company, a real-estate-development concern with headquarters in Tampa.

Miss Burdette Wed to Man

Pews Chapel aboard the Concorde was the setting for the marriage of Bethpage Burdette to Jean-Claude LaGuardia Case, an account executive for the Junior Assemblies. Maspeth Burdette was maid of honor for her sister, who was also attended by Massapequa Burdette, Mrs. William O. Dose, and Mrs. Hodepohl Inks.

The parents of the bride, Dr. and Mrs. Morris Plains Burdette of New York, are partners in Conspicuous Conception, an art gallery and maternity-wear cartel.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Erasmus Tritt, a graduate of Skidmore Finishing and Divinity School and president of Our Lady of the Lake Commuter Airlines. The Rev. Tritt was attended by the flight crew. The previous marriages he has performed all ended in divorce.

Daisy Lauderdale Featured as Bride

Daisy Ciba Lauderdale of Boston was married at the Presbyterian Church and Trust to Gens Cosnotti, a professor of agribusiness at the Massachusetts State Legislature. There was a reception at the First Court of Appeals Club.

The bride, an alumna of the Royal Doulton School and Loot University, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cyrus Harvester Lauderdale. Her father is retired from the family consortium. She is also a descendant of Bergdorf Goodman of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. Her previous marriage ended in pharmaceuticals.

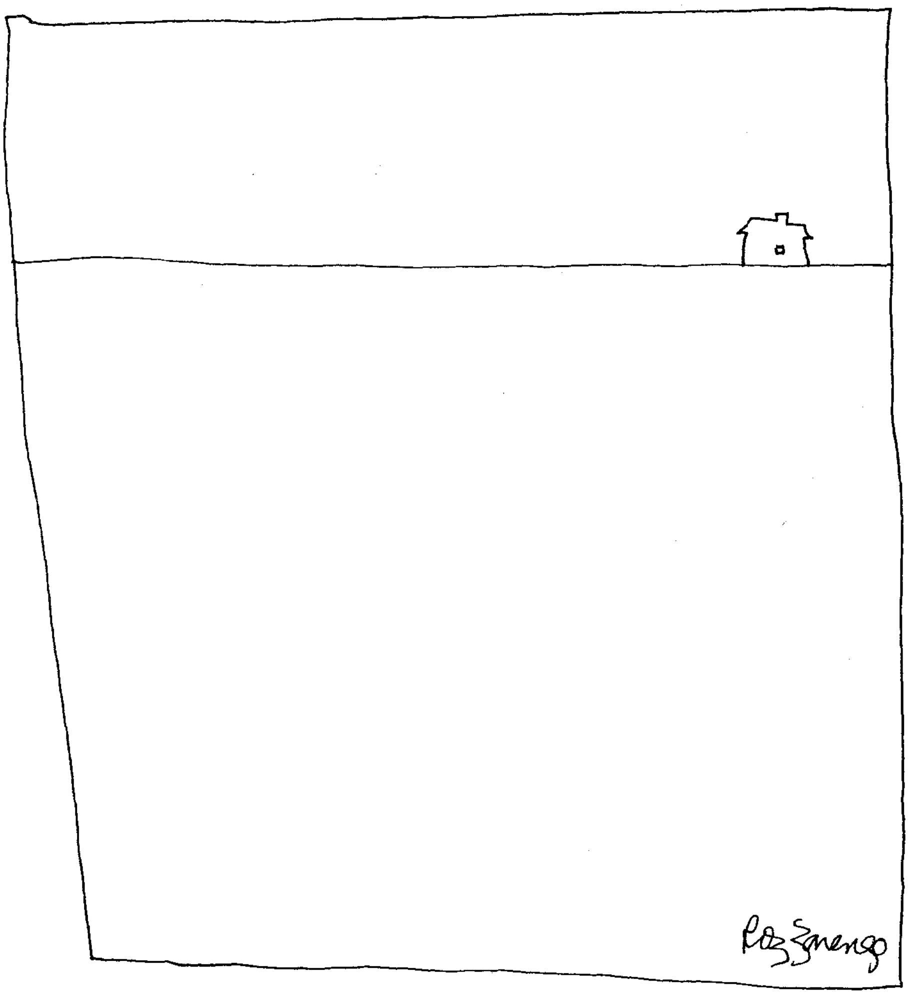
Professor Cosnotti's previous marriage ended in a subsequent marriage. His father, the late Artaud Cosnotti, was a partner in the Vietnam War. The bridegroom is also related somehow to Mrs. Bethlehem de Steel of Newport, R.I., and Vichy, Costa Rica; Brenda Frazier, who was a senior partner with Delta, Kappa & Epsilon and later general manager of marketing for the U.S. Department of State; I. G. Farben, the former King of England; and Otto von Bismarck, vice-president of the Frigidaire Division of General Motors, now a division of The Hotchkiss School.

Affiancement for Miss Convair

Archbishop and Mrs. Marquis Convair of Citibank, N.Y., have made known the engagement of their daughter, Bulova East Hampton Convair, to the Joint Chiefs of Staff of Arlington County, Va. Miss Convair is a holding company in the Bahamas.

All four grandparents of the bride-to-be were shepherds and shepherdesses.

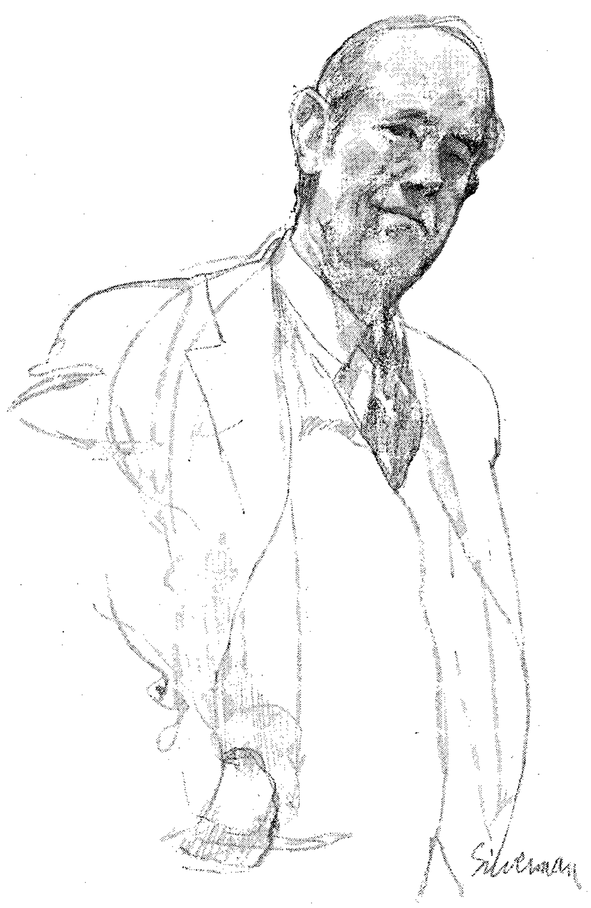
—Veronica Geng



THE OLD OLD OLD OLD OLD OLD OLD HOMESTEAD

PROFILES

EYE OF THE STORM—III

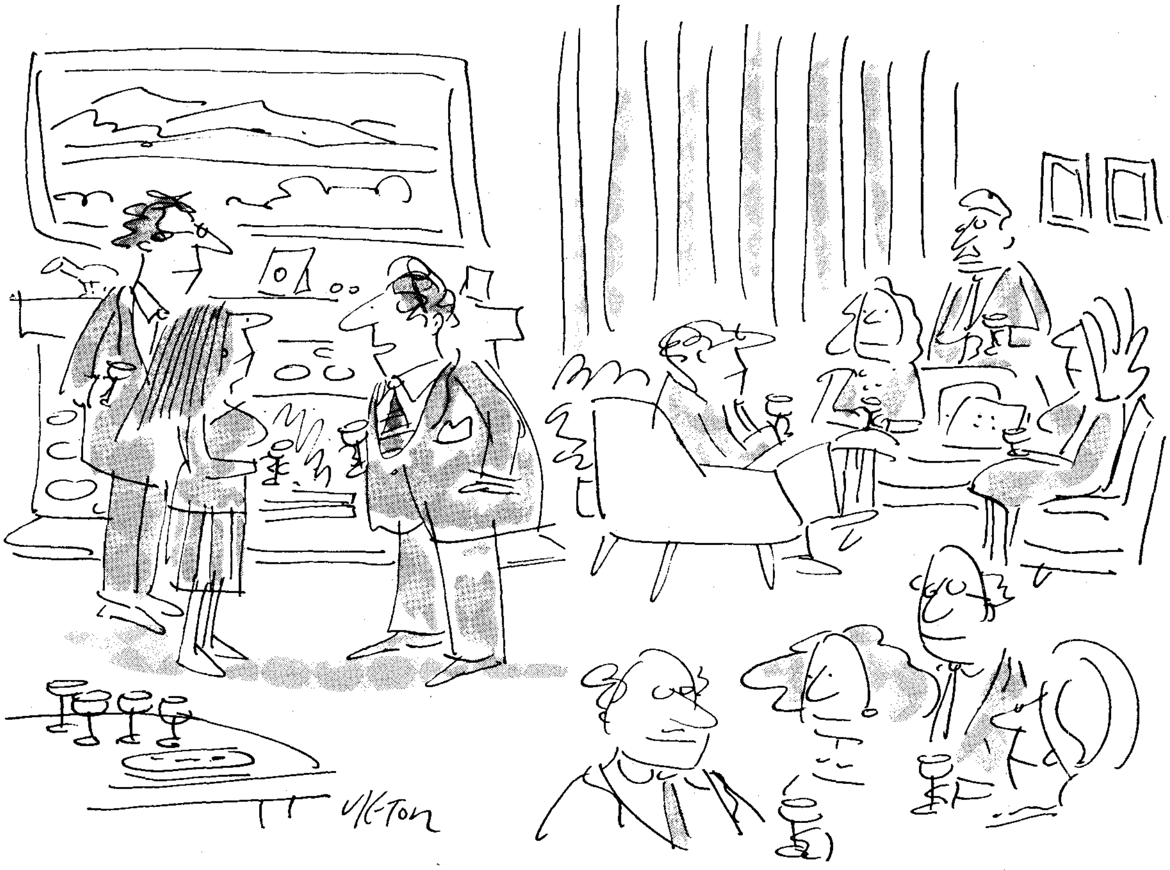


THE spacious office of David Dunlop Newsom, our Under-Secretary of State for Political Affairs and, as such, senior officer of the Foreign Service of the United States, is on the seventh floor of the eight-story Department of State building, in the section of northwest Washington known as Foggy Bottom—a former swamp, also once known as Froggy Bottom because of the bullfrogs that inhabited it. In the years before the Second World War, a small tributary of the Potomac River was filled in, along with the surrounding swampy acres, to provide ground for a building that is occupied today by sixty-two hundred of the men and women who conduct, or assist in conducting, the country's diplomacy; fifty-seven hundred more are on assignment overseas, in a total of two hundred and eighty-four posts, ranging from those in such busy capitals as London, Paris, Tokyo, and Moscow, each of which employs many hundred Americans and local assistants, to such out-of-the-way places as Douala, in Cameroon, which is in West Equatorial Africa and has a consular staff of three officers, and Pôrto Alegre, which is in Brazil and has a staff consisting of a consul, a branch public-affairs officer, and a couple of Brazilian assistants. Newsom, who is sixty-two years old and has spent about half of his career abroad and half of it in Washington, is a tall, thin, somewhat bald man whose mien—partly because he frequently wears horn-rimmed reading glasses and dark suits—is customarily serious, although the seriousness is offset by wry humor and an occasional boyish smile. He is regarded by his peers and his subordinates as a consummate diplomat, who combines tact and politeness with a steadfast determination and a masterly ability to solve complicated problems. He has a faculty for listening to all the suggested solutions and then deciding on one that, even when it fails to satisfy all the parties concerned, appeals to their common sense, or at least to their sense of what is possible and impossible. Alongside his large desk, which is usually covered with documents he has arranged in neat piles so that he can always find what he wants at a moment's notice, is a huge globe of the world, which from time to time he rotates and regards with mixed degrees of skepticism and reverence. Attached to his office are a private dining room, a kitchenette, and a bathroom, and in the area are a reception room and seven smaller offices for his staff. Down the hall from him are the plush and commodious quarters of Deputy Secretary of State Warren M. Christopher and Secretary of State Edmund S. Muskie, who recently succeeded Cyrus R. Vance, when the latter resigned in disapproval of the commando raid to free the fifty-three American hostages in Iran. Interspersed, on the seventh floor, are additional reception and conference rooms. This seventh-floor complex, which is thickly carpeted in green and panelled with light-brown wood, serves as the hub of the State Department's worldwide activity, but in spite of the comings and goings throughout the day of hundreds of people including foreign dignitaries and members of the Department and of other branches of the government, the atmosphere is peculiarly subdued. One seldom hears the sound of voices distinctly, and the muted typewriters of secretaries copying endless cables, reports, and letters provide a mechanical hum that blends with the murmuring bureaucracy. The luxurious suites and connecting corridors, lined with portraits of former diplomats, make one think of a half-empty cruise ship proceeding on a leisurely course across quiet seas.

Notwithstanding the methodical, low-key style on the seventh floor these days—in sharp contrast to the bustling excitement and drama that marked the reign of Secretary of State Henry Kissinger—the seas of contemporary diplomacy are far from placid. The issues that confront the nation nowadays are as difficult, diffuse, and controversial as they have ever been, and they are likely to become still more complicated as the interacting problems of the world increase and as the relations of the United States with a hundred and forty-three other countries become more widely ramified and the consequent dialogues harder to conduct and resolve. Many of these relations and dialogues, such as the protracted and for the moment stalemated Strategic Arms Limitation Treaty with the Soviet Union, the intricate and tenuous peacekeeping efforts among the embattled nations of the Middle East, South Asia, and Africa, and the problems of dealing with the high-riding oil-producing nations, involve laborious, highly technical negotiations that continue for years and are, in fact, open-ended, moving from one phase to another as the negotiators and the governments themselves are replaced by different teams of players. Other matters, such as sales of arms, the signing of new nuclear non-proliferation agreements, multilateral and bilateral trade pacts, arrangements for sharing, and controlling the movement of, the world's natural resources other than oil, and for protecting the environment, are the subjects of constantly evolving new negotiations, carried on under ever-shifting circumstances, which create fresh challenges not just from year to year but sometimes from month to month, and even from week to week. Political changes—some of them revolutionary—including the painful birth or nurturing of new nations, such as Zimbabwe and Namibia; the overthrow of powerful rulers, such as the Shah of Iran and President Idi Amin, of Uganda; the invasion of one country by another, such as that of Cambodia by Vietnam, of Vietnam by China, and of Afghanistan by the Soviet Union, are the concern of American diplomats at home and abroad, whether the United States is involved directly or only indirectly. In some cases, as in those of Zimbabwe, Namibia, Iran, and Afghanistan, we play an active role; in Vietnam and Cambodia, on the other hand, where our diplomats were once prime players, we are no longer so active, yet what happens in those countries nevertheless remains a major concern for various political, strategic, and humanitarian reasons—not the least of them the plight of more than half a million Indo-Chinese refugees, which has become an international diplomatic issue of conscience in which the United States has a pressing involvement, based on guilt and atonement.

Every Secretary of State and every Deputy Secretary and Under-Secretary develops his own system of assigning and dividing the work load. Henry Kissinger was unique in wanting to be apprised of, and to keep tight control over, almost everything; during his regime, the system was a highly centralized one, in which Kissinger, as a powerful Secretary with a dynamic personality, depended mainly on a small group of specially chosen, trusted men, with whom he met frequently while making most of the decisions himself, and the rest of the Department, though its members were assigned to various tasks, seldom knew much of what was going on at the top. Vance, a quiet, reflective, generally cautious and judicious man, operated altogether differently and more traditionally, allowing and encouraging far more autonomy throughout, from the top hierarchy down through the level of assistant secretaries in charge of the various geographic and functional bureaus to the numerous Country Directors and desk officers dealing with groups of nations and individual nations. Muskie, as a newcomer to the job with little experience in the administration of foreign affairs, seems likely to follow the same system, although he has already indicated that he may take more personal charge of the process. Whether, like Vance, he will involve himself in important negotiations remains to be seen. Vance spent much of his time negotiating the Middle East peace talks between Israel and Egypt and the SALT II agreement with the Russians, and maintaining relations with our allies in Europe, and Christopher backed him up on these matters while taking charge of a number of others, such as the Panama Canal treaties, arms sales abroad, and the new arrangements with Taiwan following normalization of our relations with the People's Republic of China. As the third important member of the seventh-floor team, and the man who now provides the largest amount of professional continuity under Muskie, Newsom was used, in Vance's words, as "my chief of staff, helping me run the day-to-day activities of the Department, and sometimes as my trouble-shooter," and he is expected to continue these roles. When Vance was out of the country, which he was a good deal of the time, Newsom served as Deputy Secretary, and on occasion, when both Vance and Christopher were away, he served as Acting Secretary of State. In baseball terms—he is an ardent fan—he describes himself as "the all-purpose infielder on the seventh floor."

NEWSOM's specialty has been managing crises, and beginning last November 4th, when the American Embassy in Teheran was attacked by several hundred militant students who seized more than sixty officers and employees as hostages (thirteen blacks and women were freed in mid-November, and of the fifty-three now held in various cities three are in the Foreign Ministry compound in Teheran), Newsom has devoted much of his time to trying to obtain their release. He has been in constant touch, directly or indirectly, with diplomats, politicians, religious figures, lawyers, academic specialists, and others the world over whose help has been solicited in making varying approaches to the Iranian government, which has refused to deal directly with the Americans ever since the hostages were captured and we froze Iranian assets and embargoed Iran's oil. Newsom considers this the most



"Hi. I'm Brad Westerfield, and I'd like to talk to you about a new product that can make your life easier."

frustrating and difficult diplomatic task he has ever undertaken. As Under-Secretary, he has been the senior officer of a special group set up to work on the many complicated aspects of the crisis. As Newsom recounts it, "There is something pervasive about a problem of this kind. Even though there are many other issues that we have to deal with daily, our minds keep coming back constantly to the hostages, to their families, and to the circumstances of their capitivity. Nearly every morning we wake up and ask ourselves whether there is some new initiative, a new person to be contacted, a new development that could lead to a resolution of the issue. At the moment, we are following several possibilities, including the reactivation of the United Nations commission, which would return to Iran, visit the hostages, and complete its study of Iran's grievances, as arranged by Secretary-General Waldheim.

"Earlier, my main job was to pull together the various elements of the executive branch that were involved in the crisis, including the different bureaus in the Department of State. As the Secretary's representative, I attended meetings of the Special Coordinating Committee in the White House situation room almost daily. Here representatives of the National Security Council, the Defense Department, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, the Central Intelligence Agency, frequently joined by the Attorney General, members of the Office of Management and Budget, the Department of Energy, and the Department of Commerce, met to discuss the complicated aspects of the problem. We constantly reviewed the possible pressures that might be placed on Iran, the treatment of Iranian citizens in the United States, the effect of the crisis on energy requirements, and a host of other related matters. The decisions that President Carter had to make were frequently very difficult ones, in which the options were few and unappealing. In any action he took, he had to consider not only the situation in Iran and the safety of the hostages but the impact on our relations with other countries as well as the impact on the American public."

Part of Newsom's time was also taken up with keeping track of the movements in and out of the United States and elsewhere of the Shah of Iran, Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, whose arrival here for medical treatment in October prompted the attack on the Embassy. Over the weekend of March 22nd, when Newsom was Acting Secretary, he was deeply involved in the effects of the Shah's decision to forgo further medical treatment in Panama, where he had gone when he left the United States, and to fly to Egypt—a move that further complicated the problem.

Newsom often puts in twelve hours a day, seven days a week, arriving at his office around seven o'clock each morning, and sometimes earlier, to read the morning cable summaries and the important longer cables about situations in specific countries. At eight-thirty, he meets with Muskie and Christopher; Ben Read, the Under-Secretary for Management; Peter Tarnoff, the Department's executive secretary, who, among other things, directs the daily traffic flows; and Anthony Lake, the head of the Policy Planning Staff. Tarnoff and Lake both served in Vietnam; Tarnoff was an aide to Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge in the mid-sixties, and in the early sixties Lake served as an aide to Lodge and did political reporting in the provinces; he later joined the National Security Council and resigned in protest after the invasion of Cambodia, in May, 1970. (Lake and several other members of the State Department team—among them Richard Holbrooke, Assistant Secretary for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, and Richard Moose, Assistant Secretary for African Affairs—represent the "Generation of 1960" in the Department, which is to say that they are younger men who were against the Vietnam War. After supporting Carter during the Presidential campaign, they came back into the Department as political appointees, but their return into high-ranking jobs has been a source of some resentment on the part of members of the regular Foreign Service who felt that their own opportunities for promotion had thereby been reduced or delayed.)

Muskie, like Vance before him, at the morning meeting focusses on major assignments and issues. Vance, in keeping with his philosophy of delegation of work, wanted the assistant secretaries to make every decision they were capable of making—Holbrooke,

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The Volkswagen Dasher isn't a down-sized something else. It wasn't wrenched into shape overnight.

It's exactly the size we had in mind, and so we've had plenty of time to make it more of a car instead of less.

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*Dasher Diesel Sedan 0-50 mph in 13.0 sec.

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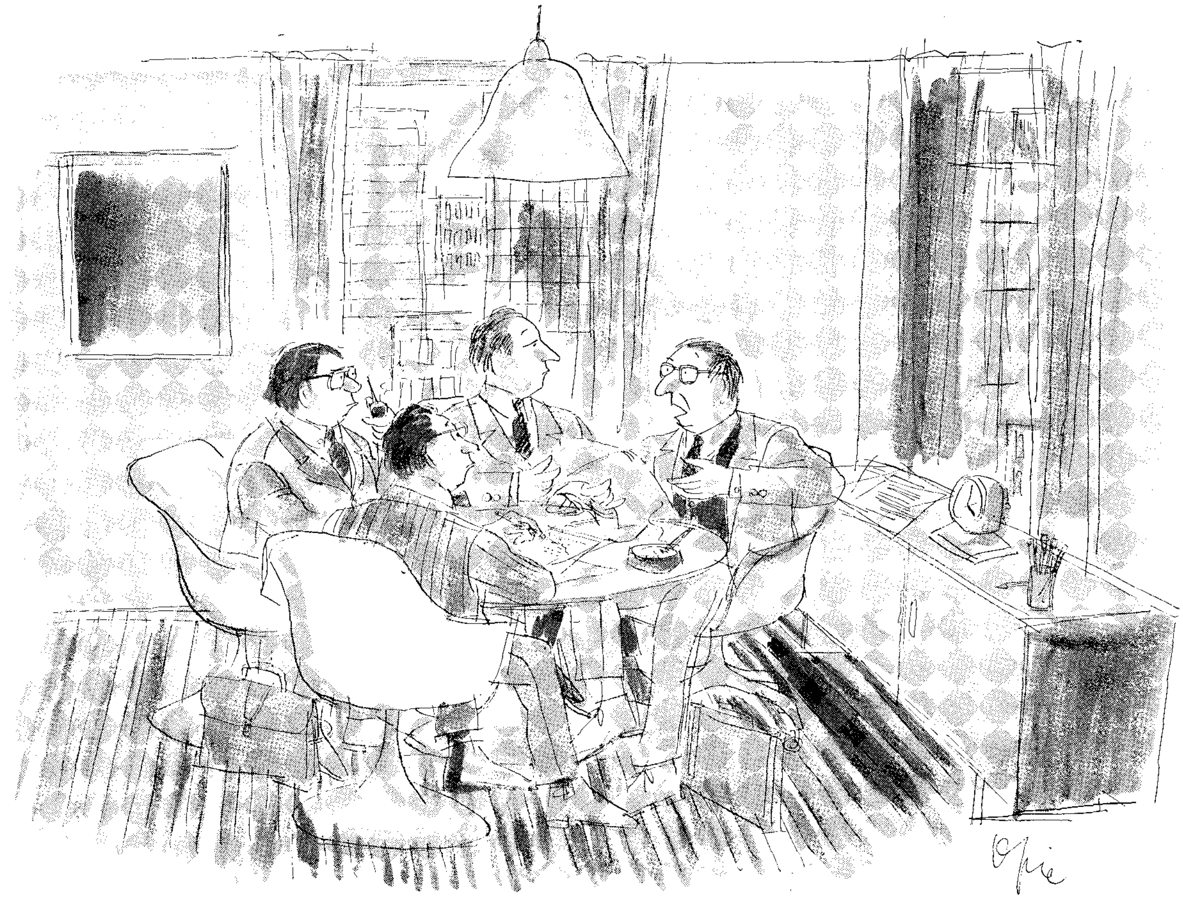
for example, did much of the basic spadework that led up to the normalization of relations with Peking. As Vance explained it, "Before we came into office, I and two or three others outlined the issues we thought should be dealt with in the coming four years, and we discussed the difficulties that might exist, both short- and long-range. We thus had a blueprint prepared in the pre-inaugural period, and then we vetted it with the other agencies of the government, particularly the National Security Council. The goals we set included a resolution of the Panama Canal problem, which involved a number of Third World considerations; the Middle East, in view of the danger to peace there and to the world if we failed to move forward and at least partly resolve that problem; strengthening our relations with the Allied powers in Europe and with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization; the improvement of United States-Soviet relations, of which the new SALT II talks and a new SALT treaty were only one aspect; a stronger African policy, especially concerning the southern African area; normalization of relations with China; an improvement in the North-South dialogue—that is, between industrial and developing nations and including such things as controlling population increases and the spread of nuclear weapons; economic negotiations in a multilateral context; making sure, in the field of national security, that we maintained a rough equivalence of forces, including conventional ones, to act as a real deterrent within the NATO framework; and a strengthening and improvement of our intelligence capabilities, which called for the restructuring of our entire intelligence community."

In one way or another, Newsom, who replaced Philip Habib as Under-Secretary more than two years ago, has dealt substantively or peripherally with all these matters except SALT and the Panama Canal negotiations, and with a multiplicity of others as well. (Habib, a holdover from the Kissinger era, was forced to quit for health reasons but afterward returned temporarily to the Department as a special assistant, thereby strengthening the heavily strained seventh-floor force.) Newsom's main area of interest and expertise has been Africa. After serving as Ambassador to Libya—one of three ambassadorial posts he has held—he was Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs from 1969 to 1974, and he has been engaged for several years in the complex negotiations over Zimbabwean and Namibian independence and also in a variety of other African concerns, including efforts, so far unsuccessful, to restore better relations with Libya and to solve continuing problems pertaining to a dozen or more countries in both northern and black Africa. Beyond this, he has been involved in the Nicaraguan mediation efforts that preceded the victory of the Sandinistas; in the conflict between North and South Yemen, which affects the security of Saudi Arabia, and which, along with Egypt, is regarded by the Administration as of vital importance in our efforts to avoid another Middle East war and to keep Arab oil flowing at what Department cynics call "the lowest possible astronomical price;" and, more recently, in the Iran crisis, which for weeks on end has occupied so much of his time that he is hard put to keep up with the rest of his work.

Newsom has noted, "Crises invariably occur over weekends or on holidays." The seizure of the hostages in Teheran took place early Sunday morning, last November 4th, Washington time. On Monday afternoon, May 26th, the Memorial Day holiday, Newsom was in his office when the Operations Center across the hall from him, which handles cable and telephone messages from abroad, received word that South Korean Army units, including tanks and crack Special Forces troops, had launched an attack on Kwangju, the capital of South Cholla Province, to recapture the city from rioting students and other rebel elements who had occupied it six days before. The rebellious elements had armed themselves with guns seized from local military storage centers, in the culmination of student uprisings that had begun in Seoul to protest the harsh martial-law regime of the military, which, following the assassination of President Park Chung Hee last October, had grabbed control of the coun-



"How should we pitch to Kaufman—low and outside, or high and inside?"

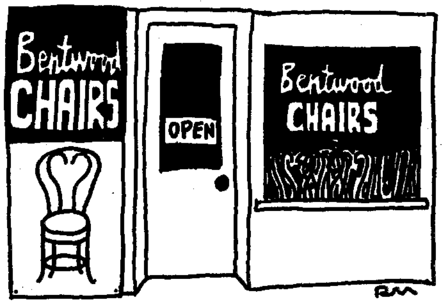
• •

try in December and seemed determined to postpone indefinitely restoration of a civilian government, including the writing of a new, more liberal constitution and the holding of free elections. The present group of ruling officers is headed by General Chon Too Hwan, who, in addition to being head of Army security, has appointed himself the acting head of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency (whose earlier chief, Kim Jae Kyu, was the man who assassinated President Park and was subsequently executed).

After taking power from an interregnum government of both civilians and officers in what amounted to a coup, General Chon and his group cracked down on the civilian political leaders who had long opposed Park's rule, including Kim Dae Jung, who almost defeated Park in the last free Presidential election, held in 1971. Not only was Kim arrested but other leading politicians were, too, including Kim Jong Pil—the leader of Park's party, the Democratic Republicans—who had emerged as a principal presidential candidate. Newsom told me, "Chon and his fellow-generals had told William Gleysteen, our ambassador, that they would hold back their troops and negotiate with the Kwangju rebels instead of trying to retake the city by force, but at two-thirty our time that Monday afternoon, we received word of the attack via a radio broadcast from Kwangju. Deputy Secretary Christopher was in Geneva attending a conference on Cambodia and Secretary Muskie was home. I spent the afternoon and evening monitoring the events in Korea and keeping the Secretary informed by phone. The Operations Center kept in touch with the White House. We had about a score of American citizens in Kwangju and were concerned about their safety, but our main concern was to avoid having the disturbances in Kwangju further impair the whole shaky national structure. We had been trying to make two points to the South Korean military. We couldn't tell them not to try to reestablish central government control in a province in the middle of a rebellion, but we could encourage them to do what they had to do in a way that would minimize casualties, and not use their Special Forces in an unnecessarily repressive manner. There has been considerable disappointment here already over the fact that Korea seems to be returning to military rule, and that the democratic process has been sidetracked. After Park's death and an announcement by Choi Kyu Hah, who was designated his successor by an interim military council, we had hoped that elections would soon be held, and that we'd see a reasonably quick process whereby the Koreans would return to civilian democratic rule. Now, once more, it seems to be going in another direction. As is the case with a number of other countries, our security interests in Korea are substantial, and we have the continuing difficulty of reconciling those interests with political conditions that we find hard to accept. Our capacity to deal directly with a situation like this in another sovereign nation is limited, but we will continue to make our views known and hope that in time we can move the political process back on the track."

There are at present two schools of thought in the State Department. One school favors accepting the fact that General Chon has "won this round" and we should wait out events in the expectation that he will experience more trouble and will eventually have to resign. Another school advocates using American leverage—including the presence in South Korea of thirty-nine thousand United States troops, along with American financial support for Korea's large military establishment—to bring greater pressure on General Chon now and force him to relinquish power before further damage is done to the nation's economy, and its inherent stability is weakened. There is also the fear that growing civil disturbances and chaos could provoke a response from Communist North Korea. Chon removed his troops from Kwangju after four days and peace was restored in the city, but he followed this up by consolidating his hold on the country through the appointment of a new standing committee commanded by himself and his fellow-generals. Fresh resistance, particularly from students, is anticipated.

SEVERAL weeks before the Korean crisis, Newsom was involved in the complicated situation that arose when the first of about a hundred thousand Cuban refugees began pouring into Florida in small boats from the Cuban port of Mariel. Early in April, in Havana, ten thousand Cubans had stormed the Peruvian Embassy seeking asylum, which is a principle considered especially important by Latin Americans. President Fidel Castro initially encouraged the move as a means to rid himself of "undesirables," including former prisoners, political and otherwise, but when Costa Rica, Peru, and some other countries expressed a willingness to receive the unexpectedly large number of refugees, Castro became worried that Cuba's revolutionary image in Latin America would suffer, and he discontinued airlifts to Costa Rica, which had been the primary haven. Instead, he let it be known, through an announcement in *Granma*, the national newspaper, that the large Cuban community in Florida could dispatch boats to Mariel to pick up relatives—many of whom had been left behind during the first big exodus, between 1965 and 1973, when he had opened another port, Camarioca, and the first of two hundred and sixty-five thousand Cubans came to America. The great bulk of these refugees subsequently left on "freedom flights;" another hundred and thirty-five thousand were on the waiting list when Castro terminated that exodus. Cubans who had settled in Miami and other Florida cities jumped at the chance to get their relatives out, and since most of them had prospered and some were wealthy, they eagerly paid American fishing-boat captains thousands of dollars to go to Mariel and fetch the refugees.



"This confronted our authorities in Florida and Washington with a difficult problem," Newsom said. "Should we stop the boats from going, seize them upon their return here, or what? It was a situation that could easily get out of control. We decided, in late April, to try to get the Cuban community in Florida to cut off the flow, and we held an emotional meeting in Washington with some of its members, at which it became apparent there was no way, under the circumstances, to stop the flotilla of boats from going to Mariel unless we had an alternative." Eventually, the Cubans here came to realize that Castro not only was using the exodus to get rid of dissidents and other undesirable elements but, as the United States Interests Section in Havana—an office set up in the Swiss Embassy by the State Department, with the Cubans' consent—pointed out in a cable, he was trying "to externalize an internal problem" that derived from his floundering economy and was engaging in "guerrilla warfare, using refugees rather than guns" in an effort to cause disruption in this country.

Newsom chaired two meetings late

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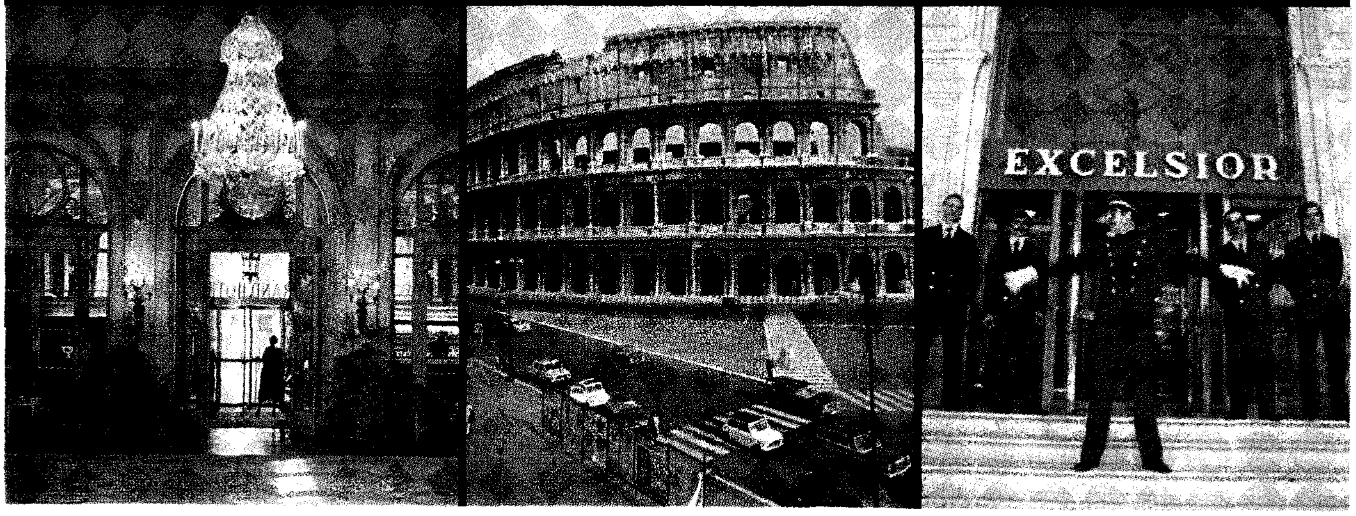

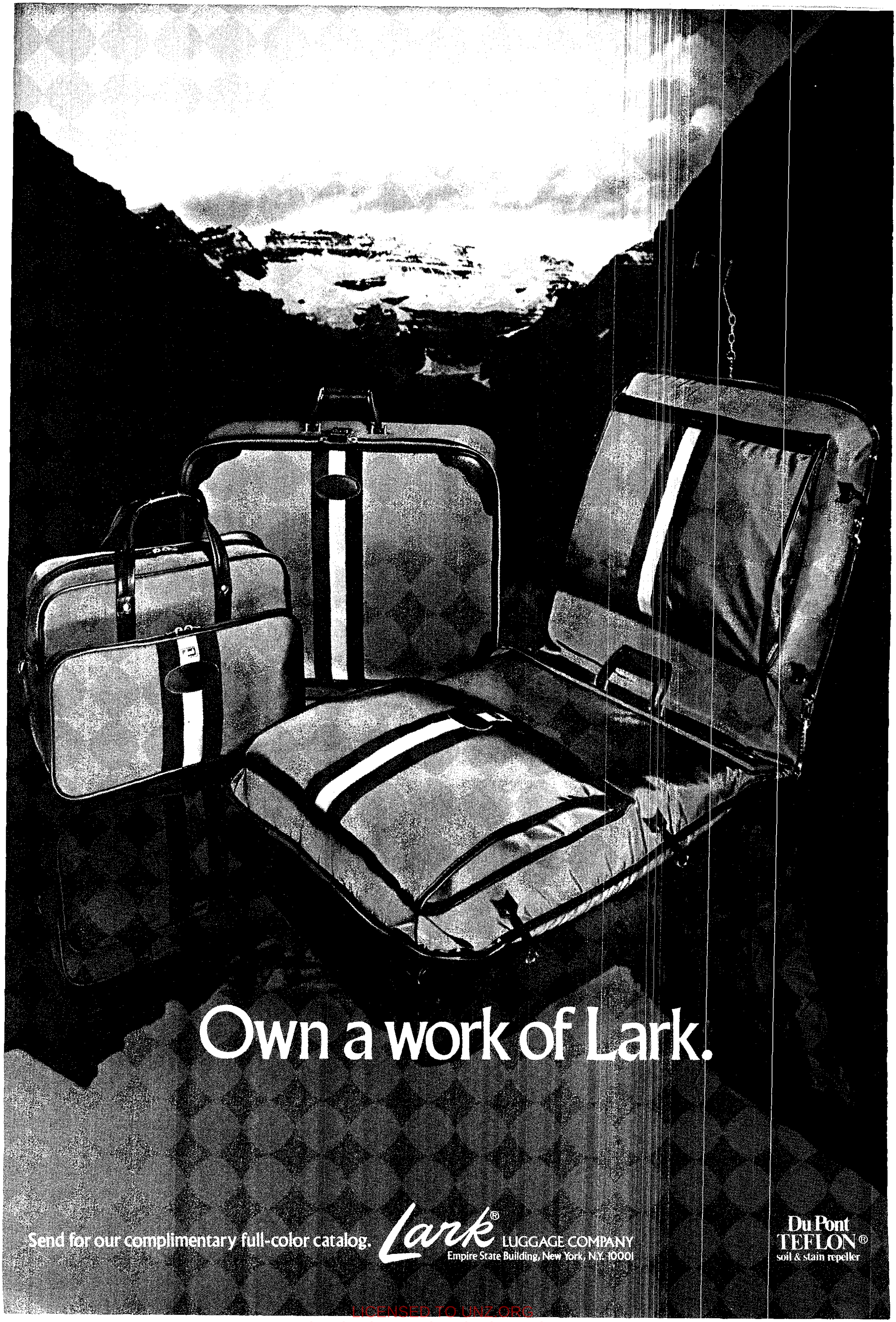
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in April at the White House attended by representatives of several government agencies, including the Justice Department and the Treasury Department, in an effort to formulate a policy on the Cuban refugees. Ultimately, despite a declaration by President Carter in early May that refugees would be welcomed with "an open heart and open arms," the government decided to control the Cuban influx by threatening the boat captains with fines for bringing aliens in illegally. Washington remained willing to negotiate with Castro to set up an orderly flow based on a preliminary screening in Cuba of those who wanted to come here, and indicated that it would accept as many as seventy-five thousand Cubans a year, but Castro refused this offer and also rejected the attempt of a tripartite committee, composed of the United States, Great Britain, and Costa Rica, organized after a meeting on May 8th in San José, Costa Rica, to work out an orderly procedure for regulating the refugee flow. To make matters worse, he detained some boat captains at Mariel and threatened them with twenty-five-thousand-dollar fines if they refused to load refugees, and then forced them to overload their boats. Another problem arose on May 17th, when he spurred a demonstration at the United States Interests Section, where three hundred and eighty-six Cubans were seeking visas. Most of them are still in the building, afraid to leave, and, as Newsom said, "we were suddenly confronted with our own Peruvian predicament." A Latin-American nation is at present trying to mediate this conflict. The influx of boats from Mariel has slowed down, at least temporarily, as a result of Coast Guard surveillance, but the task of processing the hundred thousand refugees already here has proved a difficult one, which has caused dissension not only within the Cuban community in Florida and in the three camps where the refugees are being held but also within the government bureaucracy trying to cope with the problem. The feeling of Newsom and others at the State Department is that, over and above his domestic problems, Castro was driven to act as he has acted over the refugee question by the frustrations he has experienced as the head this year of the Nonaligned Nations Movement, whose role has been rendered tenuous lately by the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. By lashing out at the United States, it is suggested, he may be trying to use his present difficulties as a lever to get us to remove some of the galling restrictions we have placed on Cuba, including a long-standing economic embargo. In the last fortnight, he has been less vitriolic in his denunciations of the United States, but he has not yet shown any inclination to negotiate over the refugees or on anything else.

BOUND for BROADWAY
Ta da da da
Da ta da ta
Better get rid of these brown shoes.
R. Chast

ON an average day, in dealing with these and a host of other major and minor matters, Newsom holds half a dozen meetings in his office, attended by anywhere from three to fifteen colleagues, and, in addition, he frequently meets with just one visitor—an American ambassador briefly back in the country or about to take up a new post, or a foreign diplomat who has a problem to discuss, or one whom the Department has called in for talks.

In the last category, Newsom, in his trouble-shooting role, which often involves the dispensation of bad news, had the task of telling the Pakistanis more than a year ago that we were cutting off forty million dollars of annual economic aid and six hundred thousand dollars of military aid because we had received firm intelligence that they were engaged in the construction of a uranium-enrichment plant that could produce material for nuclear weapons. Newsom is at his best in dealing with difficult matters of this sort, and, having followed events in Pakistan with considerable personal interest ever since 1948, when he served there in his first post as a Foreign Service Officer, he managed to carry out this assignment with his usual combination of tact and directness—letting Sultan Khan, the Pakistan Ambassador, know that he was genuinely sorry, as an old friend of that country, to do what he was doing but that the United States felt it had no alternative; he told Sultan that he hoped the Pakistanis would mend their nuclear ways, so the close relationship between the two nations could be reaffirmed.

After the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan in late December, despite Pakistan's still uncertain nuclear intentions, the Administration made a complete turnabout on aid to that country and expressed a willingness to ask Congress for two hundred million dollars' worth of credit for defensive Pakistani weapons and for economic assistance for this fiscal year and an equal amount for the new fiscal year starting in October. President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq of Pakistan initially described the offer as "peanuts" but then seemed willing to consider accepting if Washington could get its European allies, Japan, and Saudi Arabia to supplement the package. No agreement on either a package or a bilateral deal has yet been reached, and even if something is worked out with Zia it is probably too late now to obtain funds from Congress for this fiscal year. Even though the earlier close ties between the Americans and the Pakistanis have not been fully reëstablished, and may not be, the relationship has been partially repaired as a result of the Soviet threat to Pakistan's northern territories, where some seven hundred thousand Afghan refugees have settled, some of whom are armed Muslim insurgents determined to drive the Russians out of Afghanistan and topple the current puppet government. The subtleties of the Pakistan problem, especially as related to the dangerous situation in South Asia and the Middle East, including the threat that the Soviet attack on Afghanistan poses to the vital oil deposits and shipping lanes of the Persian Gulf area, furnish a prime example of the changing, multilayered nature of current foreign policy and diplomacy, in which options are not only complex and difficult to deal with in their own right but are highly circumscribed by legal complexities—chiefly by a sheaf of laws and amendments passed by Congress since the nineteen-sixties. The ongoing effect has been to embroil Congress in the foreign-policymaking process far beyond its original constitutional rights and obligations, which are to declare war, to approve treaties, and to confirm appointments, including those of all ambassadors and officials in the State Department, from assistant secretaries on up.

American relations with Pakistan and India have been encumbered for years by overlapping and conflicting interests—a reflection of the two nations' history of mutual antipathy, dating back to the partition of India, in 1947, and finding expression in three wars between them, the last in 1971, which led to the birth of Bangladesh. India exploded a nuclear device in 1974, and though it has since pledged to pursue only peaceful nuclear aims, its politicians have been divided over the long-term issue of the bomb and what to do about it, especially in view of China's nuclear experiments and that nation's emergence as a power on the world scene, with the backing of the United States. Now that Indira Gandhi is again Prime Minister, the Indian nuclear program will probably be resumed more forcefully. Pakistan's nuclear adventure, partly predicated on its fear of Indian aggression (in addition to the nuclear device, the Indians have larger conventional forces), was more recent. In 1976, the Pakistanis signed a contract with the French to buy a nuclear-fuel-reprocessing plant, which would have supplied them with plutonium, and in July, 1978, Newsom went to Pakistan to discuss the matter. Subsequently, the French suspended the contract, whereupon aid to Pakistan, which had been curtailed because of the deal, was restored. But Pakistan's secret plans were not abandoned, and political events in the area increased the Pakistanis' fears and heightened their nuclear response. The fall of the Shah and the continuing uncertain revolutionary situation in Iran deprived Pakistan of a strong Middle Eastern ally and aggravated a number of minority tribal rebellions that the government was facing; then the revolution in Afghanistan, to the north—where the regime was challenged by, among other things, tribal opposition mounted from inside Pakistan—led to Soviet and Afghan charges against the Pakistanis. Radicalism feeding on rising areawide tensions thus gave a new dimension to the Soviet-American confrontation in South Asia, as both Moscow and Washington sorted out their commitments to their friends. The large-scale invasion of Afghanistan provoked the strongest American response since the days of the Cold War in the late forties and fifties. Renewed aid to Pakistan was only one of several reactions, while the over-all tension was heightened by growing naval rivalry between the Russian and American fleets in the Indian Ocean.

Pakistan had been a major recipient of American economic aid since 1953, having been given a total of nearly five billion dollars' worth, and until 1965 it also received large amounts of military assistance, which was bolstered by a defense agreement between the two countries signed in 1959. But under the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Act of 1978 the United States can sell nuclear fuel only to nations that are willing to accept limitations on their entire nuclear facilities. Two recent amendments to the Foreign Assistance Act of 1961, one on enrichment, introduced by former Senator Stuart Symington, and the other on reprocessing, submitted by Senator John Glenn, call, respectively, for the cutting off of aid to any country importing components that, through enrichment or reprocessing, might lead to a nuclear-weapons capacity. Both amendments include clauses enabling the President to waive the restrictions if he declares that it is in the national interest, and, in the case of the Symington amendment, if the country in question also offers assurances that it won't manufacture nuclear weapons or transmit its technology to others. Pakistan has, in fact, offered those assurances, but it has refused to pledge that it will not conduct a nuclear test. When we made our new offer of aid to Pakistan in the wake of the attack on Afghanistan, the Administration, rather than invoke a Presidential waiver, planned to ask Congress to make an "exception" to the Symington amendment and to agree to furnish aid to Pakistan on an open-ended basis as long as the crisis continued, while at the same time making it clear that our concern over the nuclear issue was an abiding one and that any nuclear explosion by Pakistan

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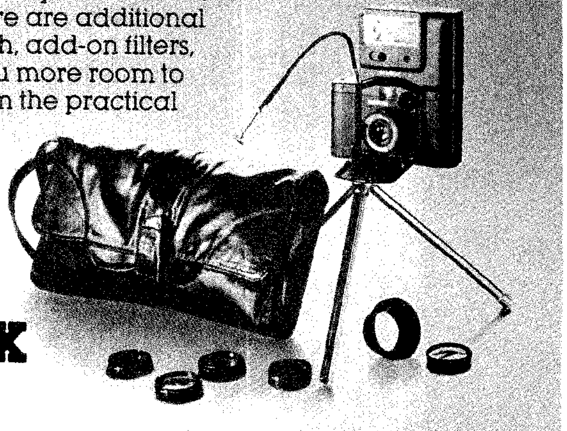

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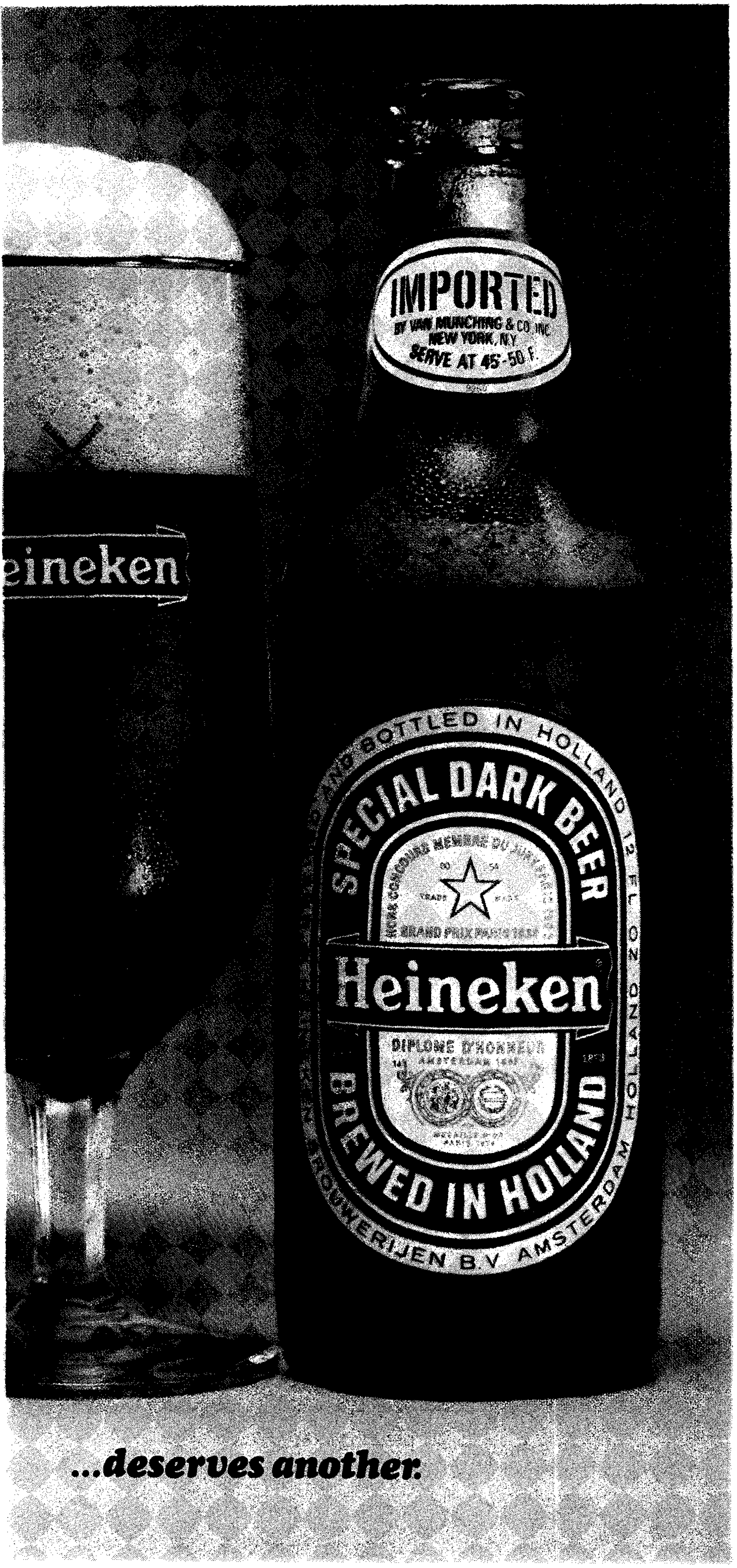
would result in another swift termination of assistance. Beneath the worries over Pakistan's nuclear activities has been an underlying fear on the part of American officials and Congress that a Pakistani bomb would lead to an expensive and possibly disastrous nuclear race in the subcontinent, to a breakdown in international control over nuclear proliferation, and to the possible transmittal of technology to radically oriented states or groups, including terrorists of the left or the right.

The Indians, who started their advanced nuclear program in the early seventies, had managed to avoid being affected by the American legislative proscriptions or by the restrictions imposed by the International Atomic Energy Agency, or by the Nuclear Suppliers Conference, the last founded by seven countries exporting nuclear materials after the 1974 Indian test explosion. Moreover, the American legislative proscriptions relate to transfers of nuclear material, not to construction of nuclear sites. But India has a power-reactor site at Tarapur, near Bombay, which does come under the purview of the 1978 Nuclear Non-Proliferation Act, though the Indians maintain that fuel for Tarapur was contracted for earlier and should therefore also be exempt. The State Department last year expressed a willingness to continue sending fuel shipments to Tarapur, but only if by this March the Indians agreed to safeguards on all their nuclear facilities. The Indians refused to offer such a commitment, but, partly to avoid having them turn to the Soviet Union or another country such as France for the nuclear fuel, President Carter last month approved a State Department recommendation to send them two shipments of fuel for the Tarapur project. The recommendation was rejected by our Nuclear Regulatory Commission, but President Carter can overrule the rejection and submit the recommendation to Congress, which can override it by a joint resolution. New Delhi has continued to waffle between being willing to abide by a regional agreement for a nuclear-free zone that would include China and a more vague worldwide agreement, and meanwhile it is keeping its nuclear options open. As for Pakistan, while it also expressed support for a regional ban on nuclear weapons, the United States has been aware, ever since the cancellation of the French contract, that the Pakistanis have been engaged in secret purchases abroad—often through dummy business organizations—of advanced equipment and materials that could be used to manufacture weapons-grade uranium. Over several months, a coöperative sleuthing operation conducted by the Central Intelligence Agency and the intelligence organizations of Great Britain, West Germany, and Holland brought to light details of Pakistan's successful efforts to buy such esoteric devices as "inverters," which are high-speed motor drives for regulating centrifuges, and such materials as "maraging" steel, an extremely hard alloy ordinarily used for manufacturing jet engines but also usable for making centrifuges. Though the Pakistanis at first said they were in the process of building nothing more threatening than a textile plant, the Americans obtained photographs of work going on at three nuclear sites in Pakistan—Chaklala, Sihala, and Kahuta—and of truck movements between these areas. The site at Kahuta, twenty-five miles southeast of Islamabad, is thought to be a centrifugal plant for large-scale uranium enrichment, which, when it is completed, will afford Pakistan a greater weapons capacity in this realm than India's.

It was against this background that, following a trip to Pakistan and India more than a year ago by Deputy Secretary Christopher, during which he attempted to persuade the Pakistanis that Washington took a highly serious view of the situation, and also following several leaks in the Indian and foreign press about what the Pakistanis were doing, the Administration decided to announce that aid would be cut off. The decision had actually been reached two weeks before Newsom called in Sultan Khan, but action on it had been withheld in the hope that the Pakistanis might still change their minds. The news leaks, combined with congressional awareness of what was going on, meant that a triggering of the Symington amendment was unavoidable. In April, 1979, shortly after Newsom saw Sultan Khan, the Carter Administration, in a new effort to halt the nuclear-arms race on the subcontinent, revived an offer to sell the Pakistanis fifty F-5E fighter planes equipped with air-to-ground missiles. The offer was made partly because of the unstable situations in Iran and Afghanistan and partly in the interests of continuing to extend aid to an old ally while simultaneously trying to shore up this country's often shaky relationship with India. But the Pakistanis rejected the proposal—if they were to get planes, they indicated that they wanted the more modern, longer-



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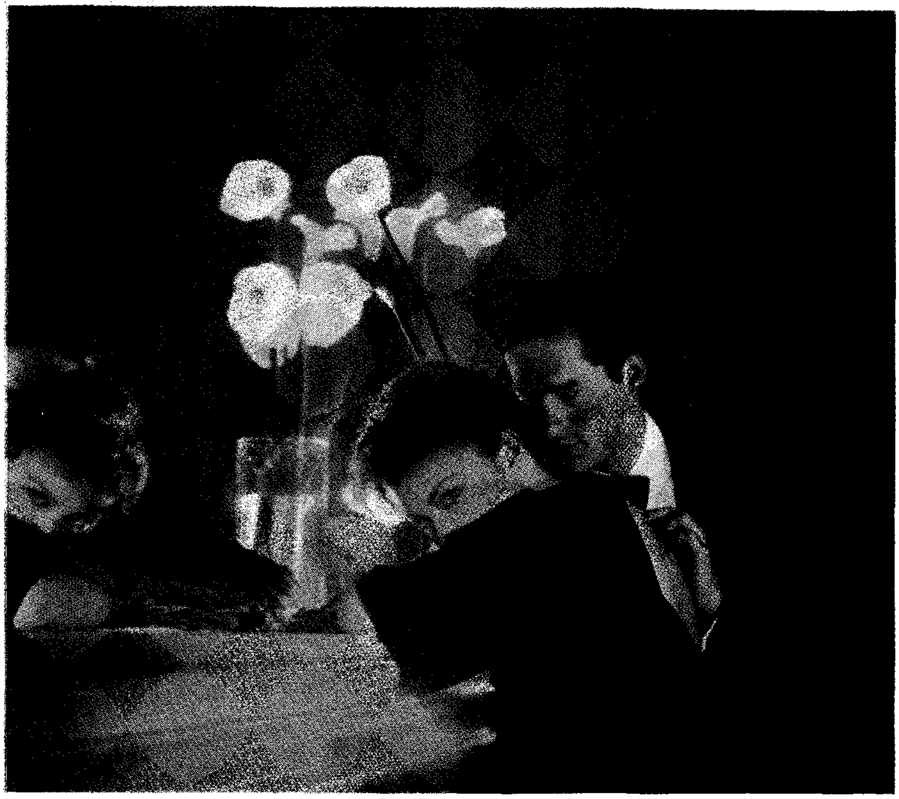

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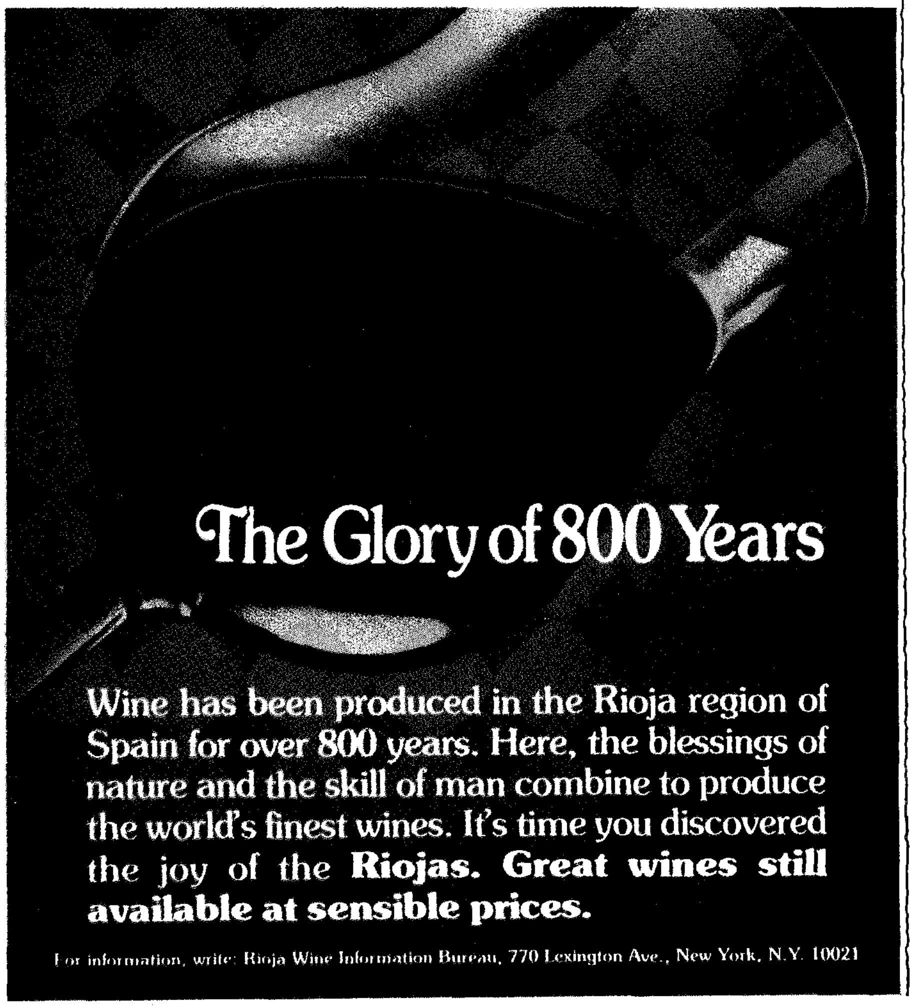

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range F-16s—and said they were going ahead with their nuclear program. It was known that even if they received no further technological aid from abroad—and there was no guarantee that they wouldn't be able to buy additional equipment for making bomb-grade uranium—they already had enough knowledge and wherewithal to catch up with the Indians in five years at the most, and perhaps in two years, and they were deemed capable of exploding some sort of nuclear device even before that. In a series of conflicting statements, they continued to deny that they were building a bomb; to insist that they remained interested only in peaceful nuclear development; and to charge that the American cutoff of aid was provoked by "Zionist circles" seeking to inhibit legitimate research by an Islamic state. "Why don't you go and ask your own government about its germ-warfare plants? Why not ask them about their nuclear bombs?" an irate Pakistani spokesman demanded last spring of American reporters.

ONE afternoon last year, in Newsom's office, I joined a meeting of thirteen State Department officials at which this whole question was discussed for more than an hour in preparation for a meeting of the Policy Review Committee—that is, a scheduled meeting, held periodically at the White House, of ranking representatives of the State Department, the Department of Defense, the C.I.A., and the National Security Council, and sometimes including representatives of other agencies, departments, or bureaus, such as the Department of the Treasury and the Office of Management and Budget.

Newsom began the meeting by saying that there were half a dozen questions he wanted to address, including the exploration of a new formula for resolution of the problem, which might be acceptable to the Indians as well as to the Pakistanis.

"Do we need to say anything to the British before we go back to the Indians?" he asked. "Are they planning any kind of approach to India?"

He was told that the Department knew of none; that the Thatcher Government had other, more important priorities; and that there was no need to consult London first.

"Is there one key element from the Indians to take back, or that we can transmit to the Pakistanis? What are they prepared to do?" Newsom wanted to know.

The Indians "insist the problem is

China," one of the participants said, and when Newsom suggested that China wasn't their only consideration the reply he received was that "when you get right down to it, it is." Lucy Benson, a former national president of the League of Women Voters, whom Carter appointed Under-Secretary of State for Security Assistance, Science, and Technology (she has since resigned), agreed, adding, "The Pakistanis shouldn't be doing what they're doing under any circumstances."

After some further discussion of options with the Indians, Newsom asked, "Should we delay an approach to the Indians until the next fuel step is acted upon—the Tarapur decision?"

The question of how the Pakistanis would react if the Tarapur shipment went through was then discussed. Newsom told the group that Vance, at the meeting that morning, had asked about the formation of a more organized planning group in connection with the general question of aid to India as well as Pakistan. "We do not want to appear to be in collusion with either party," Newsom said. The answers he received indicated that most of those in the room felt there were many matters of common interest and common danger involved and that some sort of resolution of the question was required—one that would take into consideration the sensitive feelings of both the Pakistanis and the Indians. At Newsom's directive, the specialists at the meeting thereupon agreed to "take further soundings."

Newsom then turned to the next issue on the agenda, concerning cash arms sales to the Pakistanis, which is still an open option and which a number of influential senators have favored, over and above the question of outright military aid and nuclear restraints. "Is there any problem on that?" Newsom asked.

"Is it a position the Defense Department is taking?" someone wanted to know.

"No, it's just probing," Newsom said.

"Is this linked to the freeze proposal?" another participant asked.

"The Secretary is still concerned on the security issue," Newsom replied. "Congressional opinion as a whole may be that the general situation is such that we should continue security relations with Pakistan even though this other problem exists."

Under-Secretary Benson interjected that "we need to have a thorough airing by consulting with prominent congressmen as soon as possible."

"Collectively or individually?" someone inquired.

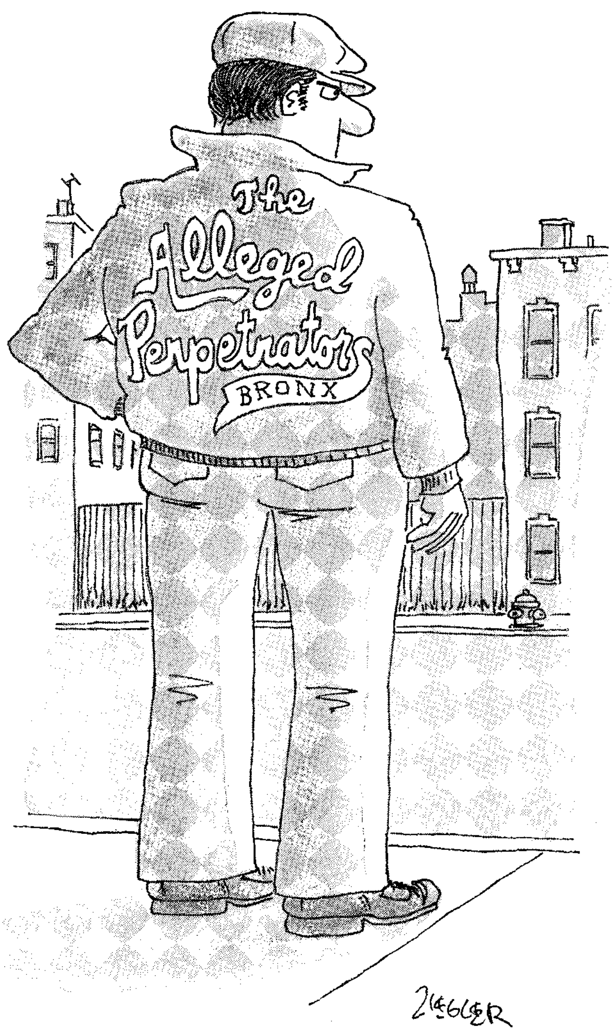
Newsom asked for additional opinions, and it was agreed that while individual consultations would probably prevent further press leaks, more headway would be made if important congressmen were consulted as a group.

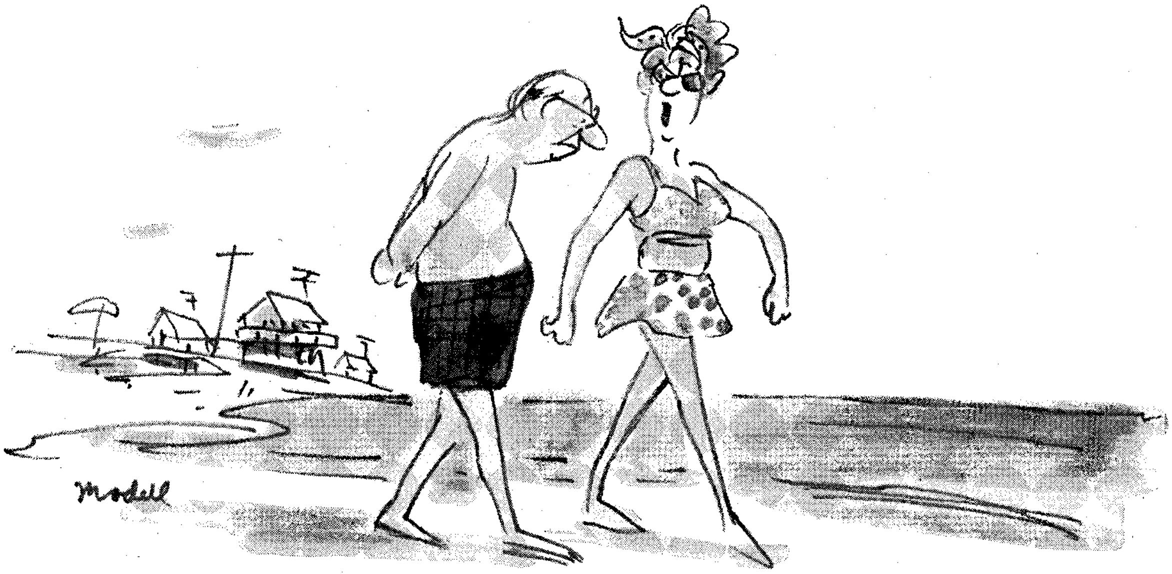
"If they're aware we're consulting individually, they'll come up with full hearings," Newsom said.

What followed was a rundown of key senators and representatives—who was worth seeing and why—and the meeting ended with Newsom's instructing Jane Coon, a Deputy Assistant Secretary for Near East and South Asian Affairs (she is one of a growing number of women holding high- or medium-rank positions in the Foreign Service), to draw up some "talking points," which is the State Department phrase for a paper used in hearings or meetings to present a position, and to "give us a first draft." Mrs. Coon laughed uncomfortably at the use of the word "first"—paper writers in Foggy Bottom being touchy about their prose, as they are elsewhere.

After the others had left, I remained behind to talk to Newsom. "Many things today make diplomacy more difficult than it used to be," he said. "Twenty years ago, when we were unchallenged as the dominant power in the world and could marshal majorities in the General Assembly and the Security Council of the United Nations, and when there was less demand for congressional consultation, we also had a nuclear monopoly, or near-monopoly. When it came to mustering resources for transfer to others, we unquestionably led the world. Today, as the Pakistan case demonstrates, there are several sources that less strong countries can turn to for help. Arab wealth is an obvious new factor. Europe, as it continues to work out its own problems, has its own special interests. Japan, which was not a power in the fifties, now is one. Back then, we were the only nation that could offer both diplomatic muscle and material support. Today, we have to face alternatives. We have to prove our claim to an interest in situations that affect us. We also have to sacrifice some of our effectiveness in diplomacy to meet the demand for more public knowledge about it. Not that we like to keep secrets from the American public, but our ability to deal with the sensitivities of other people and their own political circumstances is lessened if they can't deal with the United States without risk of political embarrassment. News leaks have become an important factor—they're inevitable, given the greater degree of congressional participation in diplomacy, more interagency contact, a more aggressive press, and the Freedom of Information Act. But I've never seen an intelligent examination of the issue of reconciling the real requirements of diplomacy with full freedom of communication."

With respect to dealing with Congress—and the Pakistan episode was only one of many current examples of the situations that compel senior members of





"Pacing is not walking."

the State Department to spend nearly half of their time on congressional liaison—Newsom went on to point out how much more sensitivity, to say nothing of assertiveness, Congress displayed nowadays, compared to its attitudes up to the mid-sixties. "That was still the age of rhetoric, especially under President Kennedy, but the Vietnam War created new inhibitions," he said. "We can no longer respond to world affairs with bold rhetoric, implying action. The mood is much more sombre now, and it's much harder to do things we'd like to do. In addition, the problems we constantly confront are so much tougher. Congress has a lot of special-issue advocates, and they'll lobby sometimes for a policy or a position even before the Administration has made a decision about a given situation. Congressional consultations used to be a lot simpler. You were able to talk to committee chairmen and ranking members of the opposition, and that was usually all you had to do, particularly when we had a recognizable bipartisan approach to foreign policy. That no longer exists, and now the whole structure of Congress is different. There's no one person or set of people you can speak with who represents the whole spectrum. There are fewer powerful leaders and many more independent-minded members, including young ones. At the same time, because of all the constraints and restraints that Congress has imposed upon foreign policy since Vietnam, we have a far more precise congressional overview, which means that it is practically impossible to make certain kinds of decisions quickly and then act on them. But if, as a result, today's diplomacy is more complicated to execute, it's also more open and forthright. We used to talk about our support for the security of other nations without always asking ourselves what we were really prepared to do. Now our obligations to other countries are more sharply defined, and that's a change for the better. I remember that when I was Ambassador in Libya it used to bother me that the existence of our large airbase there implied a direct concern on our part for Libyan security—King Idris thought it meant that if anything happened we'd come to his rescue. I finally got an authorization from the Department to tell him we would not automatically respond. In general, nowadays, we have to be more specific about telling other nations what we can and cannot do, and our diplomacy is therefore made more honest by the limitations on it."

Newsom went on to point out that Congress, reflecting the national mood, remained deeply concerned about the country's overinvolvement abroad—a concern that was not simply neo-isolationist in its attitudes and perceptions, but represented a genuine worry about our spreading ourselves too thin and too precariously at a time when we were confronted with so many domestic difficulties, including budgetary ones. The fact that some of the more important domestic problems, such as energy and the value of the dollar, were interrelated with our foreign commitments and obligations made it all the harder for both Congress and the executive branch to rationalize foreign policy. And the difficulty was enhanced by the growing concern, in Congress as well as in the executive branch, over the advantages that the Soviet Union seemed to be gaining, especially militarily, over the United States. "As a consequence, and somewhat ambivalently," Newsom said, "Congress has now responded to this challenge and is more willing to consider favorably our involvement, at least in some areas, than it would have been a couple of years ago. When I first came back to Washington in the spring of 1978, after tours as Ambassador in Indonesia and the Philippines, I was fascinated by the way the same congressmen could, on the one hand, criticize us for insufficient action and, on the other hand, support measures that restricted action."

The Pakistan case, Newsom feels, has all along been an example of successful consultation with Congress, despite the legislative encumbrances that have delayed or precluded a quick response to crises, such as that posed by the invasion of Afghanistan. "Before taking any action, we talked to such key leaders as Clement Zablocki, the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, and Jonathan Bingham, who is a member of it, and, on the Senate side, to Jacob Javits and John Glenn, who are members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and we were able to outline all the highly sensitive nuclear and political issues and place them in geographic perspective," he said. "We emphasized the importance to the United States of maintaining good relations with India and at the same time trying to reach a compromise with Pakistan." The Soviet attack on Afghanistan complicated the situation further. Months before, Ambassador Arthur Hummel, in Pakistan, according to the cables that Newsom received, was conferring with President Zia, who told him again that Pakistan remained willing to accept a safeguard system if it applied equally to India. Zia, eager to consult with the United States on the ticklish questions of Iran and Afghanistan, said that the door remained open for security cooperation with the Americans. In India, meanwhile, Ambassador Robert Goheen was seeking to resolve the differences that existed among the Indians

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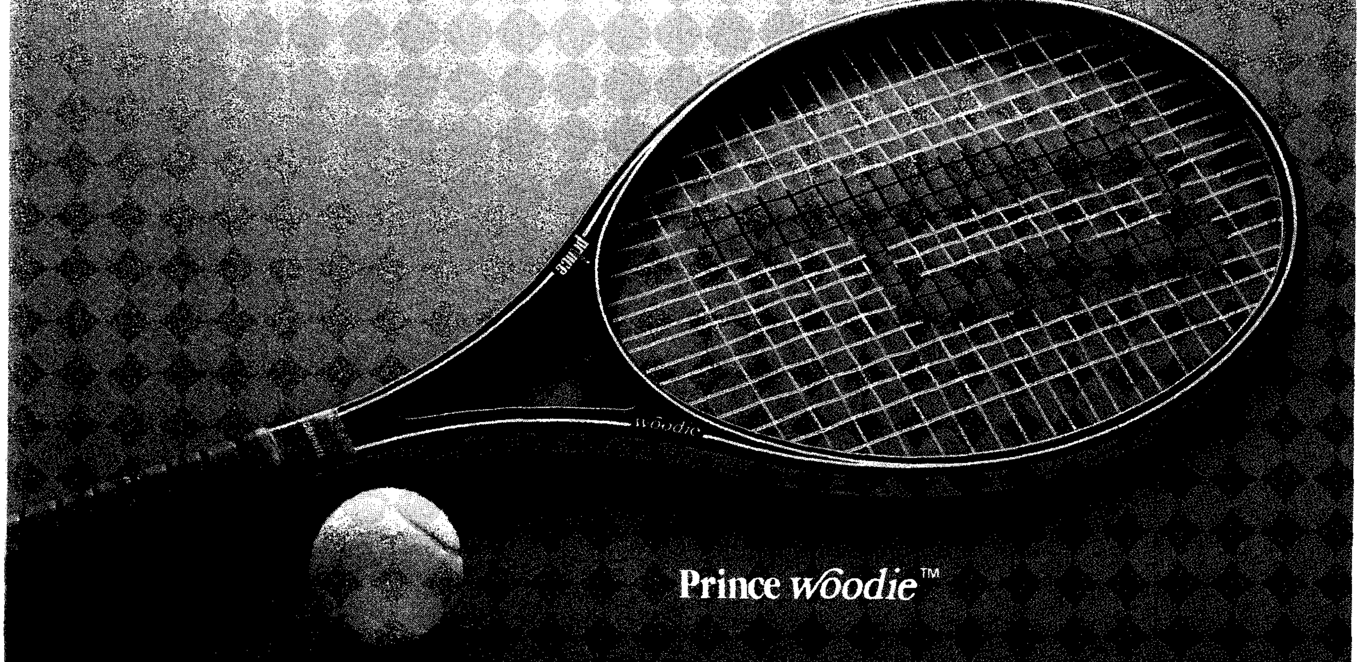

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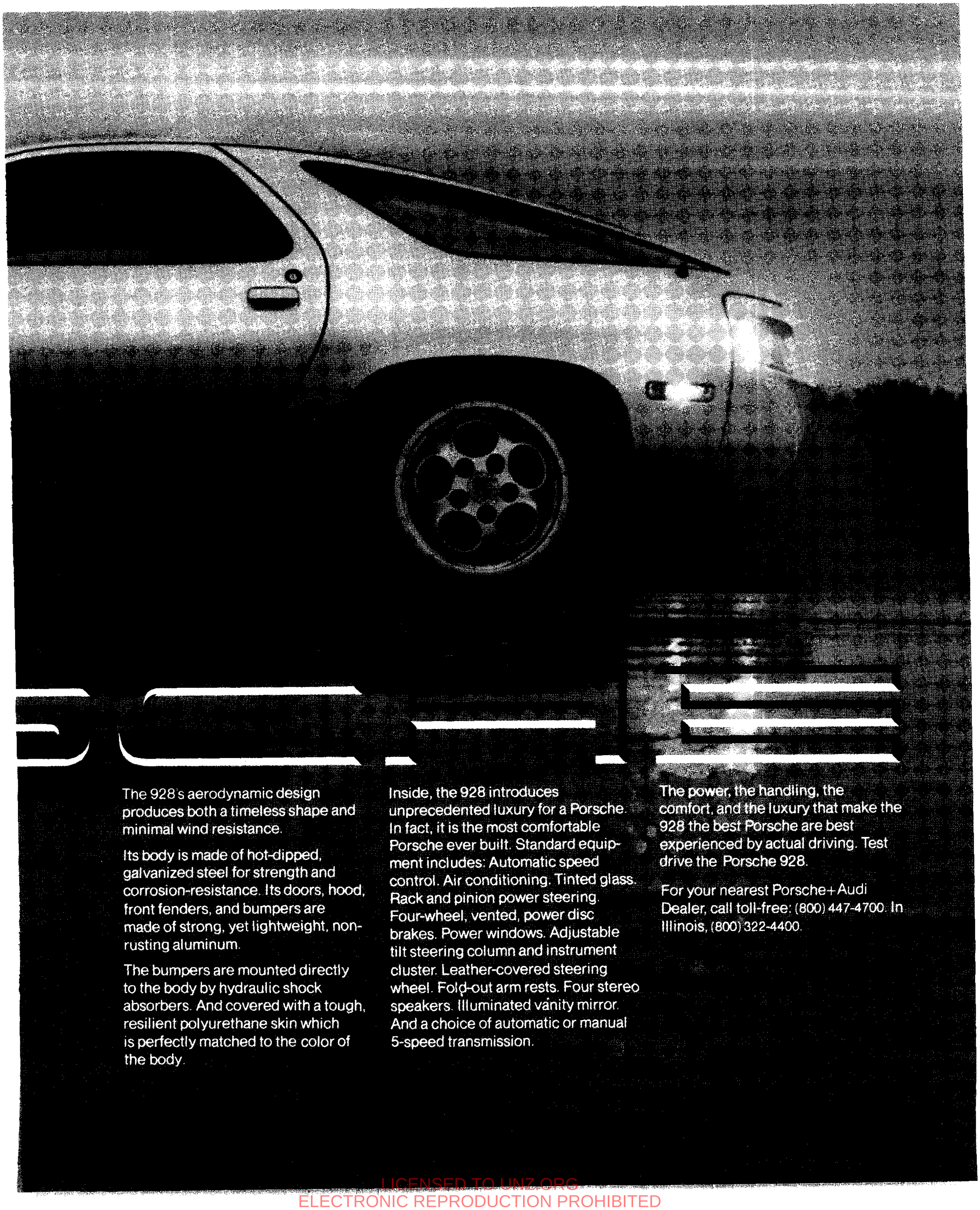

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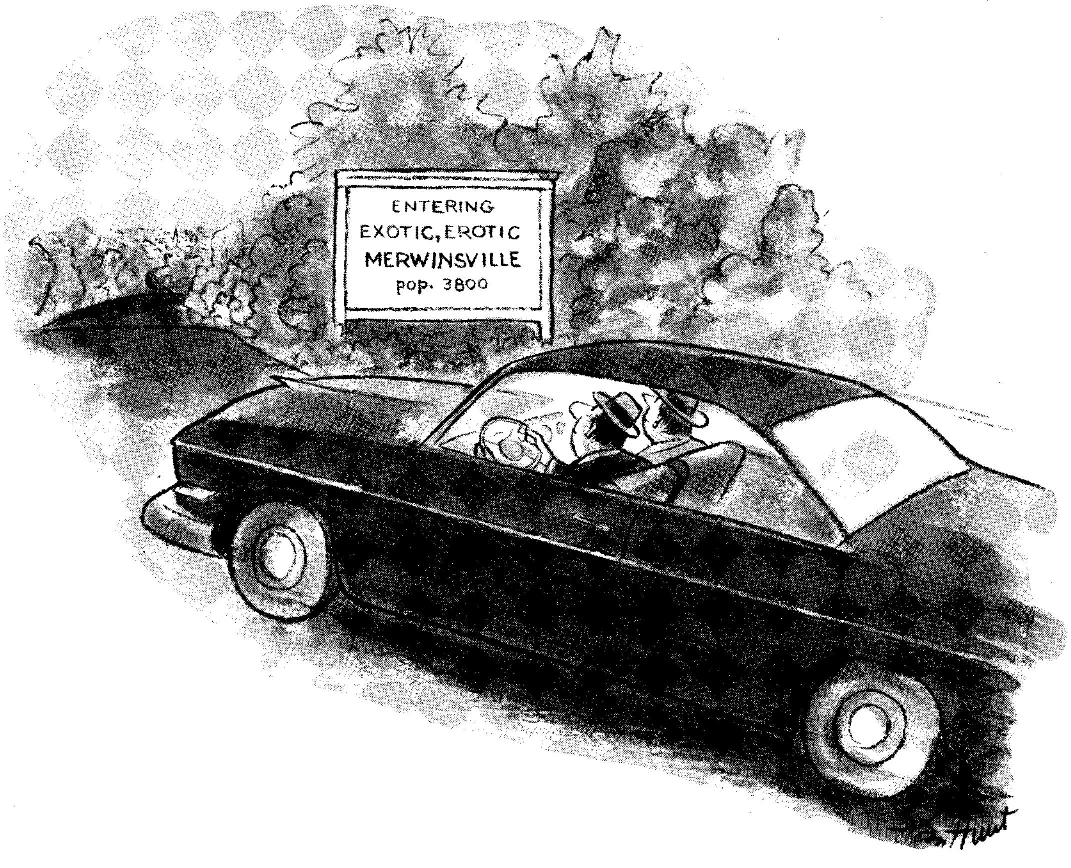
themselves over nuclear matters, including safeguards, which they were loath to accept unless they were applied in the same manner to all nations.

Goheen, who was president of Princeton University before he became an ambassador, had recently been home on leave, and, during an hour he spent discussing the Indian situation with Newsom, I was allowed to listen. He made a point of saying that the Indians were much upset these days about the actions of the United States, as they had indicated not only privately but in their press criticism, and that they were particularly worried about the instability in the area following the revolution in Iran, on top of their worries about the effects of our normalization of relations with China. Goheen expressed the hope that we would be able to offer the Indians some "special reassurance." Newsom told him that we had no intention of "agreeing to the Pakistan bomb," and that as far as offering the Pakistanis any kind of military aid was concerned we would not give them anything without considering the situation on the subcontinent as a whole. After Goheen left, Newsom remarked to me, "Here we have a good example of what a tangle diplomacy can be when we try to resolve a difficult problem between two nations in which our own interests—in this case nuclear non-proliferation as well as our political concerns in a vital area—are deeply intermeshed."

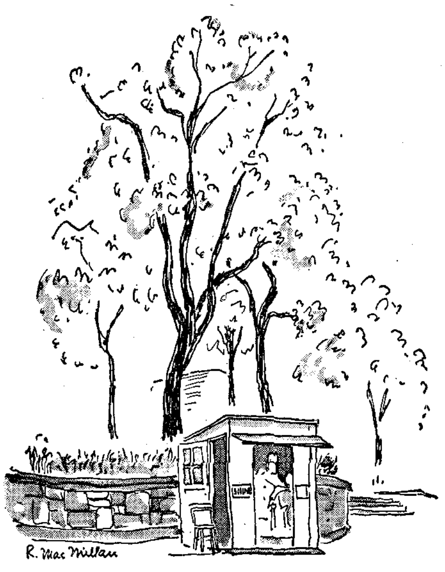
The question of Pakistan's nuclear ambitions and what to do about them kept cropping up during the months I was in and out of Newsom's office, and, in mid-October, Vance, Newsom, Christopher, Hummel (who was in Washington for consultations), and other Department officials held a two-day private meeting with Agha Shahi, the senior foreign-affairs adviser to President Zia, which threw further light on the subject but failed to resolve the issue. Shahi said that Pakistan had not yet reached a decision on its nuclear goals, that it was developing its enrichment capability on the basis of self-reliance "apart from some parts or equipment"—an interesting admission in itself—but that no test of a nuclear device was "imminent." Shahi refused, however, to say that a test would not take place, and added that when such a capability existed whatever government was then in charge would make the decision. Vance, Newsom, and Christopher emphasized to Shahi that the United States was eager to resume full coöperation on the development of peaceful nuclear energy and on military aid but that it could not do so without the assurances it sought on the Pakistanis' use of nuclear material.

In his reply, Newsom said, Shahi had emphasized the dangers of Soviet expansion and had mentioned the threat Pakistan faced from Afghanistan, which was already receiving increased Soviet support. He had also objected to the fact that Pakistan's credibility was being called into question and had added that Pakistan was convinced that the Indians possessed nuclear weapons and were simply waiting for a pretext to conduct further explosions of their own. By this time, the Americans had further intelligence that showed the Pakistanis were constructing enrichment facilities on a scale that not only violated the American legal proscriptions but that far exceeded any demonstrable peaceful needs. Moreover, there was new intelligence that indicated they were preparing a site for a test. Back in Pakistan, President Zia, while reiterating, late in October, that "our program is entirely devoted to producing nuclear energy, not weapons," said, "There is no such thing as a peaceful nuclear explosion," and added, "I am not closing my options." Three weeks later, on November 21st, Pakistan-American relations reached a new low when a mob, composed mostly of students, stormed the Embassy in Islamabad and set fire to it, killing two Americans and four Pakistanis. Zia apologized, and after more than four hundred Embassy employees and American citizens in Pakistan were evacuated to the United States he agreed to pay for the construction of a new Embassy, but the incident did nothing to alleviate the already existing tensions between the two countries, particularly in view of the fact that, despite repeated calls to Zia's office, it took four hours for his troops to take action against the riot, by which time the Embassy had been completely gutted. There were simultaneous attacks on other American installations in the country, which indicated that the attacks had been planned well in advance, probably by Zia's political opponents, including supporters of former Prime Minister Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, whom Zia had had executed, and by various other tribal and Muslim groups he had alienated by a series of repressive moves and by his failure to hold promised elections. Many of these Muslim elements, including the students, were sympathetic to Khomeini's fundamentalist revolution in Iran and were consequently anti-American.

THIS was the situation when the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan took place a month later. In the second week of January, Shahi came back



to Washington with a group of Pakistani military men and met for five hours with Vance, Newsom, and other State Department officials, and the Pakistanis were given a reaffirmation of "the United States commitment to the territorial integrity and security" of Pakistan under the 1959 defense agreement. They wanted the agreement replaced by a new friendship treaty, but the Americans demurred and said that that wasn't necessary or advisable, given the mood of the Senate, which would have to approve of any new treaty. Though according to Newsom the talks went well, five days later President Zia made his remark about the projected four hundred million dollars the Americans had pledged being "peanuts" and though he mentioned no figure, it was said the Pakistanis wanted at least two billion dollars over all for military and economic aid. They have also sought a rescheduling of the debt payments they owe to a Western consortium of nations, amounting to more than two hundred million dollars a year, of which about half is due the United States; such a rescheduling now seems likely to take place, if the Pakistanis agree to have the International Monetary Fund brought in to suggest financial reforms the consortium wants them to adopt. Some American critics, who felt that the Administration was overreacting to the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan by being too eager to rush to the aid of Zia's martial-law dictatorship, advocated cooler diplomacy to persuade the Russians to withdraw. The majority of Americans, according to the polls, seemed to support Carter's tough measures, which included a drastic curtailment of shipments of grain and technology to the Russians as well as of their fishing privileges in American waters, a delay in pushing for approval of the SALT II agreement in the Senate, and advocacy of withdrawing from the Olympic Games. Early in February, Zbigniew Brzezinski, the Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, and Christopher travelled to Pakistan for two days of talks with Zia and other Pakistani leaders, which apparently mollified Zia, who spoke of "new life" having been breathed into the 1959 agreement and added that "this is the greatest boost that the Pakistanis could have." His euphoria, however, was short-lived, and privately he let it be known that he still wasn't satisfied with the American aid package; he asked Brzezinski and Christopher not to proceed with any legislative attempt to obtain the pledged four hundred million without first talking to other potential donors, and he appeared to be uncertain as to just what military position he wanted to adopt. There was no doubt about his anti-Soviet and pro-China feelings and his fears that, in the wake of the invasion of Afghanistan, Pakistan was in a vulnerable position, but at the same time he was concerned about India and wanted to maintain a satisfactory relationship with the new regime of Mrs. Gandhi. He also wanted any action he took to be carried out in an Islamic context, which he had just made clear by hosting a conference of thirty-four Islamic foreign ministers in Islamabad, during which the Pakistanis had expressed their desire to maintain a position of balance between the two superpowers. Zia's somewhat ambivalent attitude thus left the Americans uncertain as to how they should pursue the matter of arranging military assistance for Pakistan, if they should pursue it at all. Some Americans had continuing reservations about giving Zia any fresh military equipment, either through grants or credits, which he might use against his domestic opponents, particularly the independent-minded Baluchis, who inhabit Baluchistan, the desert country between Afghanistan and the Arabian Sea—an area that, conceivably, could still become a Russian target for subversion, if not invasion. Despite the congenial atmosphere of the Brzezinski meeting, the Americans ultimately decided to do nothing about Pakistan until extensive talks were conducted with our European allies and Saudi Arabia and until the Chinese responded bilaterally. The Japanese have more than doubled their amount of economic aid, to a total of a hundred and twenty-eight million dollars. All of this was made more complicated and difficult by the fact that, in the larger context of what to do about the invasion of Afghanistan, there was considerable difference of opinion between the Americans and the Europeans as to how far to go in responding to the Russian attack. The Europeans, by and large, were more concerned than the Americans about preserving détente with Moscow and wanted to act with less forcefulness—especially militarily. Making the Pakistan situation even more touchy was the disclosure, as a result of newspaper leaks, that the C.I.A. was funnelling supplies of guns to the Afghanistan rebels through Pakistan.



IMMERSED as he was in the Iranian and Pakistani problems, Newsom was deeply engaged by early January in the American response to the invasion of Afghanistan. On January 9th, I sat in on a long discussion in his office attended by about a dozen State Department officials he called together to consider the various possible American reactions to the Soviet attack. Newsom began the session by ticking off the steps that had been taken, or would be taken. They included the temporary recall from Moscow of Ambassador Thomas Watson, the suspension of construction on a new American consulate in Kiev, an increase of funds for the Voice of America and Radio Free Europe, the reduction of our personnel at the Embassy in Kabul, the proscription on the issuance of visas for Soviet personnel to come to the United States, the suspension of negotiations on a general trade agreement with the Russians, laying groundwork for the United Nations General Assembly resolution denouncing the Soviet invasion, and demanding that the Soviets withdraw their troops (which was passed a few days later by an overwhelming vote of one hundred and four to eighteen), increasing efforts to get our allies and other countries to restrict credit to the Soviet Union, and discouraging the Asian Development Bank and other international loan agencies from extending any more grants or loans to Afghanistan.

When he had finished going over the list, Newsom asked, "All right, did I leave anything off?"

One of the participants brought up the suspension of grain shipments, and Newsom said, "Is there anything more we ought to be doing in this building on that?"

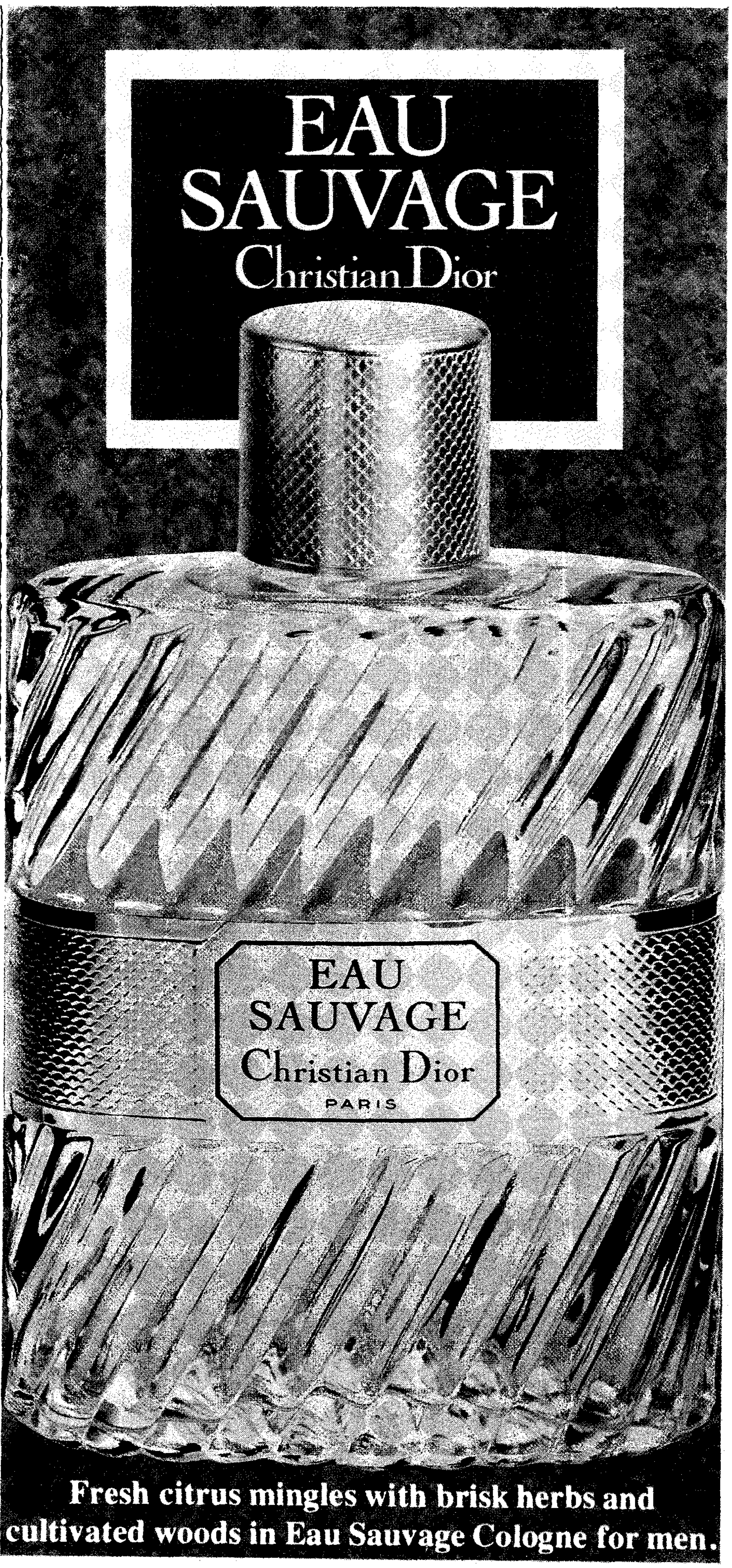
The answer was that the Department of Agriculture was handling the matter and that a conference of major grain-exporting nations was about to take place in Washington. The problem was to get all other grain exporters, including Australia, Canada, and Argentina, to support our embargo. (This became the subject of separate negotiations conducted over the next several weeks, during which the Australians and the Canadians agreed to support our embargo but the Argentinians refused, partly because the United States had cut off aid to Argentina on human-rights grounds. They said they would continue to send their usual amount of grain to Russia, plus limited additional shipments if the Russians asked for them.)

The discussion turned to the question of international broadcasts beamed to the Soviet Union and the Eastern European nations, and to the matter of cultural and other exchanges between the Soviet Union and our allies as well as between the Russians and the Americans. "Do we need a defined line expressed by us on holding down such exchanges," Newsom asked, "and on restricting civil aviation traffic?"

Richard Cooper, the Under-Secretary of State for Economic Affairs, said he would discuss these matters with our allies when he went to Europe in a few days. As it turned out, most of our allies, particularly the French (who insisted on maintaining their own "special relationship" with the Russians) and, to a lesser extent, the Germans (who were engaged in their policy of *Ostpolitik*, based on establishing a workable relationship with both the Soviet Union and East Germany), were reluctant to be as firm in taking action against the Russians as we were. The British were more amenable, but over all the Europeans wanted to maintain as many of their commercial relationships as possible with the Soviets.

Jane Coon, who, at the several meetings I attended over many months, seemed to be one of the more outspoken and perceptive commentators, mentioned the fact that Cooper and other top-level emissaries who were shuttling abroad constantly were overlapping each other on questions that concerned the actions taken against the Russians over Afghanistan and those taken against Iran. The matter of obtaining support for Iranian sanctions, which the Americans later decided to hold in abeyance pending further negotiations to release the hostages, had elicited a general reluctance by our allies to cooperate, although they subsequently agreed to impose them on a more moderate basis.

At one point, Newsom dropped the



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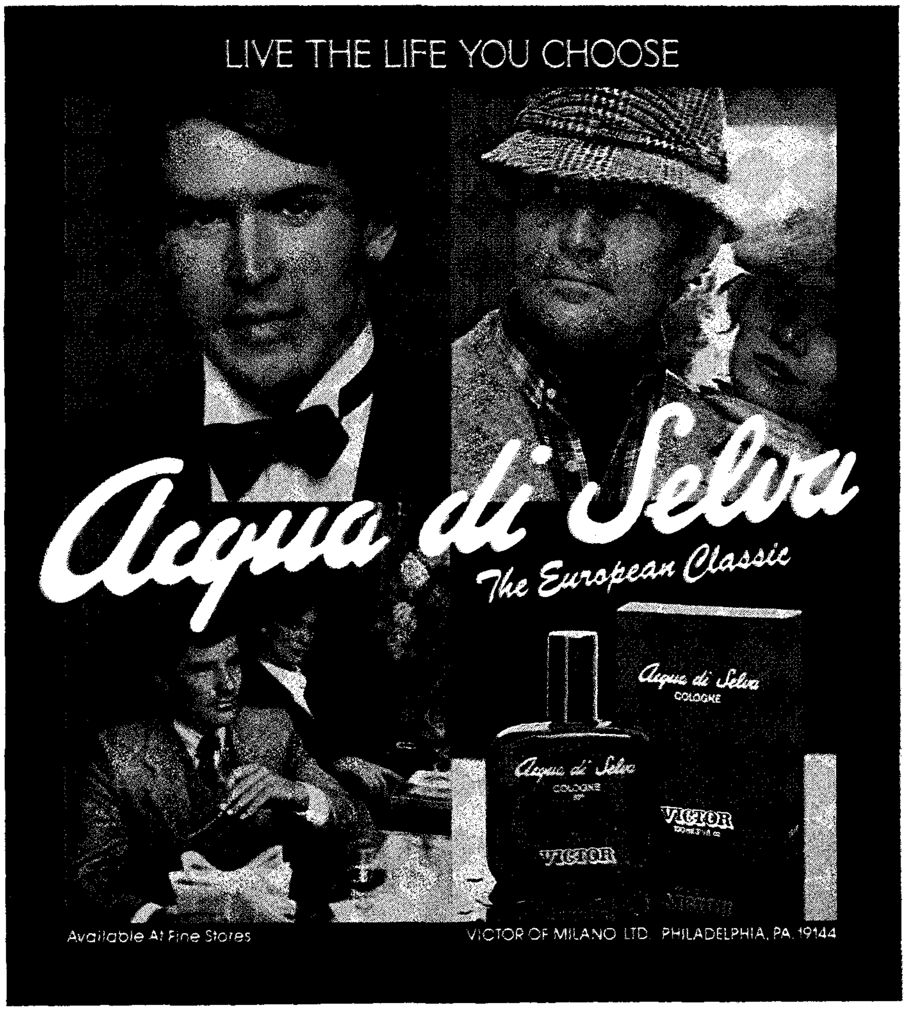
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comment that, notwithstanding these high-level missions, "we do have officials with ambassadorial rank in these various countries who are supposed to do something." A number of ambassadors abroad—notably, Mike Mansfield, in Tokyo—had been expressing their annoyance about not being consulted and clued in to what was going on in Washington and to being suddenly descended upon by special emissaries with private instructions. Increasingly, in these days of fast travel and fast communications, the role of ambassadors, in the opinion of many observers, has been reduced to their acting as "messenger boys."

The question of barring sales of equipment involving advanced technology to the Russians was then brought up, and Cooper dealt with that. The State Department, he said, was supposed to recommend steps to bar exports on foreign-policy grounds, as *distinct from* bans imposed on grounds of national security under the Export Administration Act. One of the legal experts present pointed out the complicated legal differences and precedents. "The law is quite explicit when you're dealing with strategically concerned products," he said. "Anything can be barred if it contributes to the military strength of another country. When imposing export controls for foreign policy reasons, there are six criteria which the President must consider and then he must consult with Congress before any controls are instituted. The burden is on us. After such controls are proposed, Congress has a thirty-day period to override what the Administration suggests. You don't have the same hurdles to jump if national-security questions are involved, but you have to fit those criteria."

Over the next few weeks, there were countless meetings taking place all over Washington on these matters in various government departments, including Commerce and Agriculture in addition to State and Defense, all of which have their own bureaucratic mazes and decision-making processes to contend with, and Newsom's assistants, who were working overtime almost every day, were supposed to pull all these strings together. They spent much of their time on the phone trying to sort out the legal and legislative complexities of responding to the Russian invasion—actions for which there was no real precedent. (The invasion of Czechoslovakia, in 1968, had elicited only a brief American response.) At the same time, Newsom had to deal with the more strictly diplomatic problems involved, such as obtaining the use of base facilities in Oman, Somalia, and Kenya. The possibility, as suggested by a number of European nations, of the neutralization of Afghanistan in return for the withdrawal of Russian troops was another source of debate, involving the delicate question of what kind of Afghan government, short of a total Russian puppet, would or could be worth recognizing as "neutral." All of these matters had suddenly arisen at once in ways that the democratic American process, with all its intricacies of checks and balances plus a history of congressional constraints, often seems ill equipped to contend with.

A STRATEGIC and political problem similar to that of Pakistan that Newsom has dealt with, and that also presented many legal complications, arose out of the situation in the winter of 1978-79 in the Yemen Arab Republic, or North Yemen, which borders the Red Sea very near the southern tip of the Arabian Peninsula, below Saudi Arabia. Early in March, 1979, two weeks after the neighboring People's Democratic Republic of Yemen, or South Yemen, attacked North Yemen, using a variety of advanced weapons supplied by the Soviet Union, President Carter responded sharply: He ordered the aircraft carrier Constellation and a guided-missile cruiser into the Arabian Sea, and announced that he was arranging for the immediate transfer of nearly four hundred million dollars' worth of military aid, including twelve F-5E fighters, sixty-four M-60 tanks, and seventy armored personnel carriers, from Saudi Arabia or the United States to North Yemen. Mobile-training teams were also to be dispatched to San‘a, the North Yemen capital, to advise the Yemenis on how to use the equipment, and arrangements were made for two teams of Jordanian technicians to teach the Yemenis how to use the ground equipment and for eight Taiwanese pilots to fly the F-5Es. Ordinarily, under the terms of the Arms Export Control Act of 1976, Congress would have thirty days to object to such a deal, if it saw fit to do so, but Carter invoked a special waiver, which granted the President the right to take action at once if he determined that American national-security interests were at stake. This was the first time such a waiver had been invoked.

The move was officially depicted as a new and positive American response to Soviet-inspired aggression, but it was

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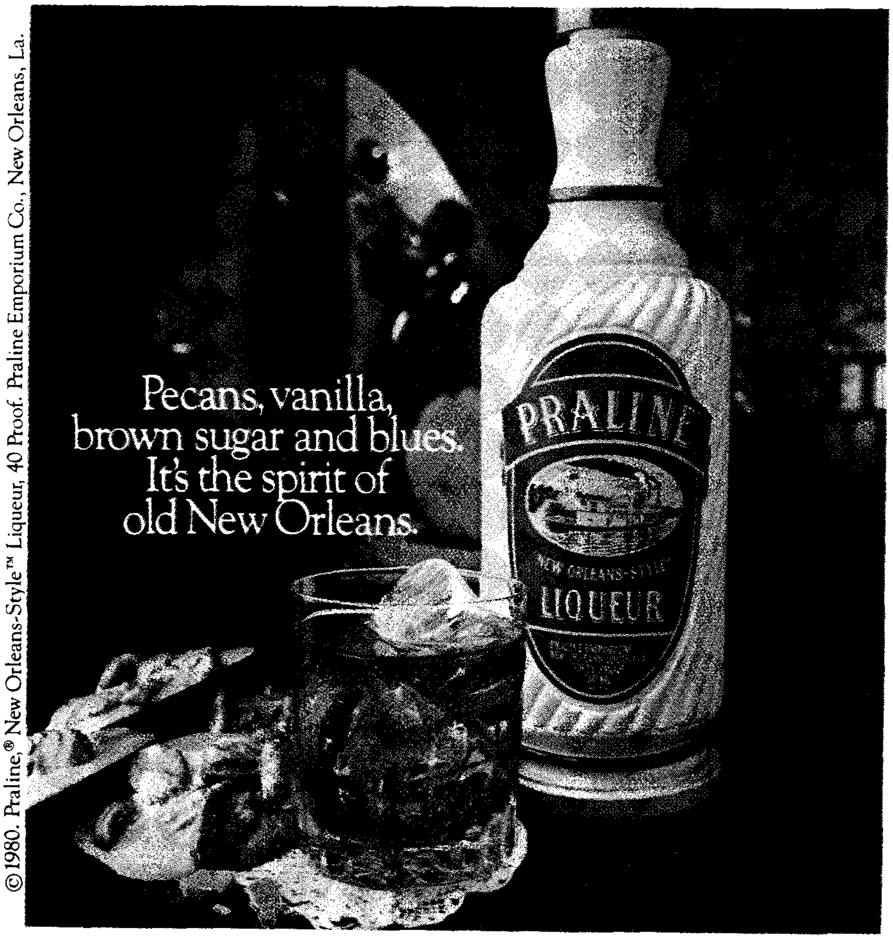
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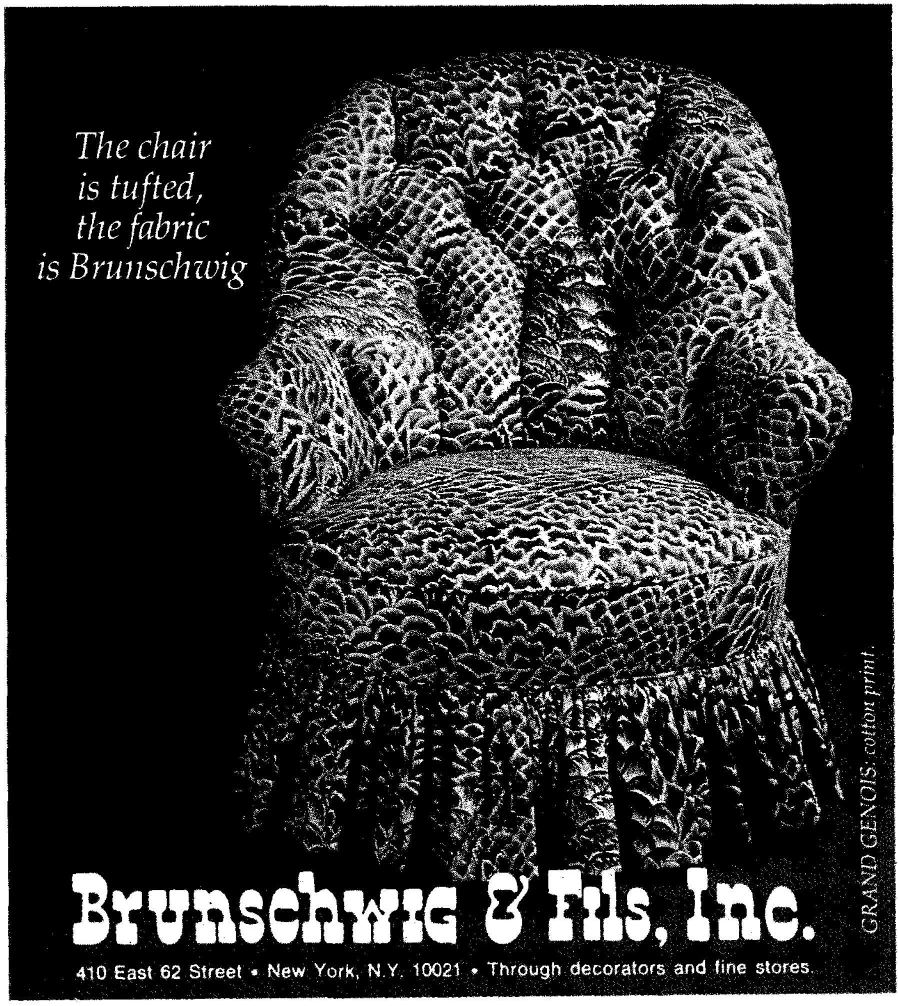
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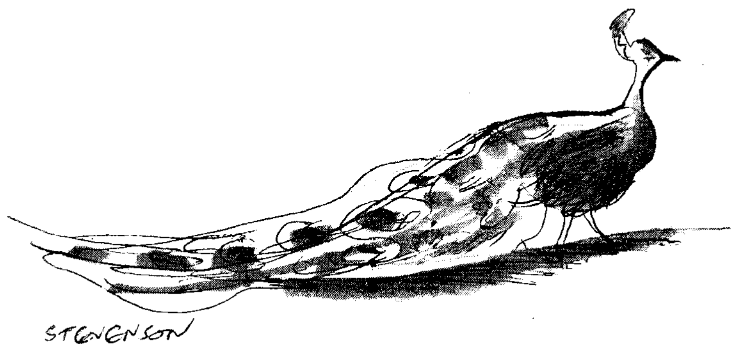
subjected to considerable criticism among commentators in the press and by some senators and representatives as a dangerous and foolhardy action, and as proof that "the lessons of Vietnam have not yet been learned." But the background and the reasons for the action were a lot more complicated than that, as Newsom—who had attended a number of meetings at the White House and the State Department which led up to it—explained to me. "In itself, North Yemen may seem just a little insignificant place at the bottom of the Arabian Peninsula, but it's important because it is a region of vital concern to Saudi Arabia, and Saudi Arabia concerns us," he said. "Therefore, the question was not so much North Yemen and what we could or should do about it as what our responsibility was to the Saudis—what we ought to do logistically and in an advisory capacity, working with them, to respond to the Yemen problem. The attack on North Yemen involved about three thousand troops, and thus was more than a border skirmish. We knew that the Soviets had recently supplied South Yemen with rockets and other advanced weapons and had moved in more military advisers. In all, they had as many as a thousand advisers in the country. The Cubans had about seven hundred and the East Germans about a hundred. So we accelerated our airlift and our supplementary shipments to Saudi Arabia destined for North Yemen, and we moved the Constellation from the Philippines to the Arabian Sea as the fighting between North and South Yemen continued. But there was still a problem about Congress. The legal complications were tremendous. It was not clear that American military action was needed, and, besides, we weren't paying the bills for the equipment we were sending—Saudi Arabia was. If United States military pressure was actually applied, the War Powers Act of 1973 would be triggered, and we would risk an argument with Congress if the President acted on his own, which, under its terms, he has the right to do for sixty days in an emergency. Congress would ask, Was it really an emergency? But then two Arab nations, Syria and Iraq, both members of the Arab League, moved in to try to effect a ceasefire, and, in a few days, they did so. That forestalled any necessity of our having to take any steps that would have come under the War Powers Act, but since the threat remained, the President exercised his waiver to the Arms Export Control

Act—specifically, circumventing both its prohibition of any transfer of military equipment to a third nation without certification to Congress and the thirty-day waiting period."

As the fighting slackened, at least temporarily, and North and South Yemen talked about unification, debate continued in this country over whether Carter and his advisers in the National Security Council and at State had acted too quickly. Those who approved of what Carter had done cited the new strategy that the United States was trying to put into effect in the Middle East following the Iranian revolution and the loss of Iran as a major American ally. By coöperating with Saudi Arabia in North Yemen and putting up a show of naval force, they maintained, the United States was linking its major Middle East peace efforts, predicated on the Egyptian-Israeli accords, with an attempt to consolidate our position among the moderate Arab nations and promote regional stability in the face of Soviet moves toward disruption. "We're showing our friends, including Saudi Arabia as well as Egypt and Israel, that we mean business," one of Newsom's aides said. It was undoubtedly true that the quick American response, combined with the Syria-Iraq truce efforts, had given the Russians pause; in fact, it had probably prompted them to call off the South Yemen attack—the purpose of which, as far as the South Yemenis were concerned, was not to defeat the North Yemenis militarily but to encourage, or assist in, the overthrow of the North Yemen regime headed by President Ali Abdullah Saleh, who was unpopular, and whose two predecessors had been assassinated within eight months of one another—or, alternatively, to undermine the Northern regime and force it to turn more to the left. On the other hand, those who disapproved of what Carter had done pointed to the danger of hastily overarming a weak country like North Yemen, whose fifteen-thousand-man Army was scarcely capable of using modern planes and other military equipment without consistent outside training, and which might, under certain circumstances, be perfectly capable of pointing its guns in almost any direction. Ironically, the Russians had earlier sought to shore up the North Yemenis, too, and they still had two hundred and twenty advisers in the country, ostensibly to supervise the operation of some outworn tanks and a handful of old MIG-17s, some of which weren't even flying, though newer MIGs given to the South Yemenis were in use. In comparison, the Americans had only eight advisers on the scene. In October, in response to a delay on the part of the Saudis in forwarding military equipment furnished by the Americans on to North Yemen, the Yemenis accepted six MIG-21s and some newer T-55 tanks from the Russians, which prompted a demarche from Washington to North Yemen. The Saudis were even more upset about the Yemenis' hedging their bets in this fashion, fearing, as always, a strong regime in North Yemen. Meanwhile, unification talks between the two Yemens, which had gone on since 1971, suddenly were resumed and the Saleh regime moved toward a reconciliation with the leftist National Democratic Front. The Saudis became increasingly afraid of the capture of the American planes and equipment by the Marxist South Yemenis, by a new leftist regime in North Yemen, or by a unified Yemen dominated by the South. Once captured, such planes and arms, on top of what the Russians had given both halves of Yemen, could be used against Saudi Arabia, and the United States, in addition to all its other problems in the Middle East, would be faced by a new Vietnam situation—what to do about rescuing an ally in distress.

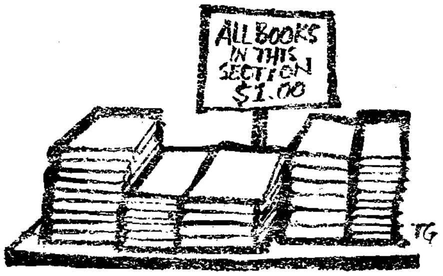
Newsom, along with others in the State Department, was aware from the outset of the Yemen crisis that the White House, and particularly the members of the National Security Council—whose views in this case were expressed by David Aaron, Brzezinski's chief deputy and a man who sometimes is even more hawkish than his boss—wanted to react strongly to the Soviet-South Yemen threat. The approach taken by the Department was more cautious. Newsom personally believed that some response was necessary, because, as he told me, "We were on the spot with the Saudis when this happened." In the evolving Middle East peace negotiations, the Saudis were embarrassed and somewhat angered by American efforts to get them to support the Egyptian-Israeli agreements and even to help promote a common plan of defense for the area—a position they subsequently modified when the Russian invasion of Afghanistan occurred. At the time, however, under pressure from both the radical Arabs and the Americans, they were finding it increasingly difficult to maintain a seemingly uncommitted course, and as a result they were sending out "mixed signals," as Newsom put it. Though Yemeni politics, traditionally subject to family feuds and tribal loyalties, were only incidental to the main question, the Saudis remained keenly aware that an unfriendly presence in Yemen was extremely dangerous for them. The situation was further complicated by the Saudi delay in delivering aid to North Yemen and, to some extent, by the attack that took place on November 20th on the Grand Mosque in the holy Muslim city of Mecca, in Saudi Arabia, which was led by a fundamentalist Muslim sect and resulted in the deaths, during a two weeks' siege, of seventy-five of the attackers and sixty Saudi Arabian troops. Among the sixty-three additional militants beheaded by the Saudis afterward were six South Yemenis and one North Yemeni, who, the Saudis said, had been among the participants of the attack. North Yemen, whose population of as many as seven million is believed to be about a million larger than Saudi Arabia's, maintains about a million Yemeni workers in Saudi Arabia at a time, and they are the backbone of the labor force there as well as the main source of the impoverished North Yemen's income; but if a crunch developed between North Yemen and Saudi Arabia, they could, the Saudis feared, become a dangerous fifth column. For all these reasons, Newsom believed that the "special relationship" between the United States and Saudi Arabia, our largest oil supplier, had to be strengthened, and, in this sense, despite the problems in transferring aid via the Saudis and the strains that it caused, "the Yemen crisis was fortunate—it provided us with an opportunity to respond." In January, the North Yemen permanent representative to the United Nations, Ambassador Muhsin al-Aini, came to see Newsom and assured him that the unity talks with South Yemen would be con-



ducted with caution, and in February Prime Minister Abdul-Ghani, of North Yemen, travelled to Saudi Arabia and offered the same assurances to the Saudis, adding that his country was fully aware of possible Russian intentions in North Yemen and would be in no hurry to use the new Soviet equipment. By this time, the Saudis had resumed and completed their military-aid shipments to North Yemen, and subsequently the North Yemenis promised the Saudis that they would not accept any more Russian advisers or equipment and would suspend their unity talks with South Yemen. Despite these promises, however, additional Soviet equipment has recently been sent to North Yemen; neither the United States nor Saudi Arabia has sent any further aid. Newsom and other senior officials in the State Department have become increasingly aware that only so much coöperation and financing can be expected from the Saudis, who are having their own domestic problems, of which the attack on the Mecca mosque in November was only one manifestation. The United States, Newsom commented at one point, could not and should not expect the Saudis to go on financing American foreign policy.

The problem of obtaining enough money and coöperation to shore up North Yemen was a constant headache, and, on January 24th, Newsom had gone to London to talk to King Hussein of Jordan about that and other Middle East matters. Hussein had just withdrawn two training teams, of thirty-five men each, from North Yemen which had been there six months. He, too, had urged the Yemenis not to accept any more Soviet advisers. At the same time, the Saudis were not overly happy about the close relationship between the Jordanians and the Yemenis, because of their concern over the Yemenis becoming too strong militarily. Newsom's task, in addition to consolidating a closer American relationship with Hussein, was to persuade him to continue helping the Yemenis, which Hussein was willing to do except that he was short of funds. The Administration's wider objective was to obtain Hussein's support in places such as Oman, and to get him to coöperate at the same time on the Palestinian question. No decisions were reached in London, but the conversations between Newsom and Hussein were extremely cordial, and Jordan's continuing participation in a North Yemen military program to counteract Soviet influence there is now being pursued. After renewing some old Middle East friendships with British experts at the Foreign Office, Newsom went on to Rumania, where, after delivering a letter from President Carter to President Nicolae Ceauşescu, he had a two-hour talk with Ceauşescu about the Russian invasion of Afghanistan, Iran, and a number of other topics of mutual concern. Ceauşescu was critical of the invasion and puzzled over Soviet motives, but he was also skeptical about the efficacy of the American response and of the threat of sanctions against Iran, as well. Newsom pointed out that there was a certain causality involved, and that, as a rule, in the conduct of our diplomacy wherever we threatened to do something we obtained a concession. When Ceauşescu advised noninterference with small states but suggested we put more pressure on Israel, Newsom pointed out, with a smile, that we had found it hard to get the Israelis to accept things they didn't think were in their interest. As a great power, he added, we had responsibilities beyond our borders, especially when the Soviets moved to upset the balance of power. We remained eager, he said, to maintain détente, but after Afghanistan we have to make sure that we have the strength to meet any broader Russian challenge. As for our new relations with China, which Ceauşescu had implied were hurting smaller nations such as Cambodia, Newsom replied that there had been a great deal of public and congressional pressure for improved relations with the Chinese and that we simply could not hold back on normalization just because of deteriorating relations with the Soviet Union. The *tour d'horizon* with Ceauşescu proved both rewarding and beneficial. Roscoe Suddarth, Newsom's chief aide, who was along on the trip, commented later about Newsom's "poetic insight into diplomatic situations," and added, "He has a way of squaring circles that others don't."

Newsom enjoys the sort of diplomatic repartee he conducted with Ceauşescu, which he regards as a kind of therapeutic process for both partners. As a highly reflective man, he frequently makes speeches, which he almost always writes himself, that express his philosophy of diplomacy and statecraft in a professional vein. In speaking to the Council on Foreign Relations in New York in October of 1978, before the Yemen crisis became critical, he said, "It is not surprising, given history and the continuation of traditional concerns, that many still look to the United States as the central actor in responding to a perceived threat. Many are concerned that recent events . . . particularly in Afghanistan and Yemen, are signs that outside forces still seek to destabilize the region and to increase the threat of radical solutions to its myriad problems. They look to the United States for understanding, for reassurance, and for signs that we will help to meet their needs. We fully understand these concerns, whether or not we share precisely the same perception of these events or their causes. Just as we do not underestimate possible dangers to the South Asia and Middle East regions, others should not underestimate American resolve and willingness to support our friends in safeguarding their integrity and independence."



Matters in Yemen had moved so quickly that there was virtually no time to inform or consult Congress, though when the aid program there was initiated Newsom did make an appearance in March, 1979, before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, headed by Frank Church, Democrat of Idaho, who, along with other members of the committee and various members of the House, complained about not having been told in advance that Carter intended to exercise his waiver rights on the arms shipments to Saudi Arabia for use in North Yemen. Typical of the comments was that of Representative Les Aspin, Democrat of Wisconsin, who warned that "this is yet another case where the United States will be unable to exert much control over events with sophisticated military gear," and added that "we are building up North Yemen for, at the very least, a strong American role in a Saudi military campaign against South Yemen, and possibly for a direct American role—all without a great deal of thought." Aspin also said that the decision to aid North Yemen indicated a determination on the part of the White House "to become tough, activist, and concerned." Thus, the decision placed the Department in a difficult position with Congress, particularly since Vance, Christopher, and Newsom, and, at their direction, assistant secretaries and other Department rep-

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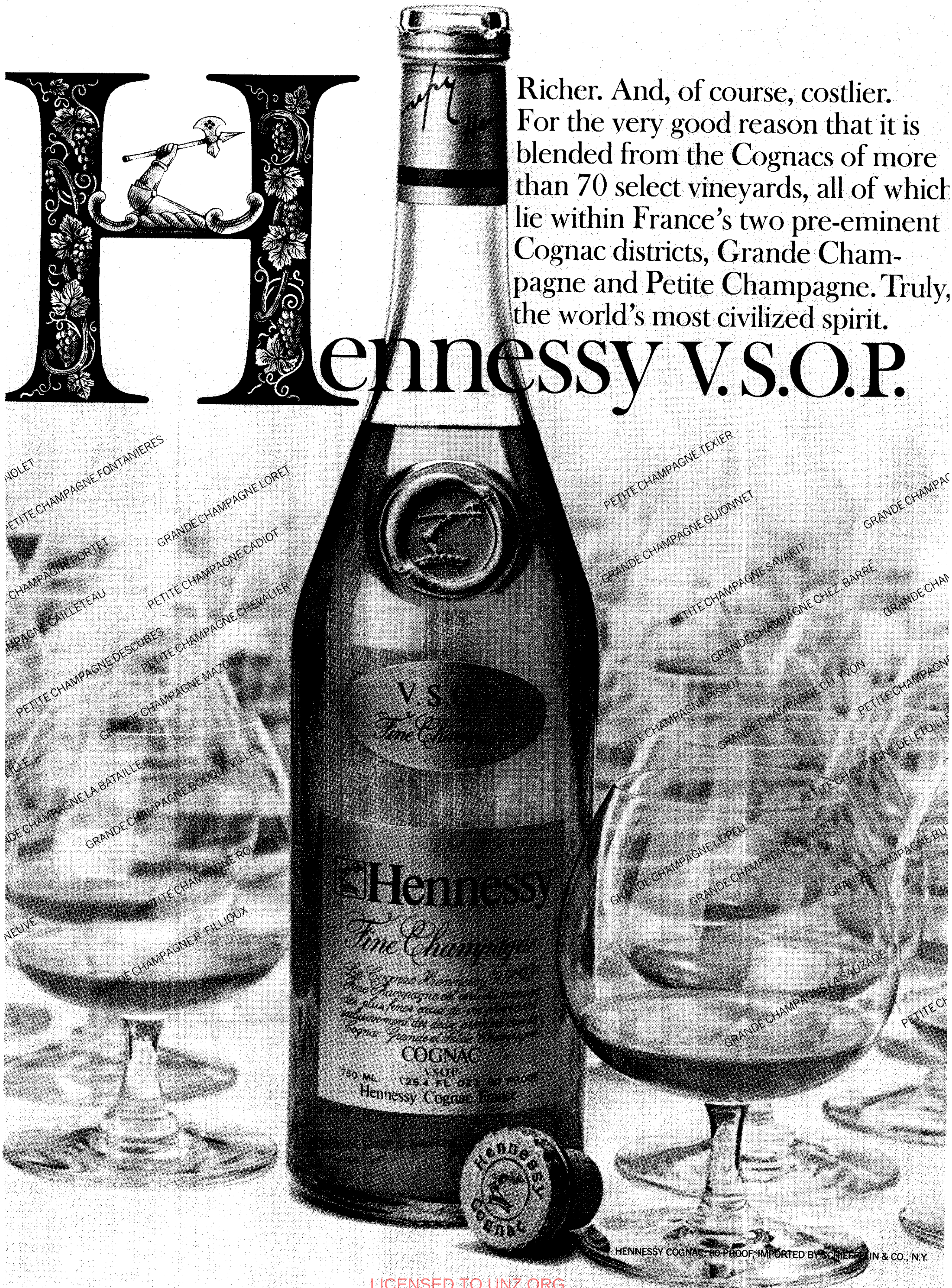
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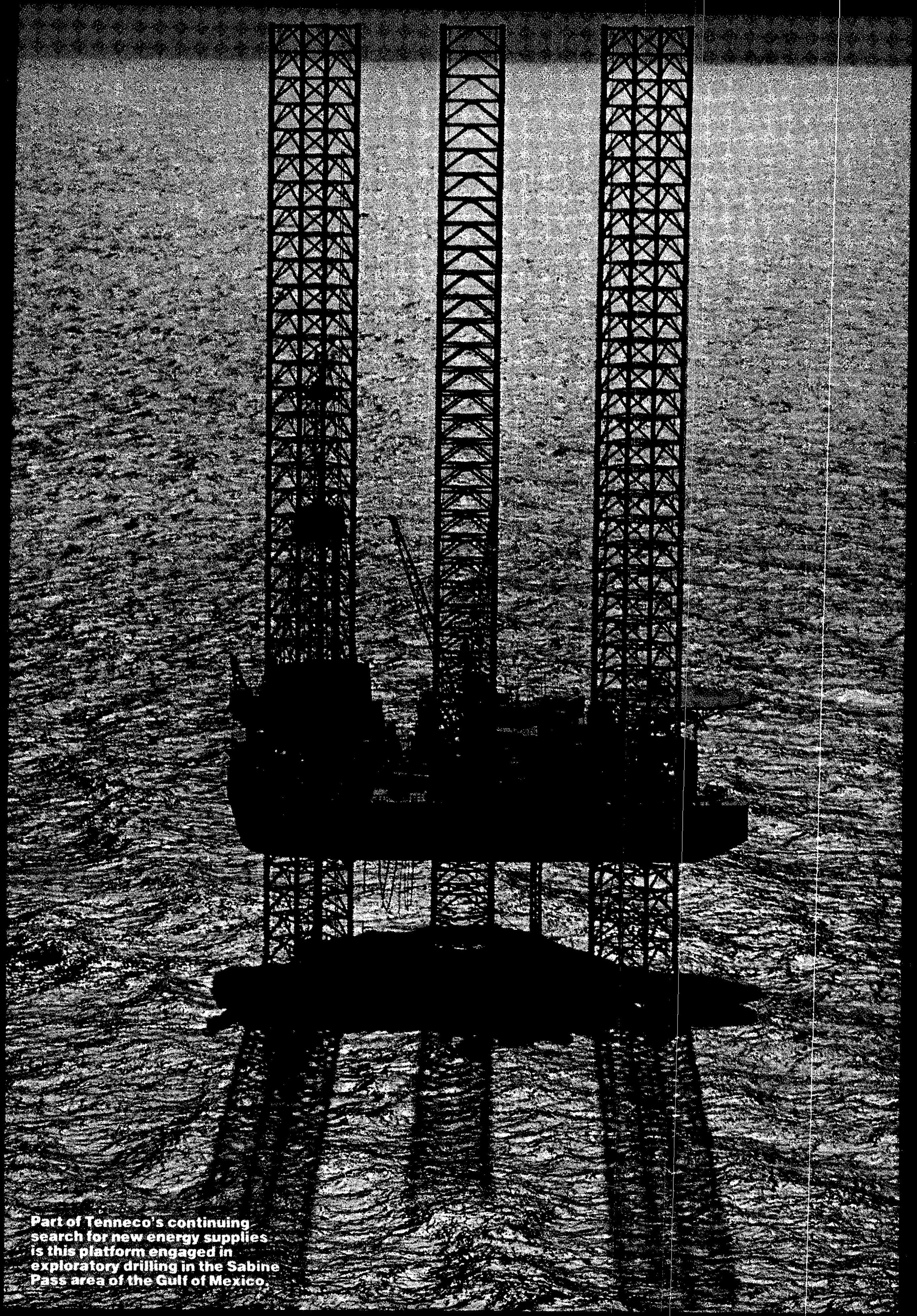

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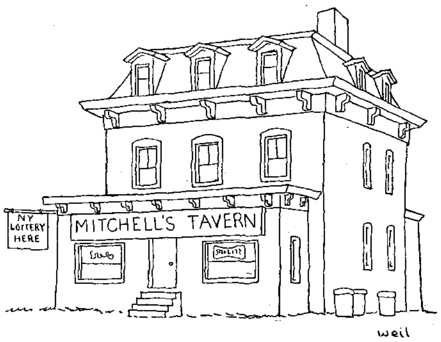
resentatives, had made a special point, from the beginning of the Carter Administration, of consulting and informing the Senate and the House regularly on virtually all key foreign matters, reversing the trend that marked most of the Kissinger regime, when the atmosphere between the legislative and executive branches was frequently acrimonious, not to say combative.

THE combination of the Administration's desire to keep Congress apprised of foreign-policy developments and its inability to establish a close working relationship with the legislative branch on most matters, domestic as well as foreign—Iran was a significant exception—has frequently caused both trouble and embarrassment and has contributed to its political frustrations. A by now classic example of this was the crisis that arose last August and September over the existence in Cuba of a Russian combat brigade of twenty-eight hundred troops, some of which may have been there since the missile crisis of 1962, when, under American pressure, the Russians withdrew a number of nuclear missiles and some troops from the island. The brigade was first detected on maneuvers near Havana by satellite photography, following a request made to the Department in July by Senator Richard Stone, Democrat of Florida, for a new intelligence estimate of Russian military activity in Cuba. The Department wanted to pursue the matter with the Russians through quiet diplomacy and then brief the Senate after its August recess, but when the brigade's presence was mentioned in the *National Intelligence Daily*, a classified government publication that sometimes becomes available to certain members of the press, the Department changed its plans. "We then decided that the news was bound to become public before Congress reconvened," Newsom said. "So we did what we felt was the appropriate thing to do as a courtesy to the Senate. We had already informed Senator Stone, but since we had started down the path of congressional consultation, the broader relationship we have with the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and with some other members of Congress required us to notify a whole set of people." Newsom telephoned Senator Church, and about half a dozen other prominent senators and representatives. For reasons of his own, Church called a press conference at his Idaho home and demanded "the immediate withdrawal of all Russian combat troops from Cuba." That blew the lid off the story, and a number of other senators went on record with similar demands and announced that they would hold up or not support SALT II—already facing difficulties—unless the brigade affair was satisfactorily resolved. Shortly after Labor Day, Newsom and Stansfield Turner, the director of the C.I.A., briefed the foreign affairs committees of the House and the Senate in closed hearings on the background of the brigade. Turner gave the details of how it had been detected and what it might be doing, and Newsom went into the history of earlier understandings with the Russians over Cuba, which had grown out of the 1962 missile crisis and out of another crisis, in 1970, when the Russians backed down once more and withdrew some submarine facilities and some supporting personnel from the Cienfuegos naval base. What bothered the State Department more than the brigade's combat potential—which seemed negligible, or, at most, extremely limited—was its significance in relation to the broader Soviet-American relationship and to Castro's possible expansion of his revolutionary activities in the Caribbean and Latin America. This concern was apparent in President Carter's address to the nation on October 1st, when, in effect, he accepted the Russian contention that the brigade was simply a "training center" and was performing a normal function.

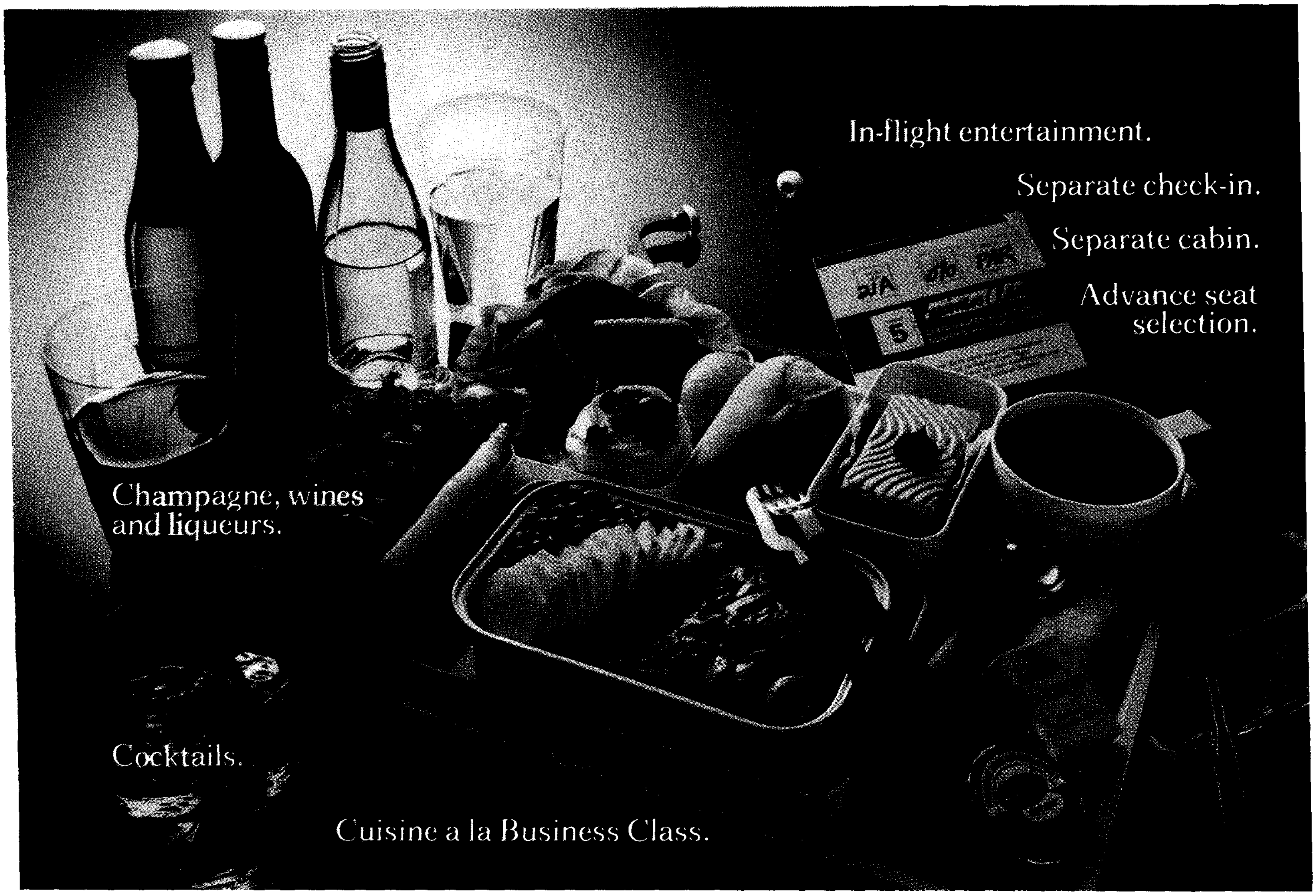
For students of diplomacy and the American system of government, the fuss created about the brigade provided another demonstration of the drawbacks of our elaborate system of checks and balances, with its divided responsibilities between the executive and legislative branches, operating under the close scrutiny of an alert and active free press. Given the system and the circumstances, it was probably inevitable that the matter would become a political issue, even though the idea that twenty-eight hundred Russian troops doing whatever they were doing could represent a serious threat to the United States was generally regarded as irrational and ludicrous. The panic response that took place, however, not only was harmful in itself and thoroughly perplexing to the Russians but served as an object lesson in the strengths and weaknesses peculiar to different Administrations, with each subject to a variety of points of view within its own membership and also to the emotional stresses and opportunistic reactions of a Congress whose members are always aware of their next election campaigns. Above all, as Soviet experts at the State Department pointed out, this crisis demonstrated again the vast gulf between Americans' and Russians' perceptions of each other, reaching far beyond the semantic and perhaps real disagreement over the brigade's activities to societal misconceptions and deep mutual suspicions.



Later, reflecting on the implications of the brigade affair, Newsom said, "The White House is naturally conscious of the Presidential image, of the need to respond vigorously to crises. The way people respond is a matter of where they sit in the Administration, not just of personalities." (Former Under-Secretary of State George Ball once commented on the unique role of the National-Security Adviser nowadays that "nothing propinques like propinquity.")

"In the case of the brigade," Newsom went on, "the White House adopted a broad approach, seeing it from the start as part of the whole pattern of Soviet-American relations. What was called for, it felt, was a strong response directed not only at the troops in Cuba but at Cuban activities in Africa and in this hemisphere, and also at what was thought to be Soviet disregard for American sensitivities. The State Department saw it more in terms of a new development that required a response directly related to the immediate area of impact. The basic object of the Department's concern was the existence of the brigade, what it represented, and what we ought to do about it. My own feeling, from the start, was that it would have been desirable to keep it all in a low key. The brigade was not a major military threat, it was not something recently sneaked into Cuba, and it didn't change the military balance. What I thought was important was for the United States to deal with it as an individual problem, not having it impact on our wider relations with the Soviet Union. Coming as this affair did, though, right in the middle of the SALT debate, with all the political in-

La Différence.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volvement there, this was probably not possible. Nevertheless, it is always important to keep each part of our total relationship with the Soviet Union in perspective."

Despite the vast amount of time that is required to build bridges with Congress, Newsom believes that such activity serves a useful purpose. During the past twelve years, beginning in March of 1968 with a notable television confrontation between Secretary of State Dean Rusk and Senator J. William Fulbright, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, over the Vietnam War, congressional involvement in, not to say ascendancy over, the foreign-policymaking process has been steadily rising, and most observers feel that the pendulum is still swinging in the legislators' direction. Others, however, including Newsom, detect signs that it has come to a halt and is starting to swing back. Newsom has cited legislation, for example, that now makes it more difficult to restrict aid or a loan on political or human-rights grounds. There are other loopholes as well. "In the Yemen case," Newsom pointed out, "where we had to take into account a series of laws stemming from the post-Vietnam atmosphere, we found a way out—cumbersome and time-consuming, to be sure, but it worked."

What particularly bothers the critics of congressional interference is not so much legislation that is passed on security and economic matters as a gradual increase of the congressional involvement in the tactical execution of policy. For example, during the Cyprus crisis of 1974, involving both Greece and Turkey, Congress cut off military aid to Turkey, after the partial Turkish occupation of that Mediterranean island, following a coup against Archbishop Makarios and the installation of an anti-Turkish Cypriot as President. The White House wanted to continue aid to Turkey, notwithstanding the invasion of Cyprus, but Congress put its foot down, and the issue of Turkish aid has been a thorny one ever since, with ramifications that have affected other major government policies, including passage of the SALT II treaty. Recently, the arms embargo against Turkey was partially lifted; economic assistance has all along continued. However, Congress insisted that only a limited amount of military aid be given, and even that amount would be on a loan rather than a grant basis. This hardened Turkish resistance and played a part in causing Turkey late last year to refuse to allow United States U-2 spy planes to fly over Turkey from Cyprus to monitor Soviet missile tests. The 1974 congressional response on the Cyprus issue thus had far-ranging consequences: it altered our relations with two important allies and produced repercussions that weakened the Atlantic alliance.

ANOTHER example of direct congressional intervention in the execution of foreign policy concerned Angola. During the 1975 revolution there, President Gerald Ford and Secretary of State Kissinger were using covert C.I.A. operations to support opponents of the Soviet-and-Cuban-backed guerrillas—who eventually won out. Congress vetoed further action, regarding it as a dangerous and futile policy, far too reminiscent of that in Vietnam, and then passed an amendment banning aid to any of the contending rebel forces in Angola. This was followed by a series of investigations of covert C.I.A. activities all over the world and by the establishment of congressional oversight committees that have since maintained checks on the agency's actions—a condition that is now in the process of being reëvaluated. Kissinger, though he subsequently altered his African policy to conform to a more moderate line, is still bitter on the subject of Angola and considers the State Department's relations with Congress "a disaster." In a recent interview, he told me, "I was on the verge of succeeding in Angola. It would have worked out in six more weeks. At least, it should have been tried. The Cubans were ready to withdraw. It's better to have a coherent wrong policy than no policy at all. Congress can't run the tactics of foreign policy." Whether Kissinger's policy was right or wrong—and many policymakers still think it was wrong—Angola remains a sore point between the legislative and executive branches, but in a new and different African context. Newsom, as one of the Department's African experts, and like others at State, generally favors recognition of the Angolan regime and feels we should have some flexibility in dealing with Vietnam, although Hanoi's brutal policy toward refugees and its invasion of Cambodia have inhibited such proposals for the present. Congress and the White House have been

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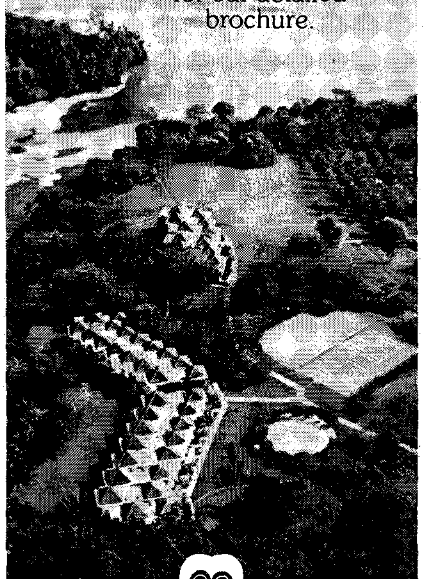

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[1] Between 1959 and 1976, personal health care expenditures increased almost twelvefold from $10.4 billion to $120.4 billion. Ten percent of the federal budget is now spent on personal health care, almost $34 billion in 1976 alone.

[2] Health Systems Agencies were created as part of the National Health Planning and Resources Development Act of 1974. Their mandate is to improve the health of the American people: continuity and quality of health services; restrain increases in the cost of providing health services and prevent unnecessary duplication of health services.

[3] In a recent survey by the American Health Planning Association, health planning agencies across the country reported that in one two-year period they were instrumental in preventing over $3 billion in capital investment for health care facilities. It's also important to note that there have been no indications that the quality of medical care has been impaired by their efforts.

[4] It's estimated that 100,000 short term hospital beds stand idle—an idle bed costing almost 60% as much to maintain as one in use. Blue Cross recently noted that health care providers in southern California are reported to have ordered or installed enough $500,000 CAT scanners to serve the entire western United States.

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opposed to recognition of either, though Congress is less so in the case of Angola. A third example of what some people consider unwarranted or unproductive congressional action was the Jackson-Vanik Amendment to the Trade Reform Act of 1974, the effect of which was to make concessionary trade and the granting of most-favored-nations rights to the Soviet Union dependent on the right of Soviet citizens, and especially Jews, to emigrate from Russia. Such emigration did eventually increase, but the immediate effect was to diminish it and to reduce the level of trade between the United States and Russia; indeed, the whole issue undoubtedly set back the progress of détente, which remains on an irregular course and seems likely to stay there, particularly in view of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

Defenders of a strong congressional role in the conduct of foreign policy believe, among other things, that Congress should use the legislative veto and its control of the purse to curb the almost endless flow of executive agreements that in recent years have been substituted for treaties. They feel that, despite delays and confusion and often angry exchanges, the debates over the Panama Canal treaties; over large arms sales to Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and Israel; over new protective agreements with Taiwan following the normalization of relations with China; and over the question of whether some troops should be withdrawn from South Korea (here the matter of Korean payoffs to congressmen was involved, as were important human-rights considerations) stand as examples of the healthy airings of vital issues, which needed public, not private, scrutiny and resolution. Many persons who have watched the process unfold over the past decade or so believe that neither Congress—a particularly diffuse body nowadays, with a great many committees and subcommittees involved in a variety of aspects of foreign policy—nor the vast, overlapping government bureaucracy, which often lacks both rationale and discipline, is in a position to deal alone with the broad spectrum of contemporary foreign policymaking. Some experts eye with increasing envy the British parliamentary system, under which the Prime Minister and the Foreign Minister—usually persons with extensive governmental experience—set policy with the help of the Foreign Office, a permanent body of public servants, and shepherd it, along with legislation, through Parliament, of which they themselves are members,

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Kissinger, who maintains that Congress should demonstrate much more restraint and should allow professionals to run the nation's foreign affairs, told me, "We're heading for a crisis in which an impasse is inevitable." David Aaron, of the National Security Council, has complained that most of the legislative restrictions today are of the sort that deprive the executive of the power to offer "positive incentives," particularly in such areas as trade and economic relations, including the dispensation of aid, and that this "leaves you with no carrots, so you have to look only to the sticks." Though these arguments have considerable validity, there are many reasons to believe that, in the post-Vietnam and post-Watergate era, a working partnership between the legislative and executive branches, which was only barely conceptualized by the writers of the Constitution, can in due time be achieved. "I think we're beginning to move in that direction," Newsom said when I asked him about this possibility. "For our part, we have studied the whole range of legislative constraints on military- and economic-assistance programs, and we've made recommendations to head off any additional constraints and to revise or modify some of the present laws. However, instead of dealing with these restraints directly, we will probably seek a general simplification of existing legislation."

Specifically, the Department hopes that Congress will eventually act in a manner that will ease or remove the constraints, including bars to extending various forms of aid to specific nations. At present, the limitations on aid extend to Mozambique and Angola, in Africa; the Communist nations of Eastern Europe; Cuba, Chile, and Argentina, in Latin America; Afghanistan, in central Asia; and Vietnam and

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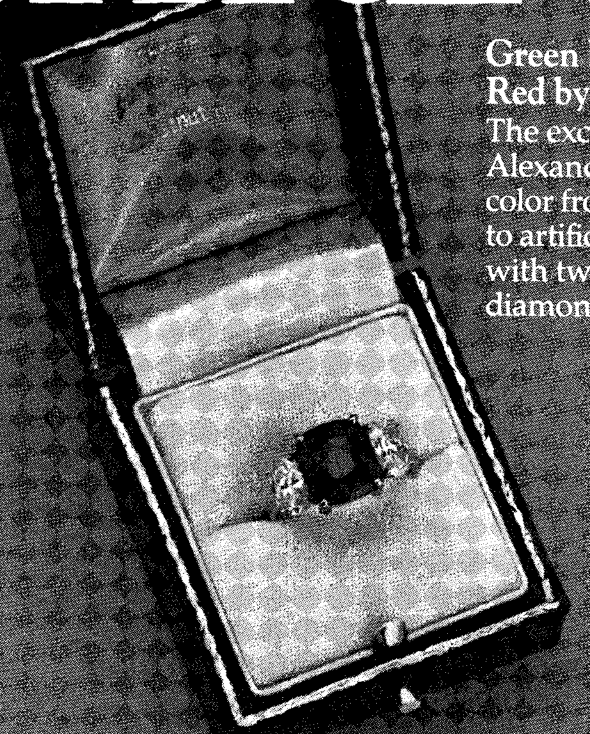
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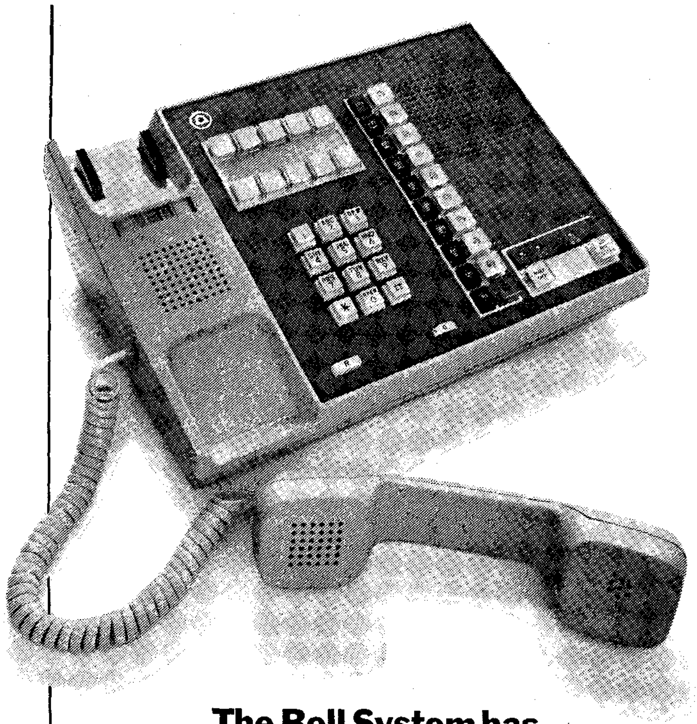

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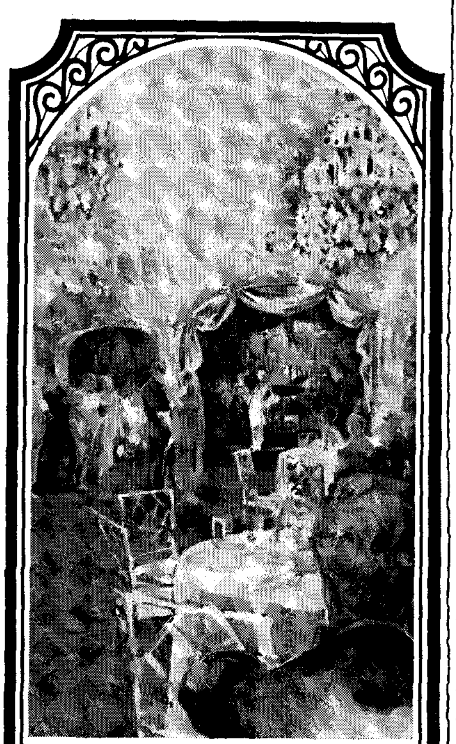

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Laos, in Asia. (For Cambodia, a special formula was worked out late last year by congressional committees and the legal staff of the State Department to extend aid on humanitarian grounds.) Most of the prohibitions or conditional restrictions on aid, only some of which the President can waive in an emergency, are part of the basic language of the Foreign Assistance Act and the Arms Export Control Act or amendments to them, while others are the products of annual funding and appropriation bills. Secretary Vance, who firmly believed that "Congress shouldn't get involved in implementation as much as it does, because that takes away the flexibility of the executive arm," said when I spoke with him that he felt that he, Christopher, and Newsom had made progress in persuading Congress that human-rights considerations in themselves, for example, important as they are, should not be allowed to impede foreign-assistance programs, which require annual congressional approval. He was not referring to restrictions or constraints on arms sales, he said, which were an exception, and he added, "There are many other complex issues, immensely intricate and delicate, that Congress should not get involved in as much as it does." One of the things that Vance felt very strongly about was the elimination by Congress of contingency funds. Vance wanted such funds reestablished at the fifty-million-dollar level or at least large enough to deal with such questions as emergency aid to Liberia, which he described as "an old friend in trouble and going through a bad period."

THE mood in Congress seems favorable to a reappraisal of its foreign-policy role. Senator Jacob Javits, Republican of New York, who has been very active in foreign-policy matters, saw "a much more open relationship now between Congress and the executive," he told me last spring. "The State Department and the rest of the executive branch no longer boycott Congress. Advance consultation is much greater than it was. The Department now consults us voluntarily. The officials there are not nearly as jittery or as secretive as they used to be. The relationship is better with President Carter now, too. He has us over to the White House frequently at takeoff, as Senator Arthur Vandenberg used to say. The whole Israel issue was a case in point. I don't think the pendulum of congressional involvement has swung too far in our favor. I feel that there's a better balance to be had."

Clement Zablocki, chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, who was among the leaders in the reestablishment of congressional prerogatives a number of years ago and was a principal sponsor, along with Javits, of the War Powers Act, told me he felt that the pendulum had already swung too far, and Congress should start reversing it. "But confidence between the State Department and Congress has to be rebuilt, so that we have a proper perception of what's going on, so we can really believe what State is doing, and believe they're telling us the truth," he said. "Vance and his people improved things a lot, but we still have to pry out information sometimes, which the Department could give us without hurting. In the past, we found that even insignificant information was held back. One problem is that interagency competition inhibits truth-telling. And the National Security Council people often don't have any real political sense. They advocate things that will never fly. On the other hand, though Congress should be recognized and consulted, there's sometimes too much of that, as in the case of the C.I.A. and the whole field of intelligence. The executive branch can't afford to share secret information with a great many members of Congress. There are too many leaks. And I agree that we've gone too far in involving ourselves in human rights. I don't think we're encouraging such rights by legislation that denies aid on that basis. There remains a serious problem of funding as well. The power of the purse is rightfully ours, but we've tended to prescribe limits on funding for policy purposes." Zablocki said he had circulated a letter among committee chairmen which dealt with the general problem of overinvolvement, and that, in regard to the State Department report to the President, of which Newsom had spoken, "we can zero in on this question at the next session."

Newsom and others at the State Department accept the need for congressional consultation as merely one of the hard facts of bureaucratic life which make the conduct of diplomacy difficult. Various executive agencies, notably the National Security Council and the Department of Defense, cause State just as many headaches. Though personal relations between Vance and Brzezinski were cordial, the two often differed on important matters of policy, and Brzezinski won out on some of the major issues of the Carter

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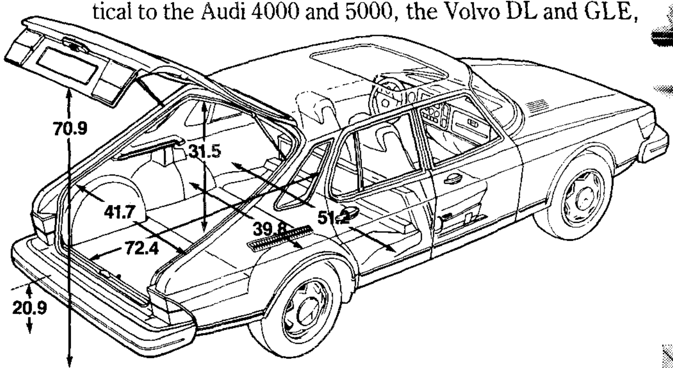
Based on the facts, however, it's the only choice *Car and Driver* could logically make.

Room.

Despite having exterior dimensions virtually identical to the Audi 4000 and 5000, the Volvo DL and GLE, the BMW 320i and 528i and the Mercedes 280E, the Saab 900 is bigger inside than all of them.



The Saab, in fact, is officially designated a mid-sized car by the EPA. While the others are all compacts.

Performance.

Against such cars as the Porsche 924, the Datsun 280Z and the Alfa Romeo Spider, a Saab Turbo won the 1979 SCCA Showroom Stock "A" championship.

And against the clock in two years of road tests—all of '78 and '79—the four-cylinder, front-wheel drive Saab 900 Turbo was faster than a number of cars on the *Road & Track* slalom course, among them two Ferraris, two Jaguars and a couple of Porsches, including the 928.

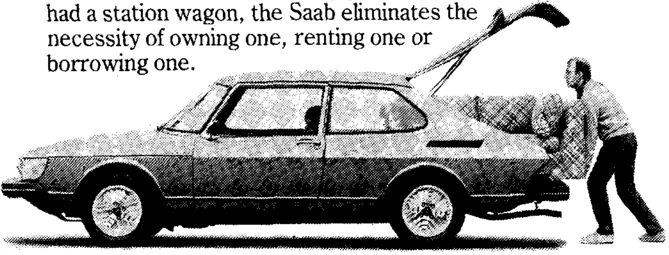
Braking.

From 60 to 0 in the two years of *Road & Track* tests, the Saab 900 Turbo stopped quicker than two Audis, two Jaguars, five BMWs, a Ferrari, a Maserati, a Mercedes and a Volvo.

Which is really stopping.

Versatility.

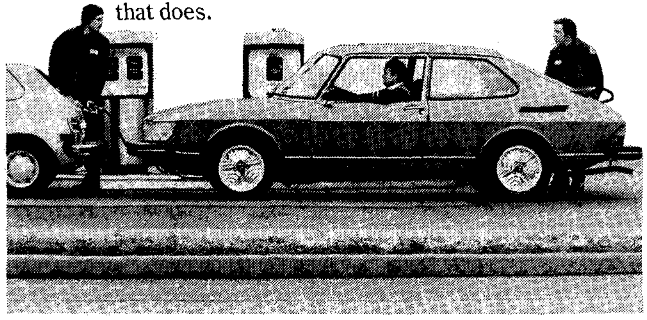
For those few times every year when you wish you had a station wagon, the Saab eliminates the necessity of owning one, renting one or borrowing one.



Fold the rear seat forward, lift the rear hatchback and the Saab presents a station wagon-like space over six feet long and 53 cubic feet big.

Economy.

The Saab 900 is not a tiny car that gets good gas mileage. The Saab 900 is a comfortable *mid-sized* car that does.



The Saab 900 EMS, for example, gets ㉑ EPA estimated mpg and 30 estimated highway mpg. (Remember, use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.)

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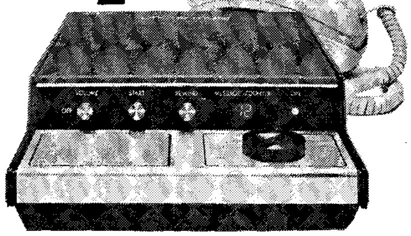

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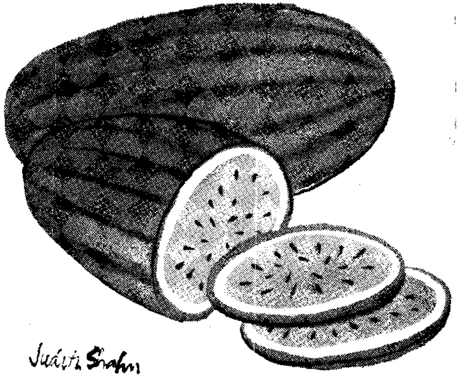
Administration, including long-continued support of the Shah of Iran. Brzezinski, when I spoke with him at the time of Vance's resignation, said that he had never "undercut, undermined, or deceived" Vance and maintained that his personal relations with both Vance and Harold Brown, the Secretary of Defense, were "better than any comparable relationship in the last twenty years." In defending the present system, he said that decisions sometimes may be wrong and some problems are not soluble but that that's not because the system doesn't work. "My job is to coördinate and to give the President policy advice when he wants it," he said. "It's at his discretion. There's no arbitrary way of defining the N.S.C. job. It depends on the character of the President and the character of the people he chooses to appoint to the N.S.C. and to State. Truman, Eisenhower, and Ford had strong Secretaries of State, and subordinated themselves to them. Kennedy and Nixon, in effect, were their own Secretaries of State—in the sense that their Secretaries thought much as they did—and Carter has more or less followed the same pattern. Within that framework, in each case, everything else falls into place." Not everyone in the foreign-policy establishment by any means agrees with Brzezinski. The running complaint at State is that the N.S.C. does things in an ad-hoc fashion, without sufficient study or preparation. The N.S.C., for its part, feels that, as Aaron told me, "the State Department looks at the world abstractly and is oversensitive to the reactions of other countries, whereas the White House looks at this and that country and decides what we want and what can be done." Aaron added that "the Department still has a hankering to be an interagency coördinator, but the question remains—who does the coördinating?" Actually, Newsom and Aaron, between them, do a great deal of coördinating; the two men are on the phone several times a day when a crisis is brewing, and they see each other regularly, either at the White House or at the Department. "We have a good relationship, though we sometimes look at things from a different perspective," Aaron said. "The differences—on tactics, for example—are genuine, and they often involve other agencies, too, especially when it comes to carrying out policy. Newsom and I try to pave the way for solutions. He's a very skillful and effective professional. This town is full of pundits and mechanics. He can be both, but what is more important is that he has an internal quality of wisdom. I value that above all."

Wisdom, or at least foresight, as many critics have pointed out, has not always prevailed during the Carter Administration, which often has acted on an ad-hoc basis in areas of domestic as well as foreign policy—though the prosecution of the Middle East and Panama agreements and of the SALT II talks are important exceptions. In the case of Afghanistan, of course, Carter acted more forcefully than he ever had before, but a number of critics, including George Kennan, our former Ambassador in Moscow, felt that he had overreacted and that, in ad-hoc fashion, he had played all his cards too hastily. Henry Kissinger, who during one period of the Nixon Presidency was in the unique position of acting as both Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs and Secretary of State, feels not only that the relationship between the N.S.C. and the State Department as it is now constituted is bad but that it is particularly demoralizing to the Department. The role of the National-Security Adviser, he says, should primarily, if not only, be that of a White House coördinator, which is what it was intended to be, in the sixties, when the post was enhanced by President Kennedy and occupied by McGeorge Bundy.

"You need someone very bright and very much trusted, who in effect will act as a high-class traffic cop," Kissinger told me. "He should not be a visible spokesman. There must be just one spokesman on foreign policy—the Secretary of State. The Presidential assistant should not replace him but should be the confidential adviser as well as the coördinator for the President—the man with whom, if he wants to, the President can put his feet up on the desk and talk." Kissinger, who went far beyond that role himself, to all intents and purposes replacing Secretary of State William Rogers even before he officially was given the latter's job, maintains that for the first year and a half as



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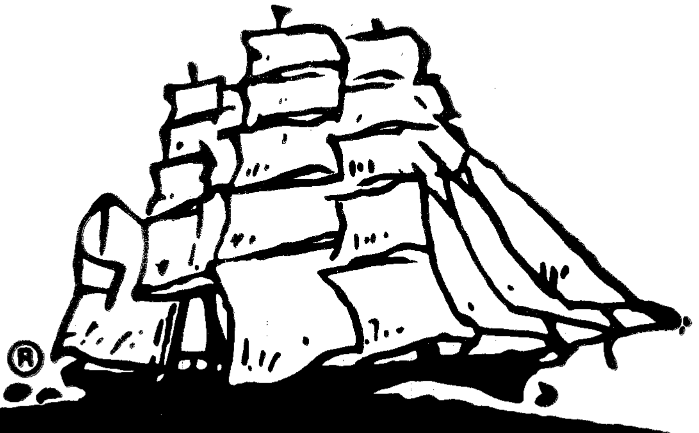

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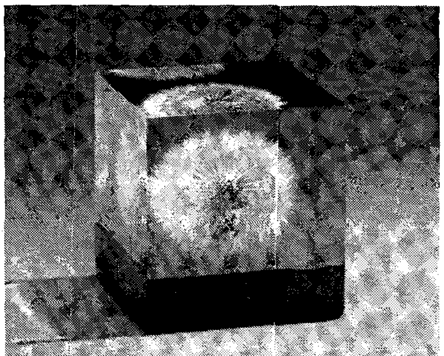
National-Security Adviser he confined himself to a coördinating role. "Then I became dominant and involved in the whole process," he said. "When I moved over to the State Department, I thought a lot, and, because I'm strong-willed, I dominated the people I talked to—but I picked top people to work with, and I met with them meticulously all the time. After I got my own group of people in, I depended on my assistant secretaries." Kissinger's operation of the Department has often been compared to that of John Foster Dulles, but it is a comparison that Kissinger doesn't relish. "Dulles ran the job out of his hat," he said. "He disregarded others, but I didn't." Kissinger also feels that the lack of an over-all strategy today derives partly from the fact that there are "too many special pleaders in the Department, from the level of the Country Directors on up." He explains, "An assistant secretary, for example, should become the agent of the Secretary when something important happens, when a decision has been made about what to do. The failure to anticipate crises today, which results in tagging along after them, comes in part from the failure to dominate. The members of the Foreign Service are a highly able group, dedicated and loyal, but they have certain thought patterns. They think they understand situations better than you do, and they tend to ground you. They're influenced by conventional ideology, and this often tends to make them slide around an issue—to be reluctant to face the fact that something is this or that, that a solid option is there to confront. That's how decisions get lost in the shuffle. The seventh floor needs a general staff."

As National-Security Adviser, and when he first took over at the State Department, Kissinger was admittedly secretive in his conduct of foreign policy, but, according to Winston Lord, who was head of Kissinger's policy-planning staff and was perhaps closest to him, "he loosened up after he had been at State for a while and had placed his own chosen career men in top positions. He had confidence in them, and they became part of the inner circle, and helped him decide important issues. Their advice, including that of the assistant secretaries, was fully weighed. It's true that he didn't like to have a lot of people attend meetings, such as Country Directors or desk officers—they made him nervous—and he sometimes mistreated ambassadors in the field. But what was



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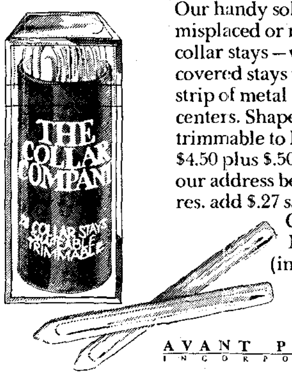

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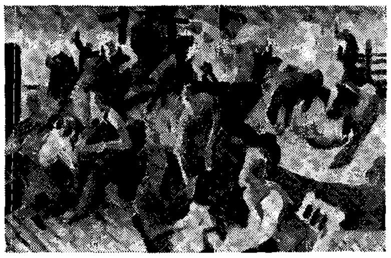

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always important was the conceptual framework, and in dealing with a number of vital issues at once he was like an athlete. Those of us who were closest to him—including the good career men—came to know how to deal with him, how to get talking points right up in front at the outset of planning strategy, how to present the significant parts of an issue. You knew what was comfortable for him, but this didn't mean that you couldn't argue with him—he didn't respect yes men."

"Over all, I didn't solve the problems at the Department of State—I learned only as I left," Kissinger told me, and he went on, "The people in the Department must be oriented more toward conceptualizing the big issues—they have to be more than tacticians. The place is a cable machine. There's the compulsion that cables have to keep going out and coming in." This makes it difficult to line up "solid alternatives," he said, and, in one of his not infrequent moments of sardonic, self-depreciatory humor, he added that "even a monomaniacal person needs alternatives." A vast difference exists between "proper conceptualization" and addressing things in "apocalyptic terms," and Kissinger believes that the latter is the problem in the Carter White House. "There is the constant idea in the White House that something very important happened when Carter took over," he said. "But others don't like the idea that American foreign policy changes with each new President. We now tend to impale ourselves on the horns of every dilemma. We seem to feel that if we don't back radical elements, as in the case of a number of African countries, we'll lose face, and they won't thank us. You can't carry out policy that way." Despite the high regard he had for Vance, Kissinger believes that nowadays the Department as a whole suffers from a failure "to face geopolitical facts." Part of this shortcoming, he feels, is due to personalities and part of it to the aftermath of the Nixon debacle. "During Watergate, I used to tell the people on the plane with me that you can't undermine the executive authority without paying a price. We're paying it now. This Administration is the heir of that dilemma, but it won't admit that or cope with it."

Under what could be called the collegial approach that has been adopted now, perhaps to a fault, by the State Department, Newsom, as a chief of staff, delegates decisions and judgments to others and operates by consensus rather than by authority. One

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of the assistant secretaries who regularly report to him has compared him to "a judge," whereas his predecessor, Philip Habib, who was a blunt, outspoken man, and who also concentrated on several key issues at once, like Newsom, but in a more assertive way, was "a prosecutor." Another ranking Foreign Service Officer who worked under both the Kissinger team and the Vance team has commented that "there are democratic advantages to the collegial system, but there are also obvious disadvantages." Newsom believes deeply in the advantages. "It's hard for one man to present a cohesive picture of the situation and its requirements," he says. "It's important to realize that there is a competent establishment on the sixth floor—assistant secretaries and their staffs, who deal with basic guidelines of problems and sometimes make their own decisions. If a matter requires my attention or the Secretary's, it comes up to this floor. In any event, I want to be informed of what the regional bureaus are doing, and then I pick out the things that the Secretary should be reminded of. Early in the morning, I may ask an assistant secretary to prepare a paper for me or for the White House, or I may have a meeting to get the sense of whether this or that is a crisis or not. Some time ago, there was a quick meeting like that on the fall of the Italian government. We concluded that the event had some dangerous aspects, but not critical ones or ones calling for any United States involvement, and a memorandum to that effect went to the White House. Also, I began noting some Spanish nervousness about our lack of response to promises we had made in the military field. So I got everyone together on that and laid out ways to deal with the specific problems we faced. The issues, though unglamorous, included deliveries of some promised equipment and the implementation of some other outstanding commitments. They were important because of our over-all relations with Spain, including our use of Spanish bases. One of the questions had to do with a contract for a communications network that an American company had undertaken to provide to the Spanish government. There were some defects that required repair and some questions about maintenance and costs that required mediation and a settlement with Spain. This was a case of a Department of Defense issue that caused political problems to us. There's more to making foreign policy than deciding on broad strategic concepts, ne-

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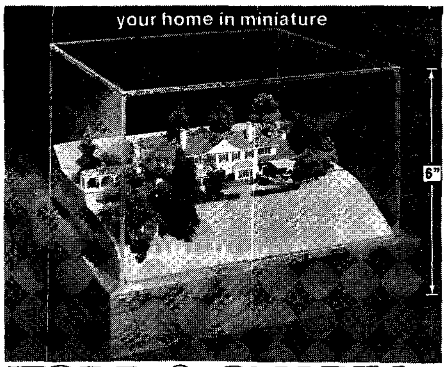

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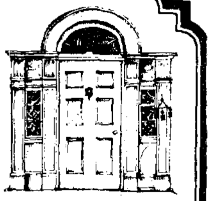

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gotiating treaties, and smoothing out major policy disputes. Much of it has to do with intricate legal and financial questions, which are often the key to the general tenor of relations with another country."

ON a given day, Newsom deals with a score or more matters, ranging from the critical to the routine. Over a period of several weeks during March and April, he was handling a multitude of problems in addition to Iran, including several of an emergency nature, such as the sudden large influx of Cuban refugees into Florida.

On the continuing problem of Afghanistan, Newsom was engaged in defining the basic elements of the proposal for its neutrality, which, if and when the Russians withdrew, might be negotiable; once the Department came up with its ideas, they had to be correlated with those of our European allies, who had originally made the suggestion. He supervised the evacuation of fifteen State Department employees from Chad when fighting between factions there resumed after a ceasefire broke down, and this required seeking the assistance of the French, Chad's former colonizers.

When the Liberian revolution took place, and Master Sergeant Samuel K. Doe overthrew the regime of President William Tolbert, assassinating Tolbert, declaring himself President, and executing other members of the old regime, Newsom and his staff sorted out the options of what to do about nearly five thousand Americans in that country. The possibility of evacuating them was discussed, but, at Newsom's suggestion, it was decided to approach Doe directly and let him know of our concern if the internal situation remained unstable, while at the same time making arrangements for American dependents to leave. Because of our long friendship with the Tolbert government and the close historic ties between Liberians and American blacks, the problem of responding to requests for asylum was a particularly touchy one, since our policy is not to encourage it but to offer it under certain conditions, and in Liberia this was made more difficult because of our desire to establish relations with the new rulers.

Prior to the release of hostages—among whom was the American Ambassador—held by local leftists in Bogotá, Colombia, Newsom met with the Ambassador's family to explain to them our policy of coöperating with the Colombian government in reaching a

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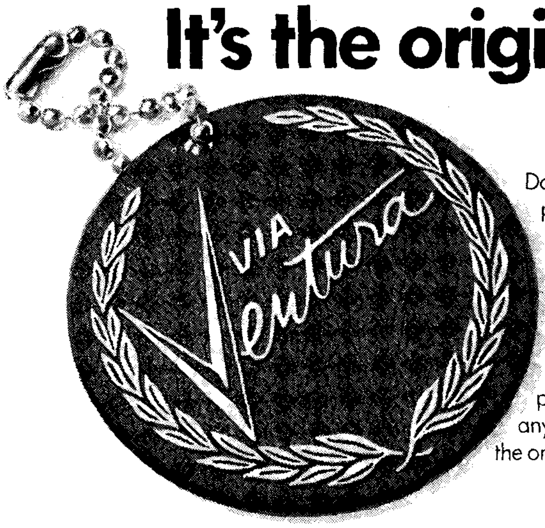

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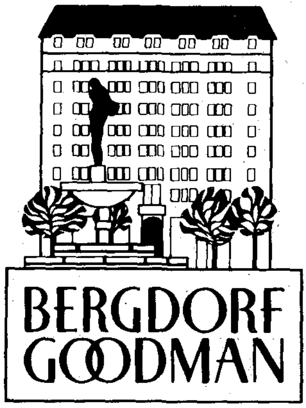

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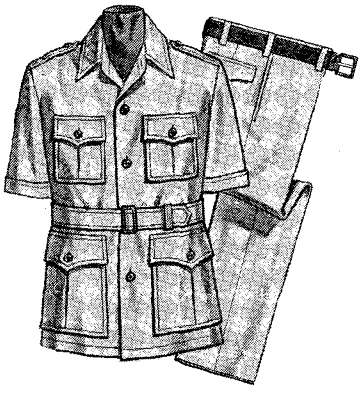

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solution, which was finally accomplished through the mediation of human-rights groups. The chronic problem of fighting in Lebanon between forces supported by the Israelis and the Syrians resulted in Newsom's setting up a number of meetings concerned with our efforts to bring about a withdrawal of troops on both sides. A variety of technical and legal matters kept coming up, among them arranging for licenses to send some boat engines and two Boeing 727s to Iraq. A similar question arose over sending some training planes to Peru, which we were willing to do if the Peruvians backed out of a deal they had made to buy Russian bombers, and Newsom handled both of these cases. He was involved in trying to arrange special legislative status for immigrants who had become American-government civil servants here and wanted to stay in the United States with their families. Several matters having to do with the gathering of intelligence and the coordination of information policy in various parts of the world took up some of his time. As for Iran, he kept up his concern with that situation, meeting with a group of academic experts to discuss what new approaches could be made to the Iranians following the collapse of negotiations to transfer the hostages from the student militants to control of the government. He also met, as he had done before, with a group of the hostages' families and discussed with them the advisability of their trying to visit the prisoners in Iran—the State Department had decided neither to encourage nor discourage such visits but to consider each request on its merits. During this meeting, held a few days before the failed commando raid in Iran, which Newsom did not know about until it was over, the question of military action came up, and he cited President Carter's promise to consult with Congress before resorting to force, but no one asked about possible rescue attempts. Newsom also took charge of arrangements made for the Algerians to represent the Iranians in the United States and the Swiss to represent us in Iran. We insisted that Iranian approval be obtained for the Swiss to act as our protective power, which is the diplomatic term used, at the same time that we approved of the Algerians. A simultaneous agreement was finally achieved by telephoning Teheran from Newsom's office, in the presence of the Swiss Ambassador, and obtaining the consent of the Iranians, in the presence

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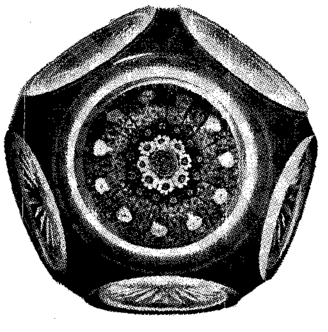

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of the Algerian Ambassador, to the arrangement.

Because of his schedule and his late hours, Newsom tries to hold his evening obligations to a minimum, but he attends official dinners or receptions two or three times a week, often going to them straight from his office. The work load on the seventh floor is always heavy, and there are days, especially when a crisis of the magnitude of Iran or Afghanistan is brewing, when there is so much to do that he hardly has time to follow the flow of cables and papers on his desk; he frequently devotes Saturdays and Sundays to catching up on his reading of these. There are some weeks when so many things are happening concurrently that he goes from one meeting to another with scarcely a pause, and can take no more than half an hour to have lunch—either in the Department cafeteria or in his private dining room. One day last year, when he had just spent two particularly exhausting days dealing with problems that involved Iran, Yemen, Lebanon, and North Africa, during which he held long group meetings on each, in addition to a number of private conferences with ambassadors and heads or assistant heads of the State Department's five geographic bureaus, Newsom was visibly tired, and he would have liked nothing better than to go home. But he had to make an appearance at the new Chinese Embassy, where an official reception was being held in observance of the normalization of relations with Peking. Juanita Kreps, the then Secretary of Commerce, had been selected to be the American speaker, but Newsom had to stand on the platform with her under the glare of television lights while both she and the Chinese Ambassador, Chai Zemin, made their remarks and toasts were exchanged. As he lifted his glass and managed a weak smile, his horn-rimmed reading glasses, which he had left on, were slightly fogged, and he looked like a weary owl, on a shaky branch that had barely survived a storm.

—Robert Shaplen

(*This is the last part of a three-part article.*)

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CORRECTION

In the recipe for Beet Grape Mold, in the April 27 Sunday Magazine, the third ingredient was omitted. It should be: 1 one-pound jar sliced pickled beets.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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Joel Grey and William Neill/*Silverlake*

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THE THEATRE

Least Said, Soonest Mended

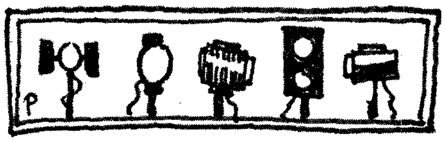
THREE disappointments, and, given that frolicsome green summer is upon us, I am reluctant to dwell at length, and darkly, upon any of them. The first of the three is a new production of Meredith Willson's "The Music Man," which has come to the cavernous City Center with the intention, I suspect, of appealing to tourists; permanent residents of this island are perhaps intended to look the other way. The musical labors under many handicaps, not the least of which is the appallingly loud, coarse, and inaccurate amplification at the Center; meaning no offense to monkeys, I must say that much of the sound to which one is subjected at the Center could be as readily heard in a monkey house at the zoo. Moreover, "The Music Man" hasn't weathered the years as gracefully as one might hope; it possesses about as feeble a book as a musical could have without falling over, and one is astonished to recollect that in 1958 the New York Drama Critics Circle voted to give it the edge over "West Side Story" as the best musical of the season. Robert Preston was the star of the original production, and the energy he poured into his performance, as well as the superlative clarity of his diction, made the character he played—a slick travelling salesman, bent upon flimflamming the gullible inhabitants of River City, Iowa—more appealing, if not more plausible, than that character really is. As Preston's successor in the role, Dick Van Dyke grins and capers and strikes poses, but a puppet on strings could do as well; Van Dyke is a TV personality, while Preston is an actor, and, oh, the gulf between those occupations!

Little of merit survives in "The Music Man" except the best of the songs. If Van Dyke bungles "Trouble," nothing can do injury to "Seventy-six Trombones," and Meg Bussert, as the virtuous young librarian Marian Paroo, sings "Goodnight My Someone," "My White Knight," and "Till There Was You" with charm and authority. (Sans amplification, no doubt her voice would prove to be a very pleasing one.) The Irish accent with which Carol Arthur plays Marian's mother is so phony that one welcomes its increasing absence as the evening wears on; Iggie Wolfington understandably does better as Mayor Shinn, having created the role back in 1957. The droll sets of "The Music Man" are by Peter Wolf, the costumes are by Stanley Simmons, and the lighting is by Marcia Madeira. The lively direction and choreography are by Michael Kidd.

WHAT is billed in the Bible as "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" receives somewhat more excitable billing on Broadway, where Vinnette Carroll's adaptation of St. Matthew is entitled "Your Arms Too Short to Box with God" and bears the self-congratulatory subtitle "A Soaring Celebration in Song and Dance." An earlier production of this revivalist hoedown was a success here a few seasons ago, and the present production (at the Ambassador) has spent a considerable time contentedly touring the provinces. If I like it less than I did its predecessor, it may be because I have grown more impatient in the interval with the notion that the classic texts of our literature are suitable objects for contemporary plunder—that they can be rendered, as people say nowadays, "accessible" to our presumably cloddish sensibilities by being reduced to baby talk and street talk. Many of the songs are in the form of imitation hymns, and because of their subject matter—for example, a song called "Come On Down" is addressed to Christ on the Cross—we are sure to find them affecting. They are not more affecting, however, than Matthew: "He saved others; himself he cannot save. If he be the King of Israel, let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him." The music and lyrics are mostly by Alex Bradford, with additional music and lyrics by Micki Grant. The sets and the handsome costumes are by William Schroder, the lighting is by Richard Winkler, and the choreography is by Talley Beatty. The direction is by Miss Carroll, who has drawn excellent performances from her large cast.

MISS GRANT, who contributed to "Your Arms," had for a brief time a musical show on Broadway that was entirely her own. It was called "It's So Nice to Be Civilized," and it starred Mabel King, who played for a couple of years in "The Wiz," and Vivian Reed, who leaped to fame in "Bubbling Brown Sugar." Miss King is as round as an apple, and Miss Reed is as slender and as exquisitely put together as one of those five-thousand-dollar watches that so many fathers are said by advertisers to be looking forward to receiving on Father's Day; they made an excellent team in their unlikeness, but the careless author had given neither them nor the rest of her company anything substantial to embody. Miss King played a sentimental old grandmother with an itch to kick up her heels, and Miss Reed played a suavely successful businesswoman, pursued, not without consequences, by a con man named Sharky (Obba Babatunde). Sharky befriends a young white man who has wandered naïvely onto the turf of a tough black street gang. If Miss Grant can be said to have had anything whatever to say, it is that we must all, black and white alike, respect each other and eventually love each other. The world—she tells us this in so many words, as if it were an authentic bombshell—isn't perfect, but, little by little, things will get better if only we buckle down and work for betterment. A sentiment that is both true and false—both noble and piffling—and it cannot support an evening in the theatre, or, for that matter, a morning in church. The scenery was by Charles E. Hoefler, who, with Ralph Madero, also designed the lighting. The costumes were by Ruth Morley, the choreography by Mabel Robinson, and the direction by Frank Corsaro.

—BRENDAN GILL



OFF BROADWAY

East in the West

NOW at the Public is a funny, mysterious, and often beautiful play by David Henry Hwang called "FOB," which was given a staged reading last summer at the O'Neill Theatre's National Playwrights Conference, in Waterford, Connecticut—where, I must say at once, I functioned as a kind of adviser and editor during rehearsals. At the beginning of the evening, a character called Dale—a Chinese-American, born here—contemptuously defines "FOB" as "Fresh Off the Boat" and describes with disgust the stereotype of the Chinese immigrant: clumsy, greasy, big feet, stupid, horny—"like Lenny in 'Of Mice and Men.' " The lights lower, and we are in a Chinese restaurant outside Los Angeles. The play has three characters (along with a number of musicians and visible stage managers): Dale; his cousin Grace, the restaurant proprietor's daughter, who came here from Taiwan at the age of ten and is now a journalism student at U.C.L.A.; and Steve, the FOB, who is the son of a rich manufacturer in Hong Kong and is about to enroll at an American college. When he enters, Grace is sitting alone onstage trying to wrap a box; he announces himself as an ancient Chinese warrior god, Gwan Gung, and we soon realize that she has been expecting him, for she tells him, in a mocking kind of way, that she is herself the woman warrior Fa Mu Lan, whose family he destroyed. Mr. Hwang (only twenty-two, incidentally) skillfully interweaves comedy (high and low), romance, legend, and history to tell the story of the courtship of Steve and Grace and the callous casting-aside of Dale. What also comes through is the story of the dreadful, humiliating struggle of the Chinese immigrant in America, and, on the side, the depressing position of Chinese women. Much of the factual material has, of course, been covered in a quite different way by Maxine Hong Kingston in "The Woman Warrior" and "China Men;" the originality and imagination and humor of Mr. Hwang's work lie in his characters and action.

It is almost impossible to indicate in synopsis the richness and resourcefulness of the play and the steadiness of its complex plot. The tone of the first act is, for the most part, bright and sharp (it could move somewhat less deliberately than it does in this production); the second act darkens and deepens before reaching its satisfactory resolution. The performance, under the direction of Mako (he was the star of "Pacific Overtures"), is a matter not only of dialogue and monologue and stage business but of music and choreographed movement as well. The acting is fine. Ginny Yang plays with quiet strength as she slips in and out of her double characterization of Grace and Fa Mu Lan; John Lone, who must be defeated as Gwan Gung before he can win as Steve, nimbly and convincingly moves back and forth from cocky rich boy to proud warrior to comic-book stereotype and to agonized, importunate immigrant; and Calvin Jung is splendid as funny, truly tragic Dale, the permanently displaced person, the native American whose parents seem to him to be "yellow ghosts," and who could go anywhere he wanted in Los Angeles but somehow doesn't. The scenery is by Akira Yoshimura and James E. Mayo, the costumes are by Susan Hum, and the dramatic lighting is by Victor En Yu Tan. "FOB" will run through June 15th.

—EDITH OLIVER

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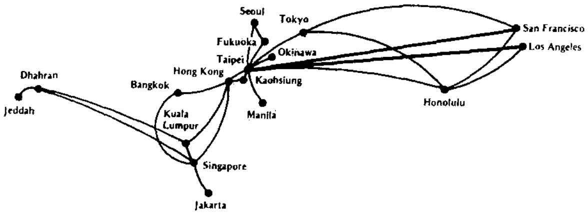

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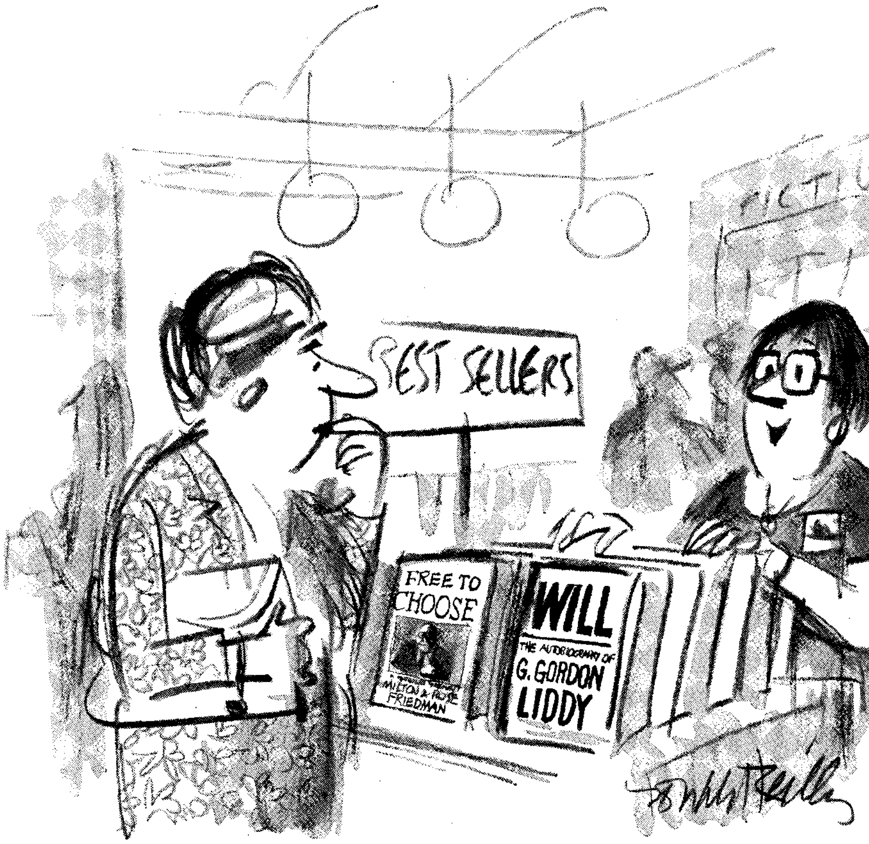
MUSICAL EVENTS

Isaac and David

JUNE began well, with a substantial recital of rich, noble, and beautiful music nobly and beautifully sung by Cappella Nova, in St. Joseph's Church in the Village. "Heinrich Isaac: Versatile Flemish Master" was the title of the concert. Only Isaac's church music was performed—none of the secular songs and dances that have become hit numbers of the Renaissance revival. His versatility was still in evidence, and his towering genius more apparent than ever. Richard Taruskin, the director and conductor of Cappella Nova, has a flair for devising shapely, nourishing, and illuminating programs. For this concert, he brought together radiant, magisterial liturgical music that Isaac composed for the Emperor Maximilian's chapel and earlier, exuberant compositions that he wrote when he was in Lorenzo the Magnificent's service. Mr. Taruskin had compiled a Missa de Confessoribus—Ordinary from Maximilian choirbooks, Propers from the great "Choralis Constantinus" collection—and within this grand structure set five large motets, four of them Marian, of the Italian years. In a program note, he made high claims: "For floridity and grandeur, 'O decus ecclesiae' has scarcely a peer in the music of any era." And:

> There is scarcely another composer among the Renaissance masters whose works could have provided a comparable gamut of styles, colors, and moods. But all Isaac's works, of no matter what manner, display the same superlative craftsmanship and wealth of invention, along with the very human warmth of expression that makes him for us, no less than for his contemporaries, one of the most endearing of his school.

Impassioned, intense, precisely molded, and colorful performances reflected those beliefs and persuaded listeners to share them. The work of Cappella Nova—some twenty singers, male and female—has regularly been praised in these pages; I have never heard them sound more impressive than in this Isaac recital. The thrilling sequence "Ad laudes salvatoris," a high point of the "L'Homme Armé"-plus-"Choralis Constantinus" composite Mass that Mr. Taruskin presented at Corpus Christi last year, was even more grandly, more brilliantly done. The Cappella has many virtues. One is its range of timbres. When Isaac's writing, as in a "Salve Regina" that ended the program, became almost more instrumental than vocal, the voices "spoke" with instrumental accuracy and precision; at the words "Nobis post hoc exsilium ostende" one seemed to hear virtuoso viols. St. Joseph's is not reverberant, though it has firm, clear, fresh acoustics, but in sustained music the Cappella produced a full and resonant sound, and the austere building, a Greek Revival temple of 1834, Roman in rite but Protestant-plain in its décor, took on a glow. The singers were equally adept at joyful pealing, at spreading a tender, soft-shining radiance, at laying strong cantus-firmus foundations to support flamboyant tracery, and at high-spirited patter (in a fleet, brisk Credo). Not all aspects of Mr. Taruskin's approach were uncontroversial. He closed the first section of the motet "Illumina oculos meos" with a cadence whose melting sweetness and softness of timbre were almost indecorously sensuous; likewise a cadence in the Sanctus, before the Hosanna. (Yet the result was so beautiful that no one could really complain.) The sixteenth-century musical historian Glareanus remarked that Isaac "embellished the ecclesiastical chants in which he found any majesty or force with such harmony as made them superior to any new subjects of modern times;" in several of his pieces chant alternates with composition founded upon it. There was nothing plain about the Cappella's handling of plainsong; it tackled the chants with a vividness and a rhythmical boldness that turned them into fascinating, arresting "subjects." They sounded newly composed. Another Cappella Nova virtue is its skill at rendering the special, individual qualities, emotional and structural, of a piece. In stoutly formal compositions, the ground plan was stressed—those works displaying what Glareanus described as Isaac's particular fondness for "making one part sustain a note while the rest were moving about like the waves of the sea against a rock, during a storm." Elsewhere, when it was apt, the Gregorian underpinning disappeared into the structure. Throughout the evening, Isaac's quick response to words was relished. Mr. Taruskin made the most—but not too much—of what he discerned in each work. His sense of flow and balance saved the vivid, revelatory performances from becoming exaggerated. I had never come upon so much Isaac brought together before—perhaps no one since Maximilian has—and count the concert a landmark in the adventure of hearing large-scale Renaissance music brought to life. It closed



"Well, would you say he's more Milton Friedman or more G. Gordon Liddy?"

the Cappella's first series in St. Joseph's; a second series begins in November. For the Musical Heritage Society, the choir has made two fine records, of Ockeghem's Missa Prolationum and of his motets.

Ezra Laderman's one-act chamber opera "And David Wept" was given its first stage production at the Ninety-second Street Y last month. The piece was commissioned by CBS and broadcast in 1971, with Sherrill Milnes, Rosalind Elias, and Ara Berberian in its three roles—David, Bathsheba, and Uriah the Hittite—and with choreography by José Limon. David and Bathsheba are stricken in years and Uriah is dead when the work begins; in a series of speeches, songs, duos, and trios they recall David's adultery, his murder of Uriah, and the doleful consequences—but not the bright result of the affair, Bathsheba's second son, the splendid Solomon. The librettist, Joe Darion, has simplified the vivid, intricate character of the King and has invented characters for Uriah and Bathsheba: he cares more for his martial profession than for his wife; she, bored with him, deliberately exposes herself beneath David's roof in the hope that the King's eyes will fall on her. The tone of the libretto varies from the fancy ("The cry of the mournful owl and the bark of the desert fox made tender music in the night"), through the colloquial ("Bathsheba . . . did not turn a hair"), to the coarse ("Oh wife! wife! you slut! you bitch in heat!"). The characters become stock figures. "It is a story," the authors write, "that happened long ago, and could happen today, and no doubt will happen tomorrow." Their story could. The story told in II Samuel 11 is particular, stronger, and stranger. By being generalized, the Biblical narrative is lessened. Still, both libretto and score are competent as far as they go. The idiom of the music is mildly lyrical, enlivened with moments that suggest sentimental pop song and others that suggest commercial jingles. The piece contains almost as much speech as song—but speech over instrumental accompaniment, speech to whose phrases are assigned "reciting notes" harmonically related to the music. The composer describes the suggested pitches as "approximate" but surely intended them to be taken a little more seriously than they were by the Y singers—Howard Bender as David, Annie Lynn Bornstein as Bathsheba, and Kenneth Bell as Uriah. The staging—in which five dancers as well as three singers moved,

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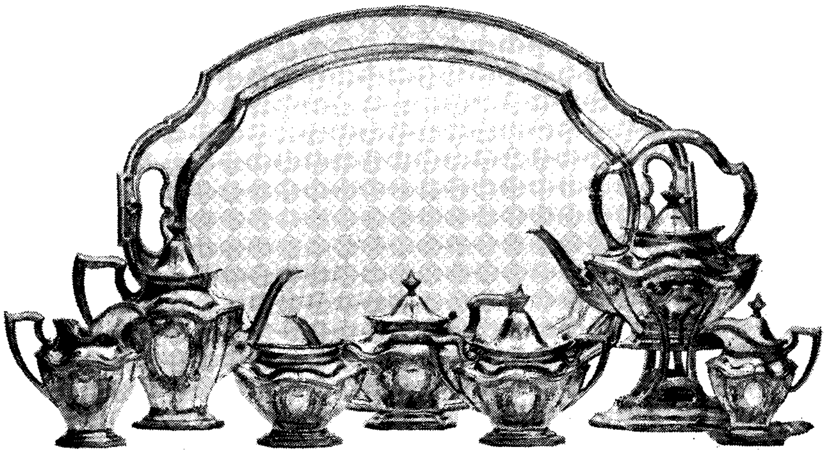

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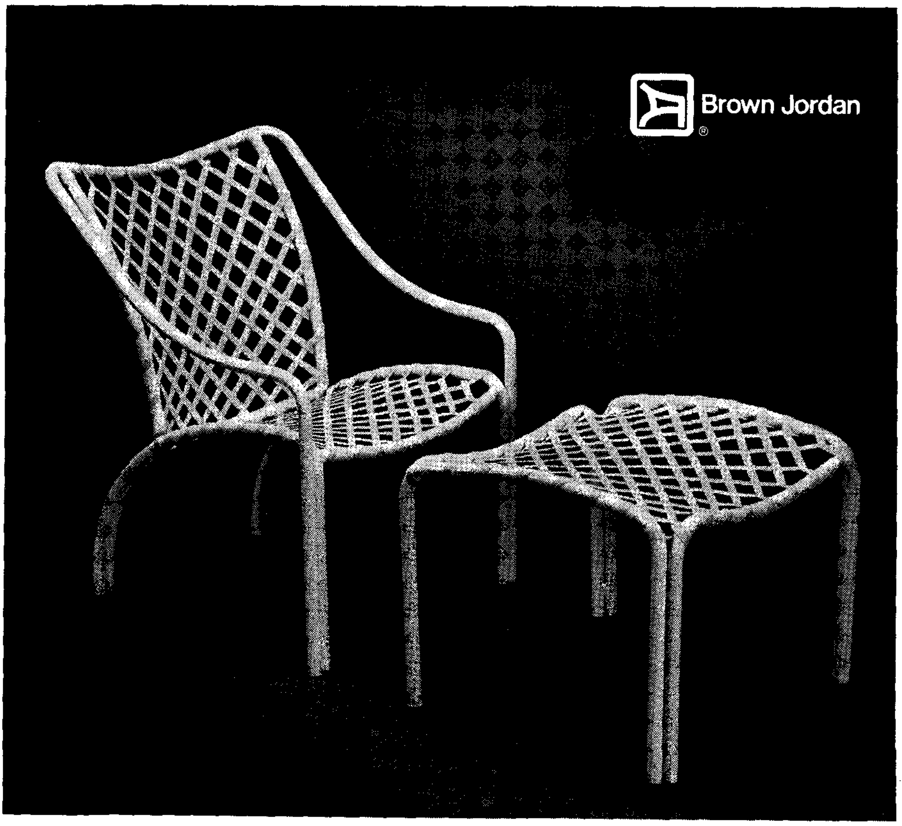

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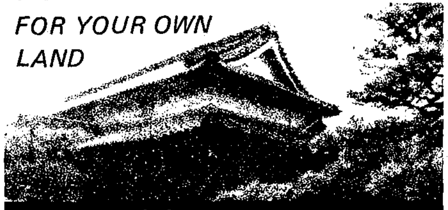

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for the most part gauchely, about the tiny space—was not competent.

"And David Wept" was the second opera in the series "Jewish Opera at the Y." In March, there was David Schiff's opera in Yiddish "Gimpel the Fool," an expanded version of a work first performed at the Y last year. I missed the production but can report on a tape recording of the March performance, which shows "Gimpel" to be a colorful, entertaining, inventive, and original opera. The libretto is from Isaac Bashevis Singer's story of the same title: Gimpel, a credulous baker's apprentice, is married off to Elka, the town whore; on her deathbed, she confesses to him that her six children are not his; the Evil One tempts him to take revenge on the people who made a fool of him, but Elka, in a dream, dissuades him. Schiff uses a small orchestra (fourteen players) suggested by a traditional *klezmer* ensemble, tangy with trumpet and clarinet solos, busy fiddle, tuba bass, and harpsichord in place of cimbalon. Sometimes the timbres of Stravinsky's "Soldier's Tale" and "Reynard" are evoked, sometimes those of a Moroccan, Tunisian, or Near Eastern popular ensemble. Kurt Weill's "Dreigroschenoper" band is another influence, acknowledged by the composer. "All the music," Schiff writes, "is quite consistently based on the four Jewish modal scales," and its eclecticism "reflects the basic eclecticism of the Jewish musical inheritance." There are Mahlerian melodic moments, allusions to cantoral *nusach*, or traditional chant (the town rabbi has an important role), a catchy Jewish cabaret song, a traditional lullaby, and, at the very end, an authentic Torah cantillation. It is all held together by Schiff's lively musical imagination, his wit, his sharp, clean sense of form (the opera is written in distinct numbers), and a command of dramatic gestures—vocal and instrumental; melodic, harmonic, and of timbre—which seems to proclaim him a natural theatre composer. "Gimpel," in two acts, lasts about ninety minutes. Slightly pared, perhaps—one or two passages go on a bit—it might easily become a popular success, something to do on one-acter bills instead of "Gianni Schicchi." The composer is working on an English translation, which should help to give his work wider circulation.

RAMEAU'S *acte de ballet* "Pygmalion" is a small jewel. The action is slight: Pygmalion admires his newly completed statue; his girlfriend sings a jealous air and leaves him; the stat-

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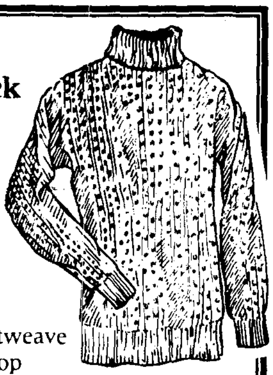

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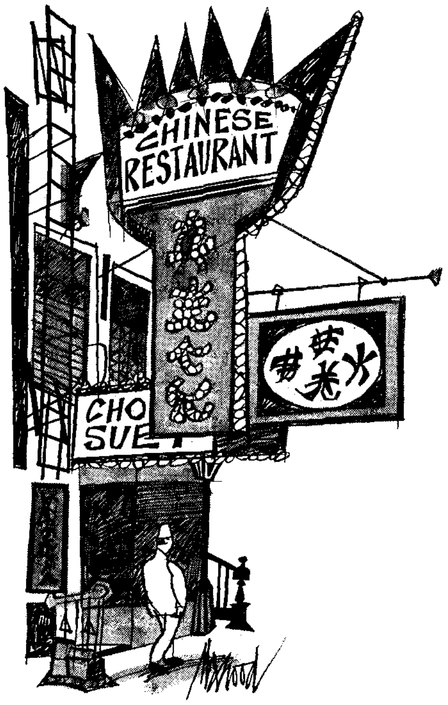
ue, brought to life by Cupid's flame, is taught by the Graces to dance; and dances—broken only by two joyful airs for Pygmalion, "L'Amour triomphe" (with chorus) and "Règne, Amour"—continue the entertainment. The music is exquisitely fashioned. The chain of little dances—air, gavotte gracieuse, menuet, gavotte gaie, chaconne, loure, passepied, rigaudon, sarabande, tambourin—in which the statue is instructed form a pattern book of Rameau's skill. "Pygmalion" is quite often revived. What was billed as its New York première was given last month in the Schimmel Center of Pace University by Concert Royal, directed by James Richman, and the New York Baroque Dance Company, directed by his wife, Catherine Turocy. It was good to hear Rameau's music played on the right instruments, and good to see his dances danced in choreography (by Miss Turocy) and in costumes (by Marilyn Skow) based on those of the mid-eighteenth century. The show had gentleness and grace but lacked other Ramellian qualities—incisiveness, force, aristocratic accuracy of accent. The Pace theatre, in which audience and stage are separated by a wide empty space, was unhelpful. (The orchestra was off to one side.) The singer of the title role, Stephen Oosting, was poor. Ann Monoyios, the statue, sang sweetly and truly, but her timbre was soft in grain and her words were weakly shaped. Both from singers and from players, Rameau's music needed more decisive etching. "Pygmalion" was preceded by Couperin's eighth Concert Royal and by an entrée from Campra's *opéra-ballet* "Les Fêtes Vénitiennes,"



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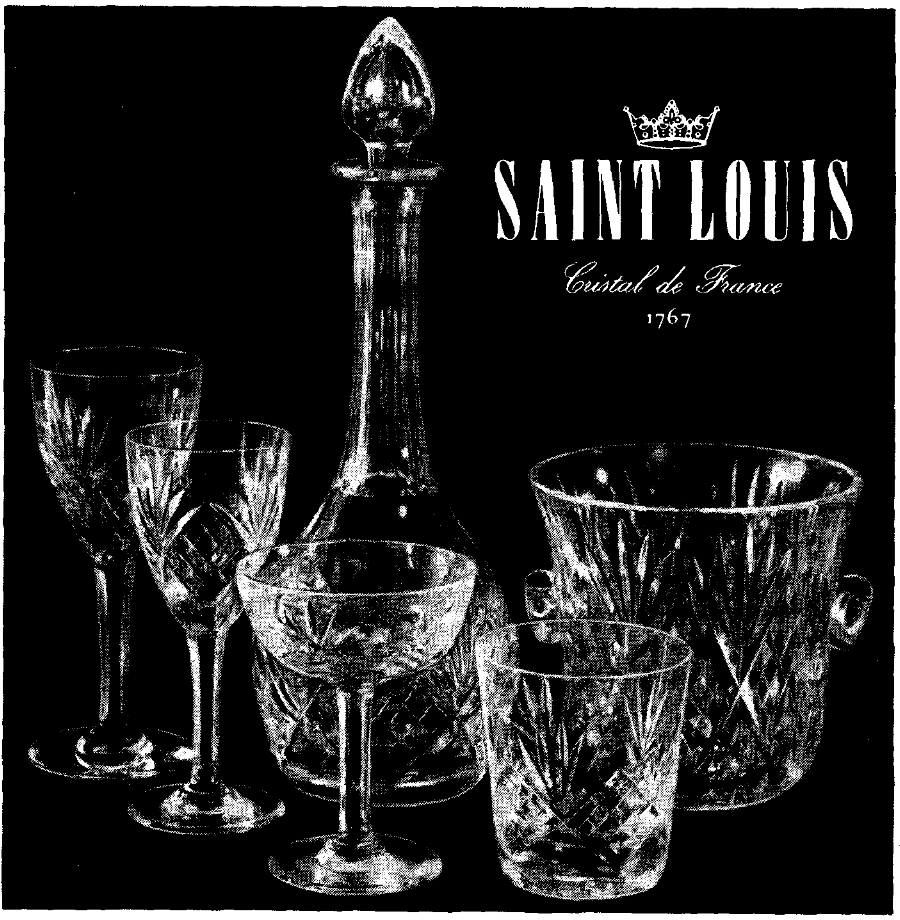

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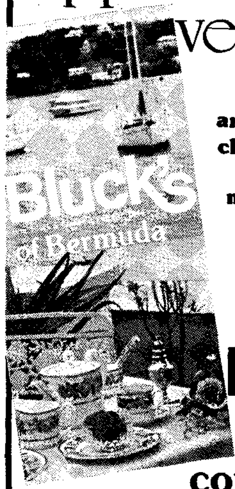

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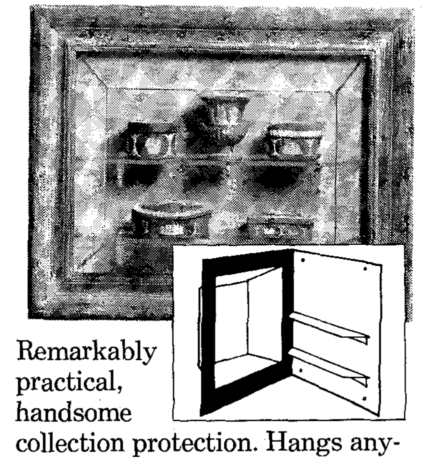

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for which contemporary choreography, notated at the time, was re-created by Ann Jacoby.

THE first of three concerts that Klaus Tennstedt conducted with the Philharmonic last month, in its spring Beethoven cycle, added nothing to his or to the orchestra's reputation. The "Coriolan" overture began raggedly and continued at a tempo of unwonted staidness. Beethoven's marking is "Allegro con brio." The opening of the First Piano Concerto bears the same marking, and again Mr. Tennstedt set a speed more comfortable than energetic. The pianist was Malcolm Frager; his playing, on a solid, equable Bösendorfer that advertised its manufacturer's name to the audience in large letters of gold, was neat, shapely, and thoughtful. The second half of the concert was the Seventh Symphony. Three movements were plain, uneventful, with dynamic contrasts understated. The finale, another Allegro con brio (but this time in 2/4, not 4/4), went so fast that the strings' sixteenths became mere smudges. The orchestra's playing was not a pleasure; the brass brayed, the first flute was wispy, and the woodwinds' chording was often far from purely tuned.

—ANDREW PORTER

FURTHER EVENTS

Fighting Stuff

THE final concert of the American Composers Orchestra season at Tully Hall was an interesting event for extramusical as well as musical reasons. Gunther Schuller, who conducted, has caused a good deal of controversy in recent months with some well-aimed words he delivered at the opening of last year's Berkshire Music Center at Tanglewood. The address was published in the December, 1979, issue of *Symphony News*, and some of its livelier points are recapitulated in the current issue of *High Fidelity*. Mr. Schuller has been criticizing the pervading sense of boredom he says he encounters in orchestral musicians: "As we look around our orchestras in the United States . . . joy . . . has gone out of the faces of many of our musicians. Apathy, cynicism, hatred of new music are rife . . . This cynicism is spreading like a cancer through our orchestras—I know only a handful that are not in an irreversibly malignant state—creating an environment into which it is downright dangerous for young people . . . to step, lest they also be instantly infected." Good fighting stuff—but whence the boredom? Well, Mr. Schuller claimed originally that it is due largely to the "modern union mentality," which "turns our profession more and more into merely a business . . ." He has now expanded his attack to include the ignorant, nonmusical boards of orchestras, which choose music directors for the wrong reasons—and end up selecting non-Americans who fail to spend enough time with their orchestras. New music comes very low on the list of priorities for most of these orchestras. An obvious and unkind reply to Mr. Schuller's diatribe was made by the chairman of the International Conference of Symphony and Opera Musicians (ICSOM, the union of which Schuller complained): "If orchestras are reacting in a boring manner for Gunther Schuller, perhaps he is a boring conductor." This, on the evidence of the Composers Orchestra concert, is not the case. But it does seem to me that Mr. Schuller is mixing up his problems. The conditions under which orchestral employment takes place—the union problem—are one thing: ICSOM has done much good as well as petty harm. Orchestral players' attitudes to new music are quite another: here the fault lies as much with music schools and conductors as with management and players; there are precious few directors with Mr. Schuller's enthusiastic commitment to the cause of contemporary orchestral music.

The major work in the Composers Orchestra concert was Milton Babbitt's horrendously difficult "Relata I," a piece fourteen years old, which was being given its New York première. Mr. Babbitt has told us in print of the circumstances surrounding the work's première, by the Cleveland Orchestra (under the guest conductorship of Mr. Schuller): "A profoundly unsatisfactory representation of the work . . . Only about 80 per cent of the notes of the composition were played at all, and only about 60 per cent of these were played accurately rhythmically, and only about 40 per cent of these were played with any regard for dynamic values. . . . The orchestra was mechanically and mentally largely unprepared and massively uninterested . . ." On that occasion, Mr. Schuller had been expected to accomplish in a few hours what a resident conductor could spend a lifetime doing: to familiarize his players with the technique and the style of postwar orchestral writing. Little reference was made to all this in the brief discussion that followed the Composers Orchestra concert; congratulations for composer and conductor and orchestra were effusive. And it was clear that the orchestra had turned in—on probably less rehearsal time than the Cleveland Orchestra—a decent read-through of the piece. But I still instinctively felt it to be an unsatisfactory representation of the score. Mr. Schuller worked incredibly hard on the podium; the players riveted their eyes to the music, and the precisely calculated sounds emerged sometimes clearly in place, often not. The effect was that of a good keyboard player sight-reading his way through Bach's Art of Fugue. If Mr. Schuller is going to throw his denunciations about with such spirit and verve, and if Mr. Babbitt is going to complain that conventional orchestras cannot play his pieces, then the occasion of an important concert like this, with a committed and sympathetic orchestra, ought not to pass without the giving of an exemplary performance. "Relata I" got halfway there—not, I think, any further.

The rest of the concert was less demanding. "Caprice," by Primous Fountain III, was an amiable, accomplished piece of orchestral writing; David Stock's "Inner Space" was a well-played jumble that said nothing to me. John Harbison's new Piano Concerto, written for and played by Robert Miller, was a work full of bright, lyrical ideas in a distinctively fresh harmonic framework. After the concert, Harbison said that everything he wrote was based on opera; so much is evident from the organic development of the themes and their primarily melodic quality. What he did not quite seem to have mastered was short, purposeful formal design. The first movement's fantasy drifted, uncertain of its direction, while the second movement's sectional construction ("Alla marcia," "Alla canzona," "Alla danza") was obvious. But of the evening's works it promised most. There was, alas, little fun to be gained from Mr. Schuller's payoff—an arrangement of four Duke Ellington pieces, pretentiously billed as "tone poems." The music was great; the performances were stiff.

—NICHOLAS KENYON

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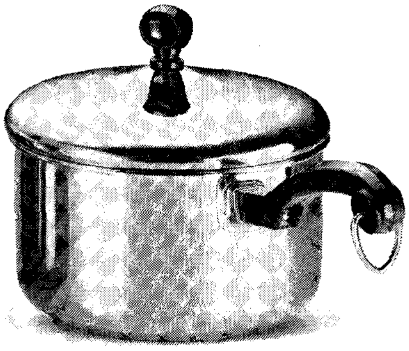

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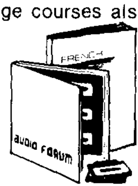
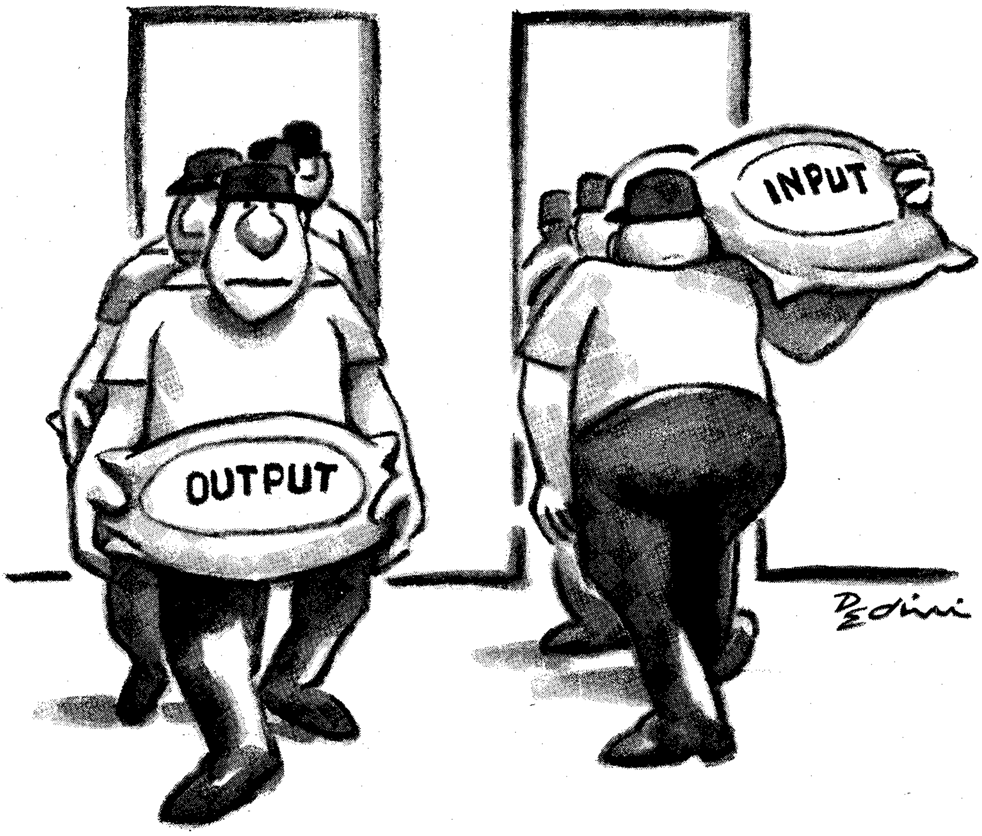


U.S. JOURNAL: ST. LOUIS, MO.

REGIONAL THOUGHTS FROM ATOP THE GATEWAY ARCH

THE construction of the Gateway Arch was a project that never had my approval. When it was completed, in 1965—a six-hundred-thirty-foot arch next to downtown St. Louis to commemorate the westward expansion of the United States—I made no secret of my resentment. I pointed out to anyone who would listen what seemed to be a rather significant flaw in the reasoning of those who had persuaded the federal government to spend some thirty million dollars on a monument identifying St. Louis as the Gateway to the West—the fact that the Gateway to the West happened to be Kansas City. I suppose the people who thought a gateway arch might look nice on the west bank of the Mississippi at St. Louis considered the fact that they were more than two hundred miles from the true gateway a trifling detail—something that could be planned around without much difficulty, the way a Corps of Engineers dam-and-reservoir project sometimes plans around the absence of a river—but it was no small matter to me. By chance, I was born and raised in Kansas City, and I grew up secure in the knowledge that I was living in the Gateway to the West, not to speak of the Heart of America. Having previously had no reason to think of the residents of St. Louis as anything other than fair-minded Americans, I was naturally distressed to find that they were not able to respond with any graciousness at all to my suggestion as to how the error might be rectified in an equitable manner—by changing the name of the arch or moving it to Kansas City. I discovered that the mere mention of which Missouri city had for years been known far and wide as the Gateway to the West set St. Louis people off on painfully long recitations about French fur-trading settlements or the expedition of Lewis and Clark. Details about which sort of foreigners traded furs in the Mississippi Valley could not be expected to mean much to someone who purchased his first football at Gateway Sporting Goods on Main Street in Kansas City, Missouri, the Gateway to the West. Under the circumstances, I admit, I may have been ungracious enough myself to ask my friends in St. Louis some questions that were meant to embarrass rather than to elicit information. If St. Louis was the Gateway to the West, I asked, why had it for so many years seemed content to call itself the Mound City? Why, years after the mound in question had been eroded away or condemned for urban renewal or made into a parking lot, did the St. Louis telephone directory abound with outfits like Mound City Cartage and Mound City Obedience Training Club and Mound City Shelled Nuts? Might an appropriate name for the monument the federal government had wrought for St. Louis with my tax money be the Mound Arch?



As a good citizen, I naturally tried to make my peace with the Gateway Arch in the years after its completion, despite having been handed a second bitter pill to swallow—the decision of my home town to become the City of Fountains. I suspect that the Heart of America—the title we had left after an act of the federal government officially moved the Gateway east—sounded too folksy for a gang of boosters who had a brief fling in the early seventies at trying to transform the town into what they called "a glamour city." When I go home these days, I am told that Kansas City has more fountains than Rome, Italy. It is the sort of statistic that strikes me the way Oklahoma's new boast of having more miles of lakefront than Minnesota must strike some rancher who has spent his life on the Oklahoma prairies: Maybe, but it sure don't show. The fountains represent an additional irritant to me personally because nobody in authority in Kansas City has ever so much as acknowledged my suggestion that two or three of them be dismantled so that the material can be used for a statue to Henry Perry, the man who brought barbecue to town—a monument whose appropriateness can be appreciated by anyone who has ever tried to get a decent plate of barbecue in Rome, Italy. What I am acknowledging is that my effort to purge myself of bias against the Gateway Arch has not been free of complications. When I decided recently to give the Arch the benefit of a closer look—fair is fair—I did so with the realization that I would be going to the top of it carrying some heavy personal baggage.

THE question of where the West begins is not simply a matter of civic pride. Over the past several years, there has been a growing interest in regionalism—which, like ethnicity, provides a way of seeing various groups of Americans as distinctive rather than the same—and the overriding concern of regionalism has always been where to draw the lines. Academic regionalists are ingenious line-drawers. Wilbur Zelinsky, of Pennsylvania State University, who is one of the country's

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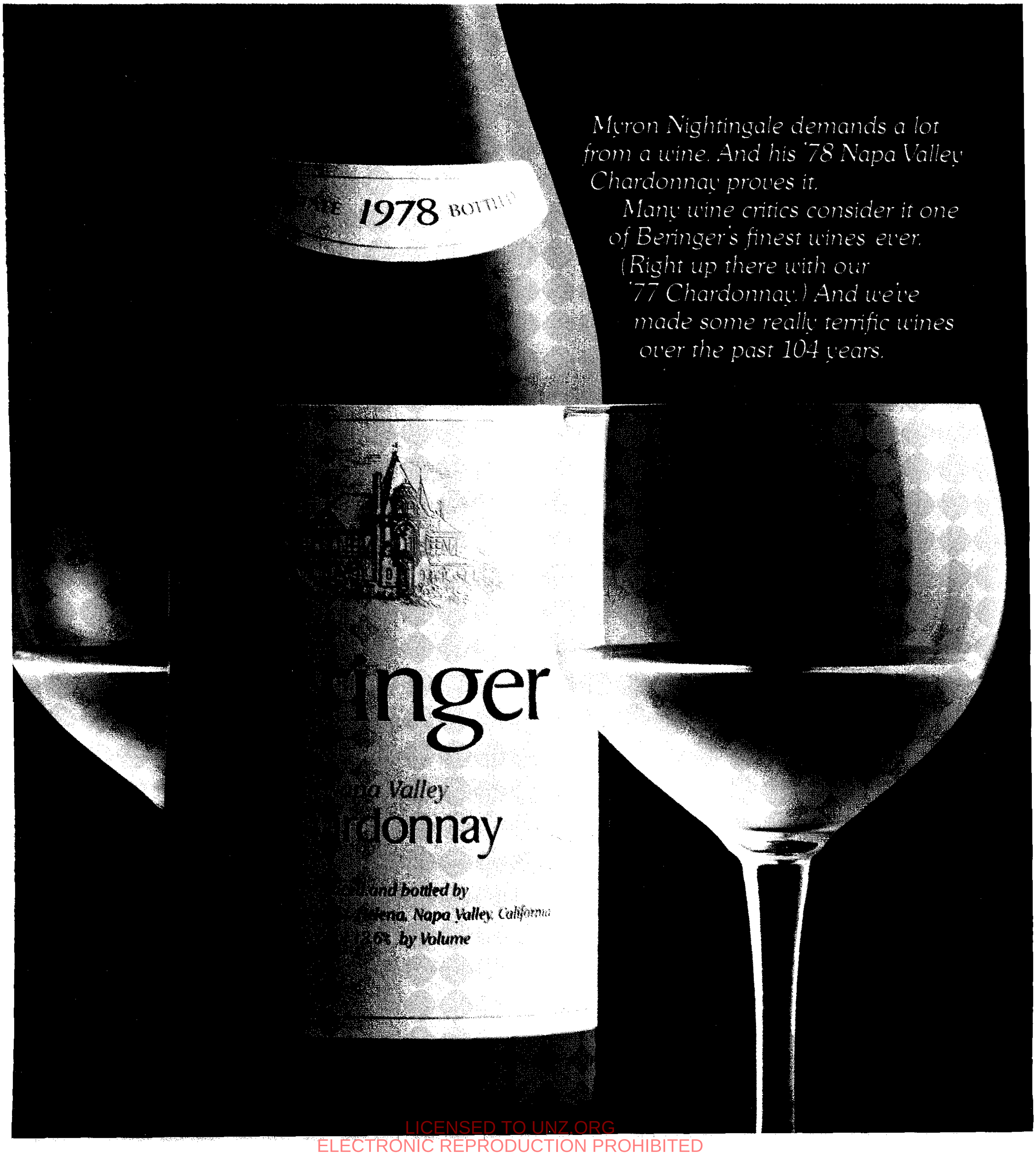
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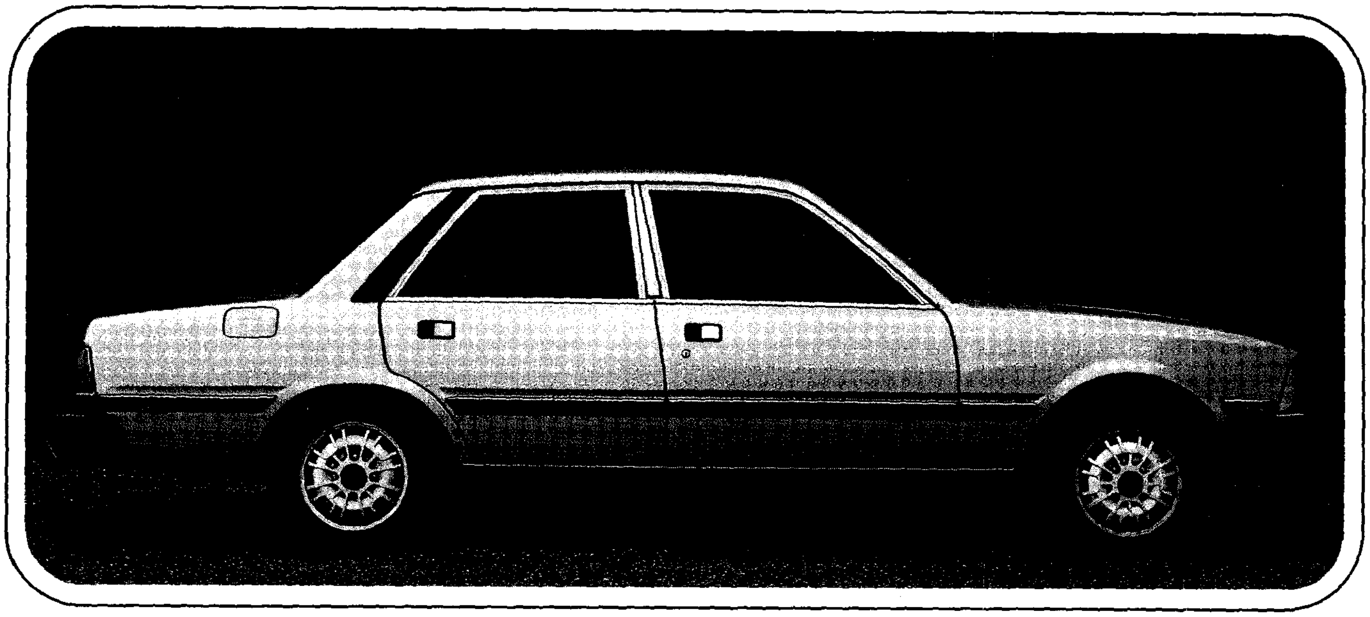

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foremost regionalists, has devised a "doctrine of first effective settlement," so that an area can be assigned to, say, the South or the Midwest depending on whether its dominant culture was handed down by settlers from upstate New York or from the hills of Tennessee. Trying to decide where regional boundaries belong, regionalists can draw conclusions from data like a state's political-party registration and the sorts of first names its citizens tend to give their children. One of their favorite documents is a map of the United States colored in county-by-county to indicate the dominant religion—showing red for Catholicism in the Southwest and Northeast corners and a solid block of Baptist blue in the South and Methodist yellow sprinkled through the Midwest and Lutheran green approaching from the North and a great blob of Mormon gray spilling out of Utah into Idaho and Nevada. Zelinsky once tried to answer the question of where the South ends by taking a horse-mule census within the territory in doubt—the theory being that farmers who used mules to pull their plows obviously lived in the South. At least one question, though, seems to me to remain beyond even the sophisticated line-drawing techniques of the modern regionalist: Nobody has ever really figured out what to do about Missouri.

Some hint of the sort of frustration Missouri presents to regionalists may be provided by the fact that the most distinctive area of the state between St. Louis on the east and Kansas City on the west is known for being neither Eastern nor Western but Southern—a section called Little Dixie, where the Democrats are Southern Democrats and the feeling against government interference is so strong, I was once told, that some people are philosophically opposed to parking meters. Although Raymond D. Gastil, in "Cultural Regions of the United States," acknowledges that a 1940 study described Missouri as having less in common culturally with Arkansas than with its neighboring states to the east and west and north, he concludes that most of the state is part of the South. The first effective settlement in much of it was by Southerners, after all, and the Baptist-blue counties push up toward the Iowa line. ("Wherever there are Southern Baptists there is Southern culture.") Gastil also includes the entire state in his discussion of the Central Midwest ("Much of what the world thinks of as 'American' is Midwestern and especially Central Midwestern"), and mentions that another regionalist has found it to be part of the Southwest. It is not at all unusual for a regionalist to consider Missouri a part of two or three regions. When regionalists divide up the country without strict regard for state lines, the regional boundaries almost always sweep right through Missouri.

The Arch planners, apparently not realizing that the state of Missouri defies being categorized as anything at all, may have thought St. Louis was the first city of the West simply because it happens to be the last city of the East. In history and culture and atmosphere, it has a lot more in common with the cities east of it than it does with places like Kansas City or Omaha or Dallas. The next city west, Kansas City, did not celebrate its centennial until after the Second World War. St. Louis has an eighteenth-century history—an eighteenth-century history that has to be pumped up a bit with French fur-trading stories, it's true, but still an eighteenth-century history. Although St. Louis grew up on the west bank rather than the east bank of the river for some reason—proximity to the mound, perhaps—it was an established city at a time when the United States was basically a country bounded by the Atlantic Ocean on the east and the Mississippi River on the west. A center for shoe factories and breweries early in this century, it was industrialized at a time when the cities west of it were still tied to the land. It is the westernmost city with large, entrenched European-immigrant neighborhoods; it is still possible to hear someone described as being "St. Louis Italian" or "St. Louis German," or even "St. Louis Irish." It has an Eastern city's way of disdaining boosterism and celebrating the past. ("It is difficult to say when St. Louis was at its greatest," the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat's* business editor wrote a few years ago. "During the 1880s, when she served as the Gateway to the West, or in 1904, when the world came here to

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attend the Great Fair.") If it weren't for the Arch, the image that might flash into people's minds at the mention of St. Louis is the picture of the Pruitt-Igoe public-housing project being dynamited by the authorities in charge of it—an instant symbol of the frustrations involved in trying to solve the economic and social problems of what are sometimes referred to as "the crumbling industrial cities of the Northeast." St. Louis meets the tests I devised several years ago to identify an Eastern city: a place where nobody on the city council ever wears white patent-leather shoes, where there are at least two places to buy pastrami (every Western city has one place, usually called something like the New York Delicatessen), and where just about everybody eats supper after dark and calls it dinner. Considering the response some years ago to my suggestion that some consideration be given to moving a single six-hundred-thirty-foot arch to a more appropriate site, I almost hesitate to mention what would make it possible to draw the regional boundaries of the East in a tidier and more orderly manner: St. Louis belongs on the other side of the river.

When I try to think of ways to group American cities—which I often do, inspired, no doubt, by the ingenuity of Professor Zelinsky's horse-mule census—I divide the Old United States from what has followed by distinguishing between cities that had major-league baseball teams before the Second World War and those that did not. To me, the towering figure in pre-expansionist America is not Thomas Jefferson, the third President of the United States, but Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, the first commissioner of baseball. At the start of the war, of course, St. Louis, the southwest corner of the United States as defined by Judge Landis, had not just the Cardinals but the St. Louis Browns—a chronically hapless outfit that made possible the popular description of the Mound City as "first in shoes, first in booze, and last in the American League." The people who run cities that were in the major leagues at the start of the war make some assumptions that are often not made in cities that now have expansion teams or no teams at all—that a large American city has a symphony orchestra as a matter of course, for instance, or that everyone has a policy about whether or not he is willing to cross a picket line, or that it is admirable (rather than sissified or regionally disloyal) to attend Harvard. A lot of what has happened in American cities in the past ten or fifteen years that seems to have had as its impetus the need to prove big-league status—the international airports, the domed stadia, and, of course, the desperate scrambling for big-league franchises in at least four sports—has happened mainly in cities that are south or west of where the majors traditionally ended. It is true that the downtown powers of St. Louis managed to acquire the largest civic status symbol of all, but it took them thirty years to do it—the first serious effort to develop the riverfront where the Gateway Arch now stands having begun in 1934. Among boosters in an expansion-team city like Houston, that is not a pace that would qualify for inclusion in the category of human progress.

IN St. Louis, the Gateway Arch is generally considered a success. It has given St. Louis an identifying symbol in the way Paris has the Eiffel Tower and San Francisco the Golden Gate Bridge—and it is a symbol that makes a considerably more appealing logo than, say, an artist's rendition of Pruitt-Igoe self-destructing. The Arch has encouraged some new building downtown—the old downtown that it was presumably designed to anchor having drifted out into the county by the time the Arch was completed. It draws more tourists than any other man-made attraction in the United States that is not owned by Walt Disney Productions—a particularly important achievement in a state whose traditional difficulty in presenting itself as a tourist destination rather than a place to hurry through can be gauged from the fact that a recent guidebook is titled "Pause in Missouri." A lot of St. Louis residents are enamored of the Arch as a technological achievement; I was mesmerized one evening by a citizen's description of how the great legs of the Arch were pulled apart at the top, the final section put into place by a giant derrick, and the legs allowed to snap back together. A lot of St. Louis residents simply think the Gateway Arch is staggeringly, inspiringly beautiful.

"Have you seen it?" I was often asked while I was in St. Louis.

"Well, it's pretty hard to miss."

"No, have you actually been out there, and gone to the top?"

"Not exactly. But I really mean to get out there before I leave."

I really did mean to get out there. I told myself that the hesitancy was simply a matter of caution, since it is well known that a structure designed as a civic symbol can be judged truly

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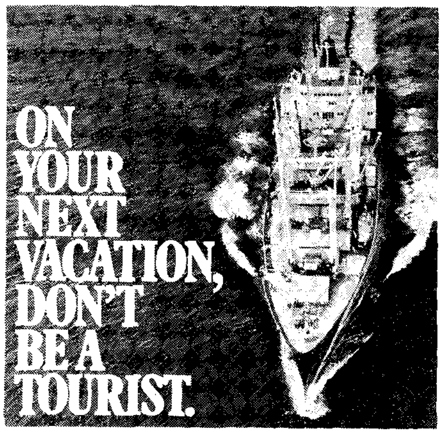

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accepted as such only when a number of citizens start jumping off of it. I wouldn't think much about sailing under the Bay Bridge in San Francisco, but passing under the Golden Gate would make me feel like a Londoner during the blitz. My friends in St. Louis assured me, though, that approaching the Gateway Arch is perfectly safe: there is no way to reach the top except from the inside, and the windows are permanently locked.

Finally, I decided that fairness required a visit to the Arch. I drove toward what is officially known as the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial. Glancing up at the Arch over the downtown skyline as I approached, I had to admit that it is an impressive structure—a clean, sparkling, stainless-steel loop rising from the river. Close up, it is even more impressive. Standing underneath it, I began to regret the number of times that I had repeated the standard joke about the Arch—that East St. Louis, Illinois, should build a huge croquet player poised to hit a ball across the river and through it. Even to someone from Kansas City, the Gateway Arch is marvellous-looking.

I took a quick look through the Museum of Westward Expansion, which is built underground beneath the Arch, and then I boarded a tiny car to ride to the top. From there, the view is spectacular. Facing east, I could look up and down the Mississippi or out into the Illinois farmland toward the rest of the pre-expansion National League. Turning toward the west, I could see the courthouse where the Dred Scott case was heard. Beyond that was the city of St. Louis and its western suburbs. It was a clear day. I peered west, straining my eyes. It was no use. Even from six hundred and thirty feet in the air, it was impossible to see all the way to the Gateway to the West.

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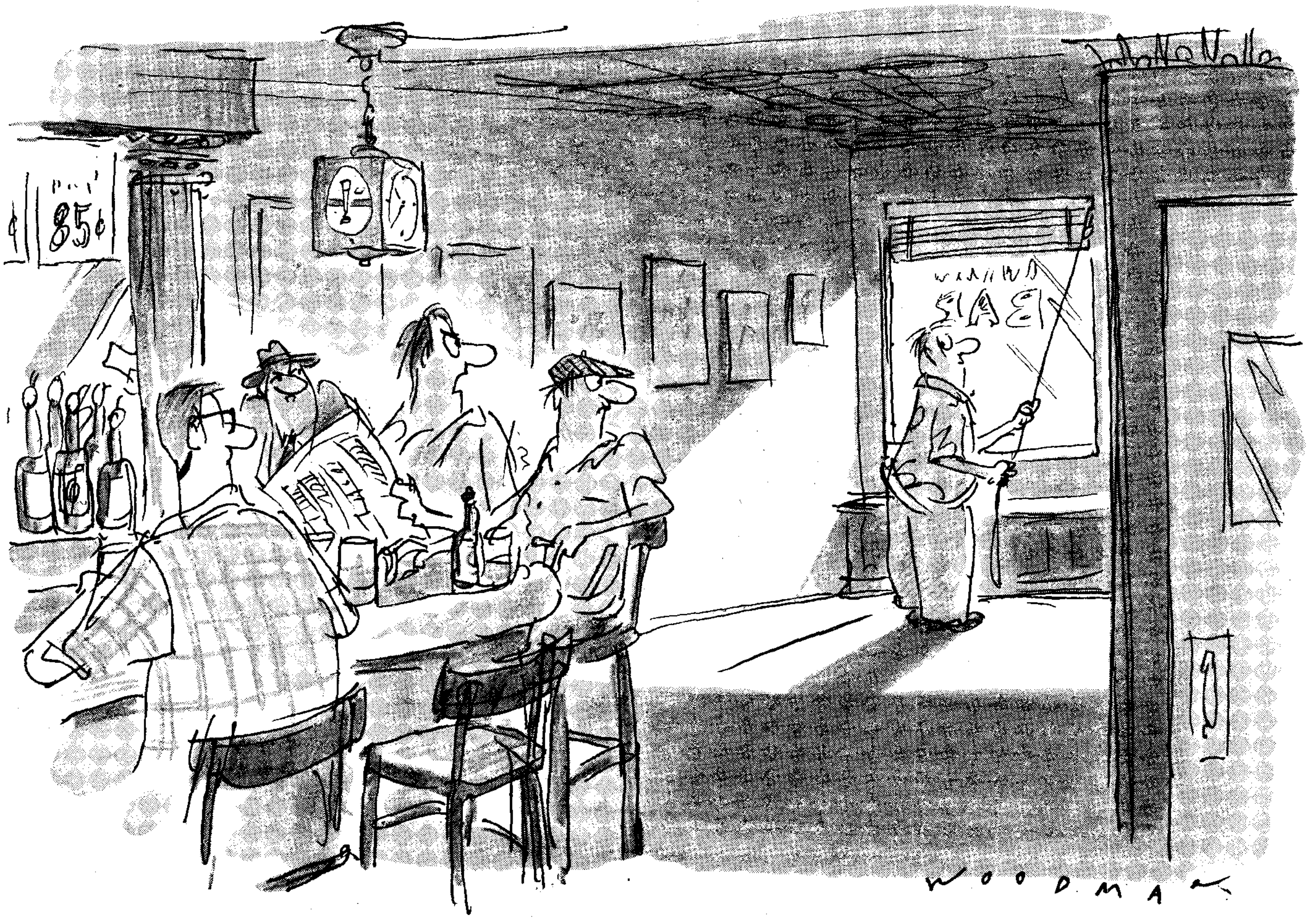
"LA BAYADÈRE," which we now have at the Met in three complete acts, by American Ballet Theatre, was the most important ballet produced by Marius Petipa between "The Daughter of the Pharaoh" (1862), which secured his position as ballet master of the Imperial Theatres, and "The Sleeping Beauty" (1890), his masterpiece. Both "The Daughter of the Pharaoh" and "La Bayadère" were revived at the beginning of this century, but only "La Bayadère" entered the modern repertory. The elements it shared with the earlier ballet (vivid spectacle, plenty of exotic fauna, and an opium trance) were considered less interesting than those it shared with the later one—and with "Swan Lake." In "La Bayadère," Petipa strove to develop a drama of consequence in the story of Solor, India's noblest warrior, who is torn between the pure love of Nikiya, a *bayadère*, or temple dancer, and the sensual allure of Gamzatti, the Raja's daughter. Solor's betrayal of Nikiya for Gamzatti is echoed in the story of Siegfried, Odette, and Odile. But the enduring importance of "La Bayadère" lies in Petipa's vision of classical academic dancing, crystallized in a single scene. Solor conjures the dead Nikiya; she appears in the Kingdom of the Shades, refined to essence by her ritual dances and multiplied to infinity by the corps de ballet. Death as a setting for abstraction had appeared in "Giselle" and other ballets of the Romantic era. "La Bayadère" extended the implication: "death" was not just a setting but an image sustained by lyrical and plastic values in a closed system of correspondences. Death's kingdom was the Elysium, the nirvana, of pure dance.

Petipa achieved this transcendent metaphor in 1877—the year "Swan Lake" first appeared, in the inadequate Moscow production. His revisions of "Giselle," undertaken with Ludwig Minkus, the composer of "La Bayadère," came a decade later. When he planned the new "Swan Lake," he entrusted the swan scenes to an assistant, Lev Ivanov. Ivanov composed his dances "symphonically," as was Petipa's custom; by then, if Russian historians are to be believed, the Petipa tradition had been safely launched. Names associated with that tradition crop up continually in the performance history of "La Bayadère": Solor, a split role in the original production, was mimed by Ivanov and danced by Pavel Gerdt; Gerdt and Ekaterina Vazem, the first Nikiya, had among their pupils Nicolai Legat and Agrippina Vaganova, who in later years made revisions to the ballet which were accepted as authoritative. (Revisions closer to our time, such as those by Vakhtang Chabukiani in 1940, are stylistically disputable.) The last ballerina whom Petipa rehearsed as Nikiya was Anna Pavlova, who performed the role with such precision that she achieved a kind of transubstantiation, according to André Levinson: drama gave way to symbolism in "*la vibration musicale des lignes allongées et pures.*" The ballet remained unknown in the West until the nineteen-sixties. Ballet Theatre has had the Shades scene, in Natalia Makarova's staging, since 1974. The production of the complete ballet, which Makarova has also supervised, is the first outside Russia and the first to restore the final



"Hey, Mac. If you want sunshine, why don't you go sit in the park?"

act, with the destruction of the temple and the apotheosis of the lovers, since the Russians dropped it during an economy wave in 1919.

As expected, neither of the unfamiliar acts (Makarova's first act encompasses two of Petipa's) contains anything to match the Kingdom of the Shades—or the Tent of Solor, as it is now called. An elaborate classical divertissement in Act I is the only other extended display of dancing, and it's a disappointment. Solor performs his interpolated (by Chabukiani) solo here, and the charming variation for Gamzatti that follows begins like one of the Shades' dances but then develops ideas of its own. The rest of the choreography either lollops along in a Petipa vein from which the ore has already been mined or veers into anachronisms that suggest choreographers of a much later vintage than Petipa or his heirs. The Gamzatti-Solor pas de deux is flanked by two contrapuntal trios, which seems traditional enough. But the structural links in this lavallière of an adagio are repeatedly broken by the unharmonious movements of the two principals. The overhead lifts, which occur throughout the ballet, are especially nonsensical here.

Makarova and her assistant, Elena Tchernichova, appear to have done a good deal of rummaging among the assortment of Petipaisms and post-Petipaisms that make up the traditional Leningrad version of the ballet. The first act squirts samples of exotic or grotesque dancing into the exposition before ladling on the classical treats, yet under the labels it's all the same beef tea. The dances are differentiated as entertainment, not as events in a drama. As dances, they haven't enough internal tension to be looked at closely. Yet if they're formula dances in a formula plot, haven't they been misaligned? Nikiya is a character dancer who dies and goes to classical Heaven, but there's not such a great difference between her heavenly dances and Gamzatti's earthy ones. We never get to see Nikiya lead the temple dancers in a dance; it is Gamzatti who is the ballerina of the divertissement in the betrothal scene even though Petipa and subsequent choreographers specified entrées for the *bayadères*. Was one of these entrées—possibly the one that resembles a Shades variation—once a dance for Nikiya? Was Gamzatti's dancing role in this scene confined to the betrothal pas de deux? These sound like prescriptive questions. Well, I'd almost rather see the pre-

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scriptions filled than get the answers, which must lie somewhere in Russia's Petipa archives.

In contrast to Act I, Makarova's Act III appears to be entirely her invention, without recourse to the Petipa sample case. John Lanchbery underlines the departure with his wholesale rewriting of the Minkus score. (His fancying-up of the Shades' music is less tolerable.) The scene is the wedding in the temple, into which Nikiya intrudes as a ghost, and Makarova builds it into a pas d'action in the true sense of the term—a dance in which something really happens. Nikiya, constantly appearing and disappearing, intervenes in a supported adagio, snatches away flowers intended for the bride, replaces her in the groom's arms. Makarova has imagined the episode as an agitated version of the passage in which the Sylph comes between James and Effie in Filippo Taglioni's "La Sylphide"—which it may have been in the first place. (Petipa was certainly thinking back to Taglioni's "Le Dieu et la Bayadère" when he constructed his own ballet.) The pas d'action has the same kind of mythic force as the astral encounters in Act II. None of the action in Act I has that quality, even for a moment. What it has is hocus-pocus, as in Nikiya's veiled entrance and her ceremonial gestures over the sacred flame. Makarova tries to build mystery with a Nikiya-Solor pas de deux that anticipates their more famous one in the next act; but anticipation weakens what should be a singular moment. Maybe the first pas de deux in the Shades scene—the one in which the *bayadère* anoints Solor and pledges him to her—should come here. Two duets in succession have never made much sense in the Shades scene. There is another curious doubling of effects in the veil that the High Brahman removes to reveal Nikiya and the veil that the Raja removes to reveal Gamzatti. When Gamzatti then waves around another veil, her meaning is uncertain: is it "my rival" or "my wedding"? In "La Bayadère," veils are identified with the temple dancer and with the high mystery of her calling; later, they are identified with death. Extending the symbolism to the bridal veil may be irresistible, but better to leave to "Giselle" the things that are "Giselle" 's and to "Bayadère" the things that are "Bayadère" 's. The only outré connection that matters is the one that the audience has always made for itself between *bayadère* and ballerina (or Wili and ballerina). The morbidity and pathos of the white acts in these ballets are essential to the atmosphere of nineteenth-century ballet. A generation after "Giselle," the ghastly, crazed vocation of the dancer is purified in "La Bayadère." Temple dancers are holy, elevated by what Martha Graham in our time has called "divine dissatisfaction." And Graham also likes to say, "Where dancers stand, that is hallowed ground."

Nikiya, the keeper of the flame, is one of those archetypal ballet characters who symbolize the life and art of the dancer. Because the libretto of "La Bayadère" doesn't keep the symbolism active, as the libretto of "Giselle" does, Nikiya as a character isn't real to us; we don't know who she is until the Shades scene, and we don't understand her passionate fury when she attacks her rival and when she brings down the temple. She's really a shatterer of worlds—a goddess of holy vengeance who may have her origin in the Upanishads. In terms of "La Bayadère" and Western theatrical practice, she incarnates the hysteria of sacred love. Choreographically, though, her role is divided between two kinds of "sacred" dance—the classicism of the Shades scene and the rather emaciated "Hindu" plastique of Act I. The role seems designed—or redesigned—to show off range rather than to embody a fixed emotion. When we think of dancers who could make the contradictions in the role work as a unified portrait, not many come to mind. Vazem, of the original cast, seems to have been a steely technician who made Petipa's steps in the Shades scene crisply legible. The sacred-profane Christian-pagan stereotypes of Western dance were a venerable tradition that had been defined, seemingly for all time, by the opposite styles of Marie Taglioni and Fanny Elssler. In "La Bayadère," Eastern dualism seems to have played a part in breaking down the Western either/or stereotype of the ballerina. The role of Nikiya is really more advanced psychologically than the dual role of Odette-Odile. If Petipa found a perfect Nikiya before Pavlova, history does not record it. Certainly, not until Pavlova does the idea of combining two temperaments in one ballerina achieve force. Pavlova was both Taglioni and Elssler, virgin and bacchante. Her position in dance at the gateway to the modern era is obscure only because the gateway has receded into the mist. For the same reason, today's actresses don't know Duse; her repertory is as dead as Pavlova's. I will make a guess that Nikiya's dances in

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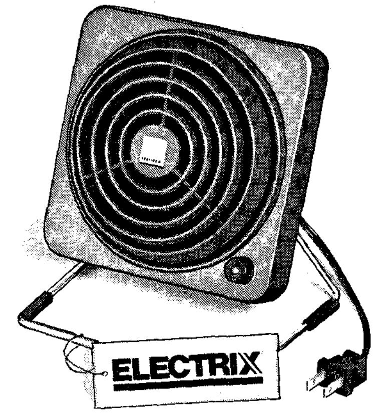

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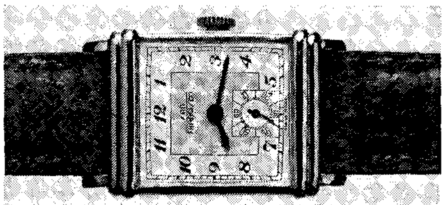

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Act I stem from Pavlova's era; they look thin because once they were filled with Pavlova.

This is hard on any dancer of today, to whom Pavlova's modernity is less comprehensible than the proficiency of a Vazem. As Nikiya, Makarova hasn't yet been seen at her best. Taken with leg cramps on opening night, she projected dimly and curtailed some of her choreography in the Shades scene. A week later, a knee injury forced her out of a nationwide television performance after the first act. The ballet stands up without her; the solidity of nineteenth-century construction insures that. I've seen Nikiya done by Jolinda Menendez and, as the television pinch-hitter, Marianna Tcherkassky. Each made an acceptable stage picture—Menendez in the mime and floorwork of Act I and Tcherkassky in Act II. But Makarova must know more about "La Bayadère" than any other ballerina alive. When in "A Dance Autobiography" (Knopf) she describes the "liturgical character" of the first Nikiya-Solor pas de deux in the Shades scene and says that "the opening of the leg à la seconde . . . should be performed like opening a missal," we recognize the analytical powers of an artist trained to see the most delicate emotional distinctions in movement and make us see them, too. It isn't just talk; Makarova really does dance like that. (Her characterization of this pas de deux persuades me that its rightful place is in Act I, in front of the temple.)

When Makarova brings up "coloration" in movement, she is speaking from her strength as a dramatic dancer—a hard strength to transmit to others. She has managed to transmit something to the Shades corps de ballet. But after six years A.B.T. is still putting out Shades soloists who color the movement gray. In the new divertissement, the dancers are able to show vividly only what they have been taught for this production; there's no foundation for it. Everybody mimes at the same speed, forcing the chest forward and the head back. Martine van Hamel, with her grand-scale dancing and her easy flow of postures and gestures, makes a pleasant Gamzatti, but even she is likely to fall into the all-purpose ship's-prow pose at crucial moments (when she sees Solor's portrait; when she sees *him*). Though she has even less of an existence as a character than Nikiya, a strongly acted and danced Gamzatti can make this "Bayadère" a two-ballerina vehicle. (I don't agree that it should be, but apparently the

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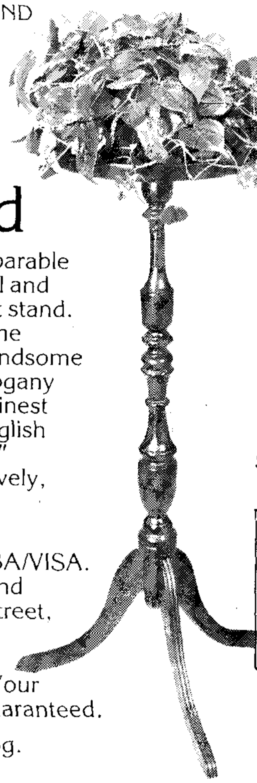

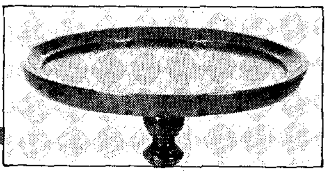

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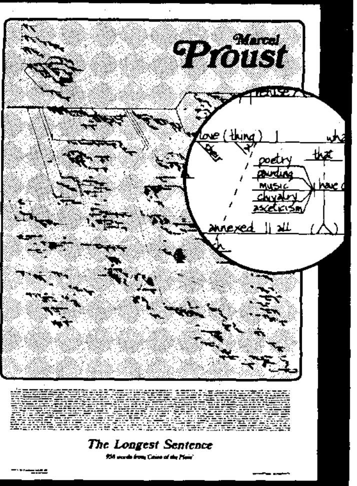

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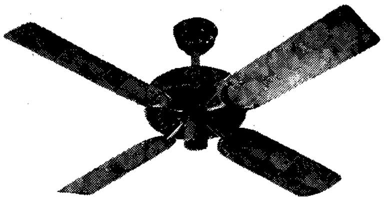

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Kirov has cast two principals for years.) Where, A.B.T., are your ballerinas? Solor was never a great role for Anthony Dowell with the Royal Ballet, but he has acquired just enough flamboyance in recent seasons to bring it off. He is able to mime in period style, carrying the opium hallucinations all the way to derangement à la Edwin Booth in Act III. Patrick Bissell, a dancer of enormous talent who is still unconsummated as an artist, has a tender, serious presence. His Solor is dreamily innocent; when he soars into his variation, his power is so great and so carelessly disposed (I don't mean technically; it is that as well, alas) that he seems beyond good and evil. He's as much a victim as Nikiya. The other characters have walking, running, or crouching roles. The High Brahman, who loves Nikiya, is a real character, but Alexander Minz seems to think he is a plot hinge. At the Maryinsky, roles like this were largely invented by their interpreters, and they must be reinvented in revivals.

I have saved till last the best news about this production, which is that it is a scenic wonder. PierLuigi Samaritani has designed seven painted drops, alluding now to Persian miniatures, now to Mogul painting of the nineteenth century, now to Maryinsky-style architectural décor, now to the untrammelled spaces of antiquity's sacred groves and Elysian Fields. His stylistic derivations are never flighty; his weighted nineteenth-century details are never solemn. With his lighting designer, Toshiro Ogawa, he makes a perfect Mt. St. Helens out of the destruction of the temple. Theoni Aldredge's costumes are keyed to the scenery in a balanced profusion of effects. The ballet—the two outer acts, anyway—needs this kind of support. It is a frail vision of the past that Makarova has given us in her unaccustomed role of choreographer-director, but it is an extremely useful one. Although much is arguable, nothing in her staging is tentative or apologetic. It means to fill a gap in knowledge and does so with consistently engaging grace.

—ARLENE CROCE

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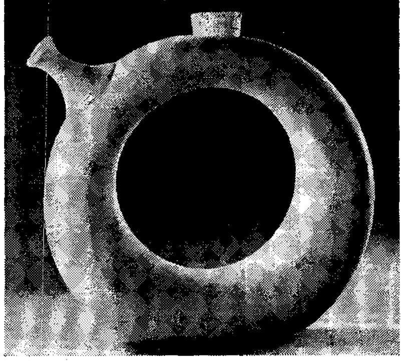

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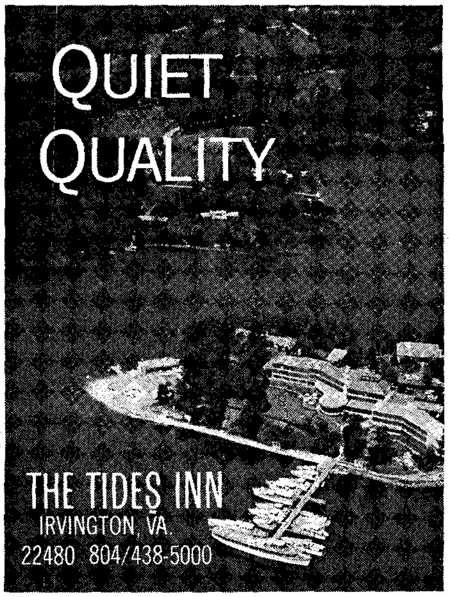

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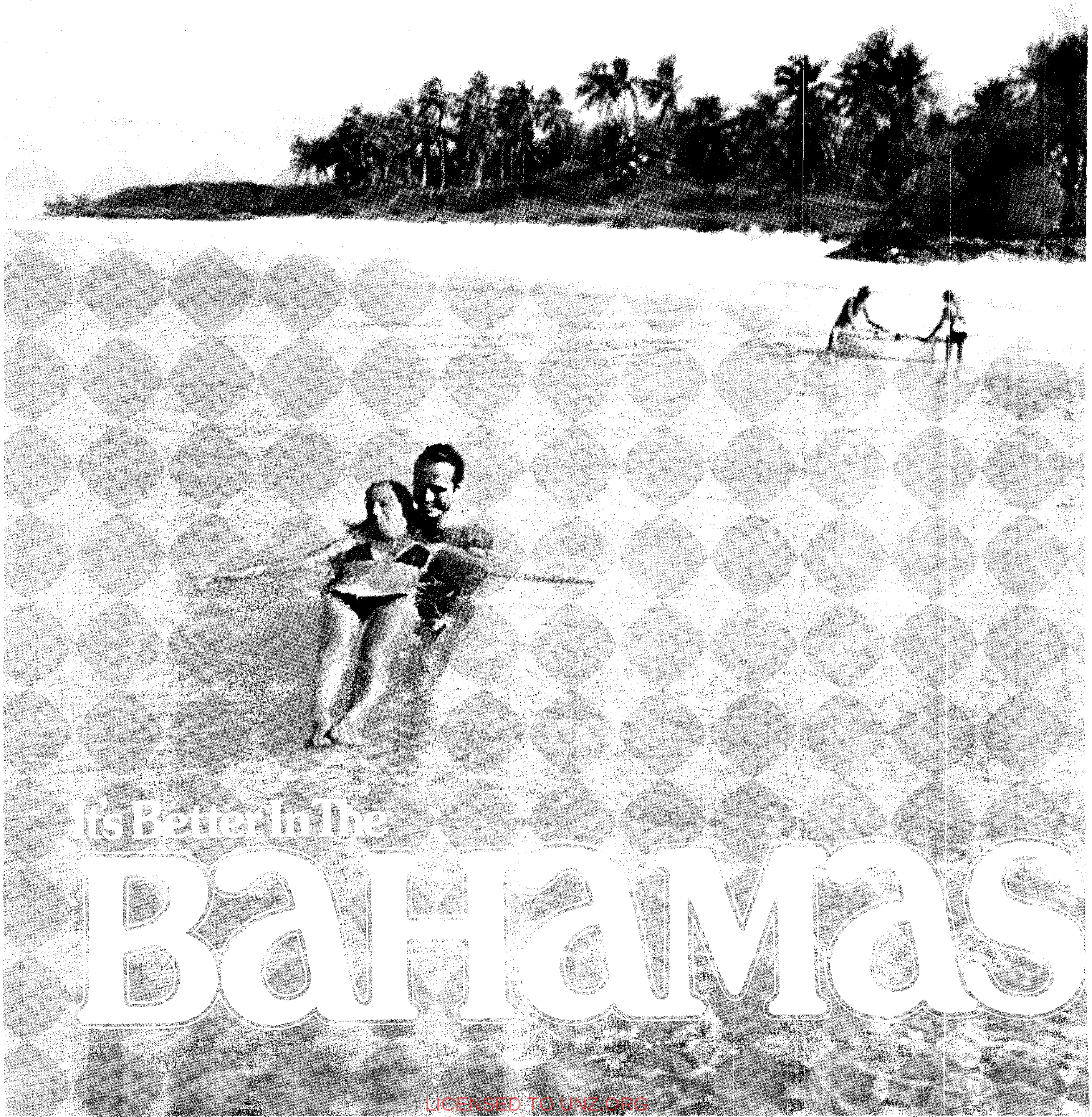


BOOKS

Essentials

EVERY so often, a scholarly work of such depth and usefulness appears that, once having seen it, one cannot imagine how one got along without it. Such a work is the just completed Dictionary of Scientific Biography, published by Scribners in sixteen volumes ($695). The Dictionary contains over five thousand biographies of important scientists, from antiquity to the mid-twentieth century. No living scientists are represented. The entries, written by more than a thousand contributors, from some ninety countries, range from a few hundred words to essays that are the length of small books. Their quality is extraordinary. In most cases, they seem to represent a perfect match between scholar and subject—the distillation of a lifetime of devoted study. While the project has not taken the entire lifetime of its editor, Charles C. Gillispie, who is the director of Princeton's program in the history and philosophy of science, he has been working on it, with a nine-member editorial board, since 1965.

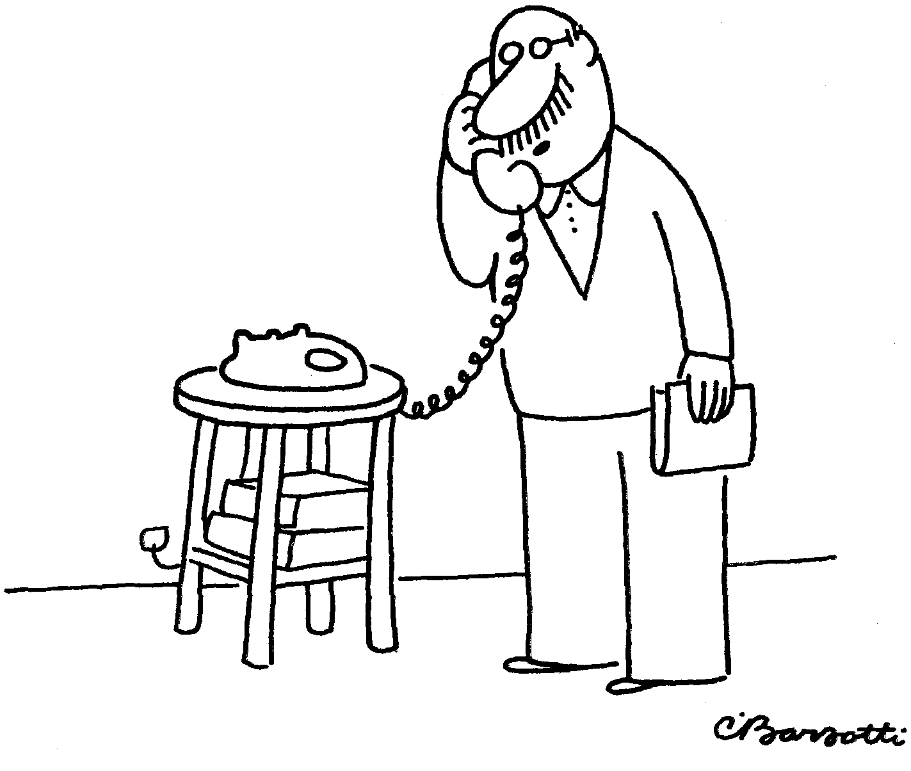
It is not possible to do justice to a work like this in a relatively brief book review, but I can try to give some of the impressions I got while wandering serendipitously among the volumes. In the first place, there are the ground rules, which are spelled out in the preface to Volume I:

> Areas of science covered by the *Dictionary* are those that in modern times fall within the purview of mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, biology, and the sciences of the earth. There are a few articles on historians of science. Technology, medicine, the behavioral and social sciences, and philosophy are included only in the instances of persons whose work was intrinsically related to the sciences of nature or to mathematics. . . . Authors of articles in these ancillary ields were asked to treat mainly the matters relevant to science, and if they have not always been as restrictive as he policy contemplated, there is a limit o the rigidity with which such distinc-ions can usefully be applied.

Biographies of Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Freud have slipped through this net, and the Dictionary is better off or their inclusion. The biography of Lenin was written by B. M. Kedrov, of the Academy of Sciences of the U.S.S.R. He notes that in 1920 Lenin, who kept up with developments in science, decided on the electrification of Russia under the slogan "Communism s Soviet power plus the electrification of the whole country." With respect to Soviet science, it is a pity, I think, that no biography of Lysenko was included. It is true that he was, at best, a scientific charlatan, but his hold over Soviet biology is an object lesson in how the intrusion of political ideologies into scientific studies can destroy a science. Lysenko was the all but inevitable result of the attempt by Lenin to reconcile science and dialectical materialism.

The editorial board also decided to afford special treatment to ancient non-European science. This decision had to do, in part, with the limited scholarship available. (Chinese science is a separate case, since, as the editorial board acknowledges, the great British scholar Joseph Needham is in the process of publishing his monumental work "Science and Civilisation in China." The Dictionary has only a few entries on Chinese science.) Indian astronomy, Mesopotamian science, ancient Egyptian science and mathematics, and the Mayan calendar, among other topics, are treated in a series of essays in Volume XV. This volume is called "Supplement I"—implying, I hope, that it is the first of a series. Of the essays on Eastern science, the one that I found the most accessible is a fascinating study, "Japanese Scientific Thought," written by Shigeru Nakayama, of the University of Tokyo. Professor Nakayama points out that one of the difficulties with the development of mathematics in Japan was the hereditary nature of the professions. Sons of doctors and astronomers were expected to become doctors and astronomers. But "because of the special ability required to produce original achievements in mathematics, the occupation could not be passed on—indeed, in the economic sense it was not worth passing on," he writes. "Mathematics thus did not establish itself as a specialty of certain families." The Supplement also contains a hundred-and-thirteen-page essay on Pierre-Simon, Marquis de Laplace, whose "Mécanique Céleste" (1799-1825) provided a mathematical bridge between Newton and modern physics. This essay was largely the work of Professor Gillispie himself, who specializes in eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French science and technology.

The Dictionary is not popular-science writing. While the exposition is clear, it is done at whatever technical depth is necessary to the subject. A general reader will have little trouble with Peter Amacher's essay on Freud, for instance, but it takes a high level of competence in mathematical physics to read in detail the brilliant essay by C. W. F. Everitt on the seminal Scottish mathematical physicist James Clerk



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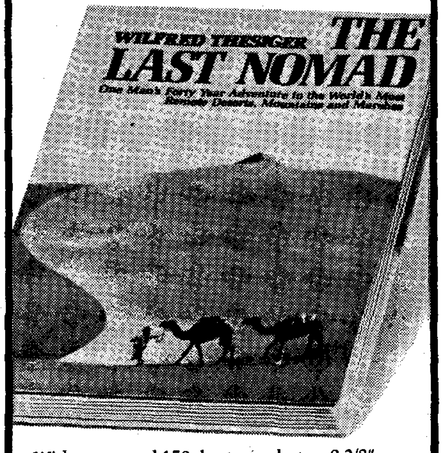
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Maxwell. Indeed, the technical essays are so thorough that by working back and forth among them while focussing on a given subject—for example, statistical mechanics or relativity—one can construct for oneself small textbooks. The editors state in their preface, "Authors of articles were asked to place emphasis upon the scientific accomplishments and careers of their subjects. . . . Personal biography has intentionally been kept to the minimum consistent with explaining the subject's place in the development of science." Nonetheless, the essential features of the scientific personalities do emerge. For example, the Supplement contains a marvellous study of the German physical chemist Walther Nernst, written by Erwin N. Hiebert, of Harvard. Nernst, who died in 1941, is probably not a familiar figure, but he had a profound impact on his field—chemical thermodynamics. He was the inventor of the third law of thermodynamics. (The first law concerns the conservation of energy, and the second law states that entropy tends to increase—that is, isolated systems tend toward thermodynamic equilibrium.) When Nernst began his investigations, it was known that the lowest possible temperature, or absolute zero, was —273.15 degrees centigrade. Using thermodynamic arguments, which are explained by Professor Hiebert, Nernst discovered that this temperature was unattainable in principle. No system can ever actually reach absolute zero. Nernst simply fell in love with his law. "In his lectures Nernst liked to refer to the first law of thermodynamics as having been discovered independently by three investigators (presumably Mayer, Joule, and Helmholtz) and the second law by two independent investigators (Carnot and Clausius)," Professor Hiebert writes. "Concerning the third law of thermodynamics Nernst would say, 'Well, this I have just done by myself.' " Nernst won the Nobel Prize in Chemistry in 1920. Nearly everything about this remarkable man is revealed in a paragraph:

> Some of Nernst's closest colleagues in Berlin, notably Bodenstein, Simon, and Einstein, have told us something about his nonconformist personality. He was short, bald, energetic, impulsive, and candid; his external life was a scenario of innocence, simple charm, and sincerity. It is evident that his personal demeanor did not fit the traditional model of the German professor and *Herr Geheimrat*. His life was quite devoid of academic pedantry, pretense, and deception. In 1942 Einstein commented that Nernst was a personality so original that he had never met anyone who resembled him in any

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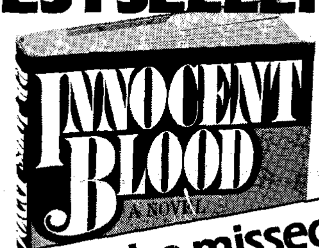

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essential way: "So long as his egocentric weakness did not enter the picture, he exhibited an objectivity rarely found, an infallible sense for the essential and a genuine passion for knowledge of the deep interrelations of nature."

For readers who wish to learn more about Nernst—and this is typical of the Dictionary—Professor Hiebert offers a meticulous three-page bibliography both of original works by Nernst and of secondary literature.

One of the great pleasures for me in reading the Dictionary was coming across scientists who were important in their time and place but of whom I had never heard. For example, while looking through the eighth volume, "Lane to Macquer," I came across an article on Li Chih, written by Professor Ho Peng-Yoke, of Griffith University, in Brisbane. What caught my eye was a series of diagrams that resembled, at first glance, those of the I Ching. In reading the text, I discovered that Li Chih, who was born in Peking in 1192 and died in northern China in 1279, is considered one of the greatest Chinese mathematicians. The diagrams, Professor Ho Peng-Yoke informs us, are an algebraic notation that Li Chih took over from a contemporary mathematician, P'eng Che, of whom little is known. Li Chih developed it, under the name *t'ien yüan shu* ("method of the celestial elements"), into a technique for handling algebraic equations up to the sixth degree. Modern algebraic notation was not introduced into China until the eighteenth century, when it was transplanted from the West by the Jesuits; only then did Chinese mathematicians realize the full power and sophistication of Li Chih's work. He made use of a symbol for zero and of negative powers and negative numbers. He was able to take square roots of imperfect squares and thus solve equations of the form (in the modern notation) $-22.5x^2 - 648x + 23002 = 0$, for which he gave the solution $x = 20\frac{2}{3}$. Professor Ho Peng-Yoke tells us that before his death Li Chih instructed his son to burn all the books he had written except one, the "Ts'e-yuan hai-ching" ("Sea Mirror of the Circle Measurements"), because he felt that this book alone would be of use to future generations of mathematicians. It is a wonderfully elegant and eccentric problem book. All the problems—there are a hundred and seventy of them—concern circles that are wholly or partly inscribed in right triangles. A typical problem is "135 *pu* directly out of the southern gate [of a circular city wall] is a tree. If one walks 15 *pu* out of the

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northern city gate and then turns east for a distance of 208 *pu*, the tree becomes visible. Find [the diameter of the city wall] as before." The wonderful thing about the problems is that all of them ask exactly the same question (find the diameter of the city wall) and all have exactly the same answer (240 *pu*). It is like a murder mystery in which one knows from the beginning who did it. Everything is in the method of solution.

One of the most significant aspects of the Dictionary is what its existence implies about the history of science as a discipline. Recently, Professor Gillispie gave an interview to the *Princeton Weekly Bulletin* in which he spoke of this and of his own development. The history of science is not a "natural sort of discipline," he noted. "Scientists are not historians by nature, and historians tend not to be scientific. As a formal discipline, with special programs and graduate students, it has existed only since World War II." Professor Gillispie studied chemistry and mathematics at Wesleyan University, from which he graduated in 1940, and his career is typical of the first-generation historians of science—such men as I. B. Cohen, Martin Klein, Thomas Kuhn, and Gerald Holton, all of whom have had an influence on the Dictionary. He and other scientists have had to invent the discipline as they went along. George Sarton (he has a significant entry in the Dictionary, written jointly by Arnold Thackray, of the University of Pennsylvania, and Robert K. Merton, of Columbia), who in 1912 created the journal *Isis*, which became the world's leading journal dedicated to the history of science, taught at Harvard for more than thirty years but was never able to create an institute or even a department in his specialty. He hoped to write a multivolume "Introduction to the History of Science;" at his death, in 1956, he had completed only three volumes, which reached to 1400 A.D. Perhaps the Dictionary is a fitting realization of Sarton's vision. It is certainly a testimony to the fact that now many major universities have history-of-science departments. This profusion of scholarship and the extraordinarily high standards it has achieved are what have made a work like the Dictionary even conceivable.

What next? One certainly hopes that the project will not come to a stop. Some of the most important figures in contemporary science, such as Werner Heisenberg and Kurt Gödel, are not included, presumably because they were alive when these volumes

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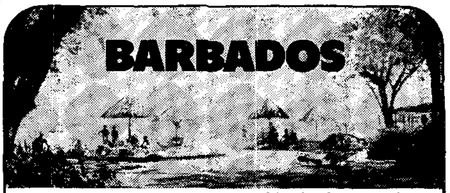

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were being written. Also, one could imagine more bridging articles, such as an essay on the history of the African number systems to go along with the articles on early science in the present Supplement. Professor Gillispie, who for fifteen years has given one day a week to the Dictionary, has remarked, "I'm finished. I don't want to continue. I'd rather turn it over to younger people." One can sympathize with his feelings and can only hope that the right people will come along to carry on the project. As for Professor Gillispie, who will spend next year on sabbatical in Paris, he is at work on "a little book" about the Montgolfier brothers. They, the Dictionary informs us, were Étienne-Jacques and Michel-Joseph de Montgolfier. Late in the eighteenth century, they concluded that a man could be raised by a balloon filled with hot air, and they built flying models, which became known as *montgolfières*. The first human free flight was made in such a balloon, by J. F. Pilâtre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, on the twentieth of November, 1783. It sounds like a delightful subject, and the book, as Professor Gillispie put it, will be "full of hot air and steam."

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TIME OF DESECRATION, by Alberto Moravia, translated from the Italian by Angus Davidson (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95). An obese adopted girl raised in a well-to-do Roman household is deaf to insults about her shapelessness and advice to reduce, until she learns that she is the daughter of a streetwalker; then she instantly sheds her excess pounds (arousing the lustful adoration of her adoptive mother), and is visited by a "Voice" that directs her to engage in acts of "transgression and desecration" to express her new contempt for bourgeois values and institutions—private property, good manners, religious ceremonies. Her weapon in these efforts is to be her sexual allure, with which—while technically maintaining her virginity—she is to manipulate enemies and allies alike. The girl tells the story of her adventures in the service of her Voice (which end in a grisly fiasco) to a laconic interviewer who seems to be something of an analyst, a confessor, and a journalist. Mr. Moravia's role, in contrast, is far simpler: to picture an Italy besieged by extremists who equate sexuality

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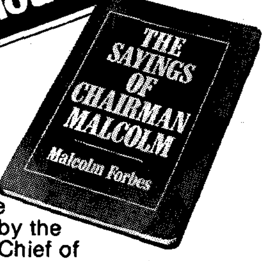

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with power and power with the will to destroy. Mr. Moravia's vision is disturbingly familiar; it will be difficult to consider the deeds of Italy's latest generation of terrorists without thinking of his bitter young beauty and her urgent inner Voice.

NOTE: "Man in the Holocene," a novella by the Swiss author Max Frisch, translated from the German by Geoffrey Skelton, has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich ($7.95). All the contents originally appeared in these pages.

GENERAL

HAVELOCK ELLIS, by Phyllis Grosskurth (Knopf; $16.95). Ellis, who died in 1939 at the age of eighty, left an autobiography, "My Life," which was published the year after his death, but it revealed surprisingly little of the man who had, for the English-speaking world, brought sex into the open; as the author of this first-rate biography says, Ellis considered himself a pioneer in the use of frank speech but was "usually very reticent about committing his personal problems and experiences to print." He was also unsystematic and undisciplined in his researches into sexual behavior (he got much of his data from magazines), although he held a degree as a doctor of medicine. Yet he was ahead of his time in considering human sexuality a matter deserving serious study. Miss Grosskurth is respectful of Ellis's achievement, but she is not in awe of the man, noting that he was incurably vain and that the godlike image of him that was widely circulated in his later years was partly his own handiwork. "In some ways," she concludes, he was "a rather silly old man." Photographs.

SOLDIERS OF THE NIGHT: THE STORY OF THE FRENCH RESISTANCE, by David Schoenbrun (Dutton; $15.95). A conspectus of the whole range of the resistance movements in France—how they were formed, how they were led, how some survived and others did not, and how de Gaulle, operating out of London, persuaded them to coöperate under his leadership. The author recalls the changing conditions in France after its defeat—changes of government, changes of popular mood as news arrived of Allied actions elsewhere—and he also portrays a gallery of courageous leaders. Mr. Schoenbrun does not think the French could have liberated

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themselves—they remained incurably divided in adversity—but he does show that the military contribution of the Resistance to the Allied victory was larger than is commonly believed.

THE STORY OF STORY MAGAZINE, by Martha Foley, edited by Jay Neugeboren (Norton; $12.95). When Martha Foley died, in 1977, at the age of eighty, she left the uncompleted manuscript of her autobiography, which embraces the history of *Story*, the magazine she founded with her husband, Whit Burnett, in 1931. It has been put into shape by Mr. Neugeboren, a novelist and short-story writer who befriended the author in her last, poverty-beset years in Northampton, Massachusetts. Miss Foley and her husband were foreign correspondents in Vienna when *Story* made its first appearance, in mimeographed form, and together they edited it—in Vienna, on the island of Majorca, and finally in New York—until 1941, when Burnett left her and their young son, and took over the magazine with a new wife as co-editor. From its inception, *Story* was a proving ground for talent; there are few American writers who came to the fore in the nineteen-thirties and forties whose early work did not appear in it (often for the first time anywhere)—James T. Farrell, Erskine Caldwell, Vladimir Nabokov, Peter De Vries, J. D. Salinger, William Saroyan, Irwin Shaw were all contributors. "In those days, for a young writer to be published in *Story* was enough to give you the beginnings of a real inner certainty that perhaps you were meant to be a writer," Norman Mailer, another *Story* discovery, has noted. Miss Foley's reminiscence of newspaper days in New York, Paris, and Vienna clips along at a cheerful pace, enlivened with shrewdly observed portraits of her since-famous contemporaries and with sometimes outré but never malicious anecdotes about them. The sadness of her personal history—her separation from the magazine that was her life, the premature death of her son—is muted.

•

John Jimenez, president of Pin Oak, could not give an estimate as to when Route 212 would be reopened to through traffic from Lake Hill to Mount Tremper, but he said it would not be as soon as possible.—*Woodstock* (*N.Y.*) *Times*.

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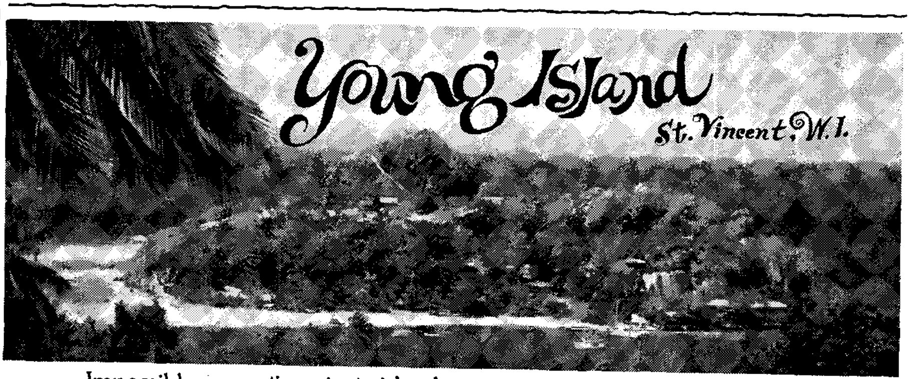

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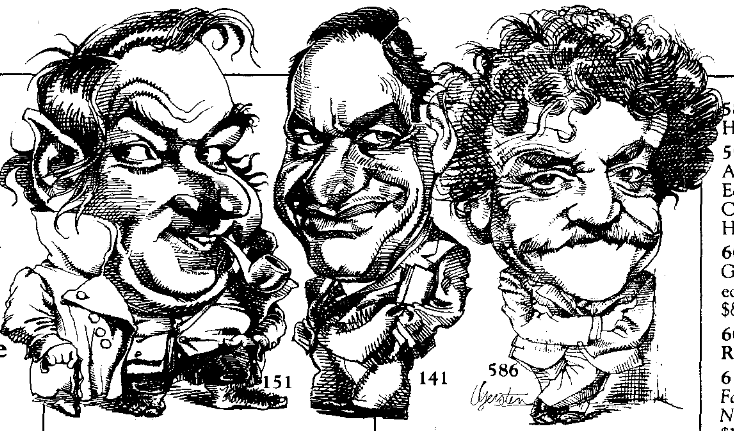

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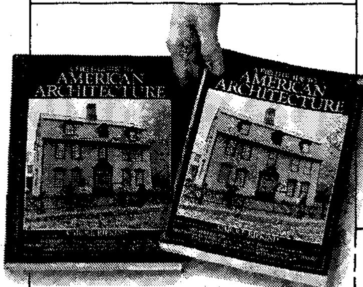

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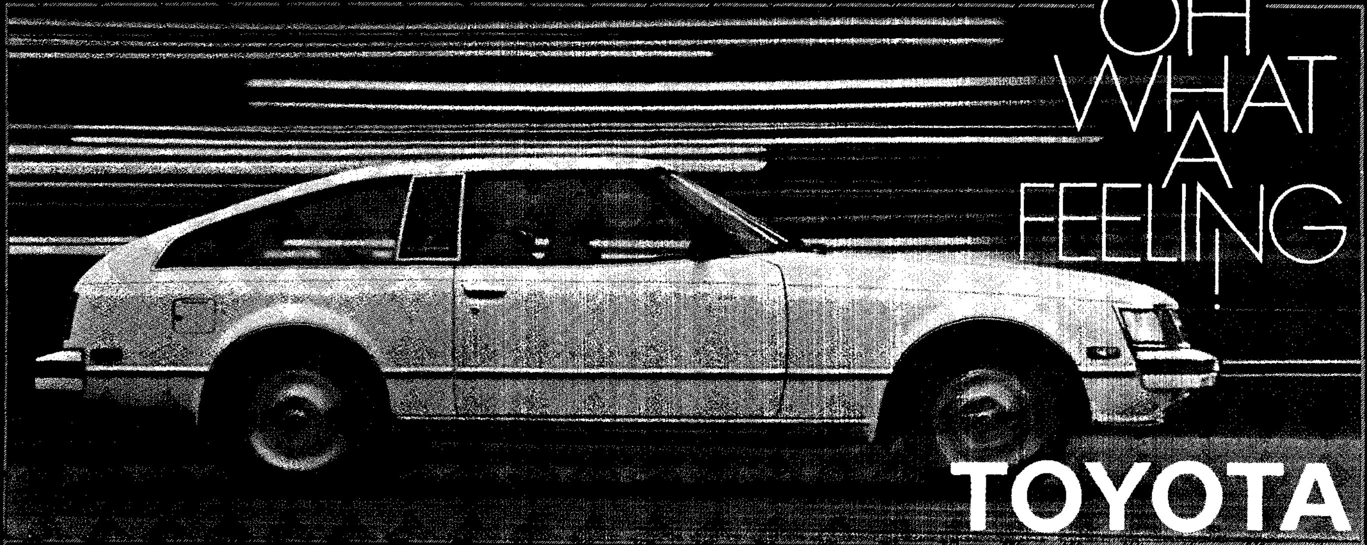

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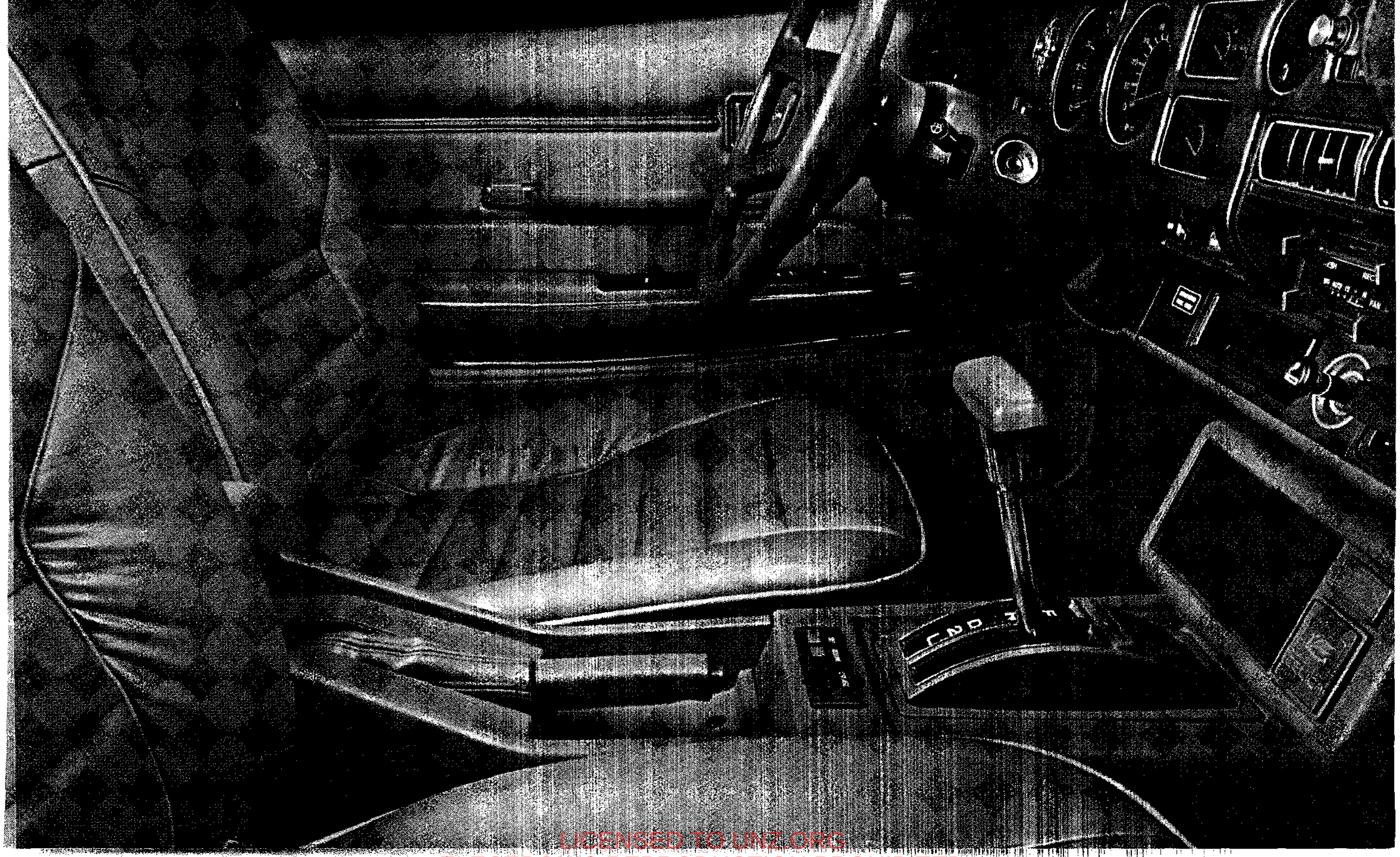

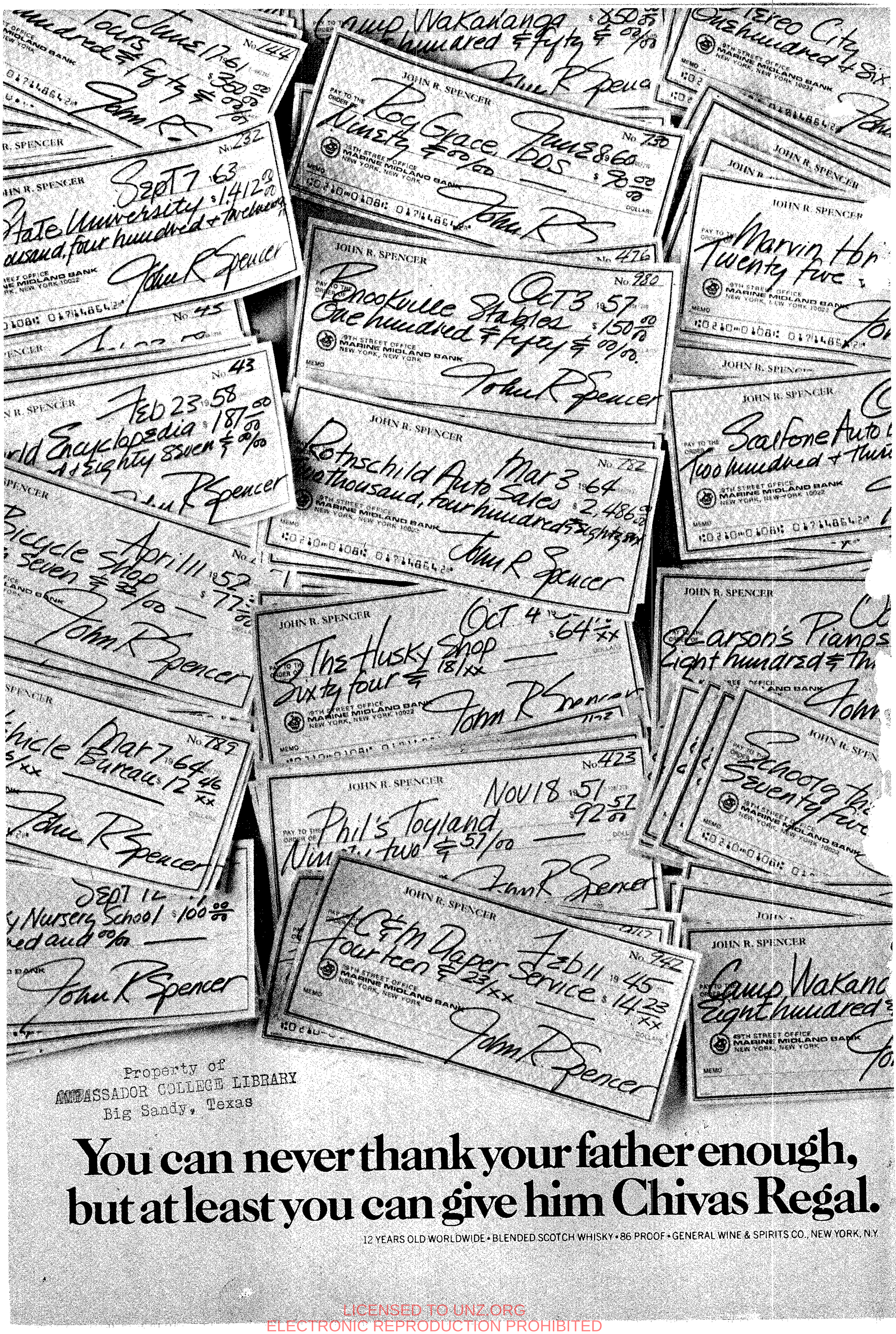
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